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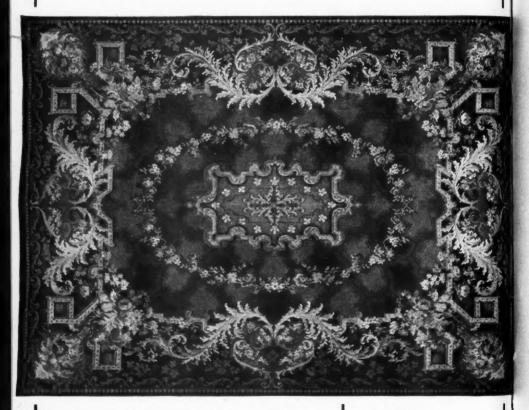
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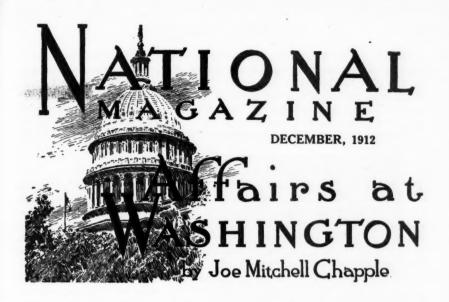


Ave.,



She tucked her hand into Danny's arm and led the way to the dining room. "I'm afraid," she called over her shoulder to her husband, "that the Countess is going to disappoint us"

("Two and a Pocket Handkerchief," page 561)



THE first flurry of snow gently falling on Pennsylvania Avenue finds Congress assembling. The opening days of the session are mellowed by the approach of the holidays. There is a sort of tenderness in the farewells between the Congressmen who go back to "the loved ones at home" and the "newly-elected" of November, who are usually hastening to Washington early to prepare for taking their seats next December, unless they are called for an extra session.

The early days of the fall session have the President's message as a headliner, but are chiefly utilized as the "getting acquainted" period. Public men meet in the corridors of the White House and at the various departments and just talk matters over.

Senators gather in groups and take a side glance at the weather map as they walk to the marble room to meet their constituent guests. Congressmen pre-empt their favorite locations in the cloak-room. The country is outgrowing the tremors of the Presidential campaign, and insists on going right along and attending to its business, no matter what is exploding in the hearings and investigations under and around the dome on the hill.

AUTOMOBILE jaunting cars have again started in the Capitol tunnel. The hearings are continued and the gossips are busy as hidden and mysterious facts are revealed. Round trips in the subway, between the senate office buildings and the capitol and the congressional hearings, are becoming a distinctive phase of legislative work. The new office buildings are hives of business-like industry. The Congressman now goes forth to his work just as a business or professional man tackles his job. His office hours are as well observed as those of a hotel physician. His name is bravely engraved in brass on the door, with the modest and democratic title "Mr.," and the state from which he hails is placed before his name if on the House side, but the name alone if on the Senate side, where dignity impels simplicity.

At the White House the executive corps continue the "grind" and at the Capitol the judiciary file in and out day after day, after digesting law and facts, and analyzing and re-analyzing the words and phrases of the Constitution, which Gladstone called one of the greatest documents of the kind ever prepared. At least, the Supreme Court finds itself busy enough, dealing with problems pertaining to Constitutional law.

And the three co-ordinate branches of government are once more officially

co-ordinating.

FOLLOWING a close canvass of the new Senate and House, the lament was heard that the art of oratory is fast falling into disuse. William Bourke Cockran of New York, with his flow of language, superb voice and vivid imagination, is pointed out as the last great orator of the House. There are very few now who are able to extort applause from hostile auditors as in the old days, but there are new ways of obtaining results. There are still men in the House who could deliver old-time orations, but they have long since realized that the telegraph and telephone, to say nothing of the dictaphone and typewriter, compel matter-of-fact and plain speaking in order to escape the hazard of ridicule and better still to obtain results.

THE one great New York holiday of the year was the review of the American fleet. One hundred and twenty-seven warships of the United States navy assembling in one harbor and aggregating nearly three-quarter of a million of tons was an impressive sight. All Broadway and many of the streets of New York were dotted with uniforms of the "Jackies" and marines who were ashore for a holiday, preparatory to this great review. The cruiser "Baltimore," which saw active service at Manila in the Spanish-American War, was the veteran war-boat, although built only in the eighties. The dreadnoughts, Utah and Florida, the most formidable vessels in American seas, were the pride of Rear-Admiral Hugo Osterhaus, Commander-inchief of the fleet. The President reviewed the impressive column of steaming ironclads from the Mayflower, and the salutes in his honor are said to have been nearly continuous for two long hours.

HEN I saw "Little Bobs," Lord Roberts, riding in the Coronation procession, he did not look his four-score years. Sixty-one summers have passed since he donned the uniform of an English soldier in the service of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. There is something in the hero of Pretoria that appeals to the English people, and the world at large. Although small in stature, Lord Roberts always insists upon riding a big horse, and has been styled by Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany "the ablest soldier of his times." In these piping times of peace he enjoys hunting or bicycling throughout the Ascot countryside, keeps in touch with the current events at his Club and is always greatly interested in American affairs. "Little Bobs" has declared that General Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, is his beau ideal of a soldier. The little English General was born at Cawnpore, British India, during the reign of William IV, and was a lieutenant-general in Burma in 1886. His field

marshal's commission bears the date of May 25, 1895. During the Boer War, against the advice of King Edward and Sir Campbell-Bannerman he resigned his post as chairman of the Imperial Defense Committee to go to the front in Africa and despite his age added further lustre to his fame as a soldier in the field. With a keen sense of humor, Lord Roberts keeps in the forefront in

public life, without treading on partisan toes. He has written an autobiography dedicated to his wife. On his wedding tour the young Indian officer was commanded by Queen Victoria herself to present himself at Buckingham Palace to receive the coveted Victoria Cross and the events of his long service mentioned in his book cover comprehensively the most eventful military incidents of recent English history.

PERNICIOUS habit of tacking riders on to appropriation bills is becoming intolerable. Publishers have awakened to find themselves harassed by the last shot of some retiring statesman in a rider on an appropriation bill which in effect becomes a law. Other business interests found that in spite of the evidence at hearings, bills are prepared and passed to secure popularity and "log roll." The proposition of President Taft to create a budget of public



MR. CONSTANTIN BRUN
The new minister from Denmark, succeeding Count Moltke

appropriations prepared on a business-like basis, the same as in other countries, is meeting with popular favor. It will eliminate considerable log-rolling, and give at least a business appearance to Uncle Sam's commercial operations.

THE old picture of the pig in the cottage of the Irish laborer is fast becoming a mere cartoon of bygone conditions. Up to this year the government has built in the Emerald Isle nearly 40,000 cottages for laborers with 4,500 more in the process of construction. These cottages were built on loans amounting to nearly \$40,000,000. In the County of Munster alone more than sixteen thousand cottages were built—modern cottages too, each

of which was surrounded by one-half an acre plot of land. These are let to the laborers from twenty-four cents to thirty-six cents per week or \$18.72 annually. This does not quite pay the interest on the loans, but the balance is generously paid for out of the tax rates. The idea is to encourage in every possible way the development and prosperity of those who are earning their

HON. JEFFERSON M. LEVY
Representative of the famous "Thirteenth District" of New York
and the owner of "Monticello," the home of Thomas Jefferson

livelihood from the soil, and to make good homes possible first on the same theory that a lumber camp or a railroad contractor or the Panama Canal construction must first consider the housing and living conditions of the workers.

If development continues at the present rate, there will be records of increased, improved and cultivated acreage in Ireland that will amaze even some of the growing, thriving states of the West. The experiment of the British government in Ireland is being watched with keen interest not only by other European nations but by far-sighted men in the United States. who realize that the welfare of those who till the soil is of paramount importance.

EVERY trade or profession is affected when black sheep are exposed. The wrongdoing of even one individual forms a cudgel for

enemies against the men of the cloth or a profession. A lawyer, doctor, or editor goes wrong and his brothers feel it keenly. The finger of scorn against a trade or vocation is raised. In the horror over the detail of the New York case, we are apt to overlook the efficient service of thousands of policemen, who do not go wrong. Whatever may be said of the police of New York and other American cities in regard to "graft," their service to the public on congested thoroughfares, in protecting the people from reckless drivers, chauffeurs and motormen, is more acceptable than that of the London "Bobby," standing calmly in the centre of the "contending forces" of London, directing the storm of traffic as Neptune was said to control the waves, feeling more the importance of his position than the safety of the people. Officials at Scotland Yard, the centre of police operations, around which the detective stories cluster, blame the government, which they say fails to provide enough men for the extra service. One outspoken individual said that he saw no hopes

"until a peer was killed" when action might be taken to protect the lives of untitled and commonplace pedestrians. The attack on Colonel Roosevelt calls attention to the fact that not all public officers, but individuals for public office, must be afforded secure police protection in a republic reeking with the passions of a political campaign.

If there ever was a public man who devotedly reveres the name of Thomas Jefferson, it is Hon. Jefferson M. Levy, who represents the historic old Thirteenth District of New York, where his father and his uncle, Commodore Uriah P. Levy, were famous before him. Through a patriotic impulse and at the suggestion of Andrew Jackson, Commodore Levy purchased the birthplace of Thomas Jefferson, patron saint of the Democratic party, which has now passed on to Congressman Levy, and during the session of Congress he slips away from Washington to this quiet spot with a house party of friends. Some time he hopes to have this old farmhouse in Virginia made an appropriate shrine for the gathering of admirers of the immortal Jefferson. Mr. Levy has



WEST VIEW OF MONTICELLO, THE HOME OF THOMAS JEFFERSON

As restored by Commodore Uriah Phillips Levy and the present owner, Congressman Jefferson M. Levy. On
the right side, with settee at foot, is Jefferson's favorite beech tree

a most interesting collection of Jefferson mementoes and insists that the real appreciation of Jefferson's genius will become more marked in the next decade than has ever been known in our history.

WHILE looking about in the office of the Commissary-General at Washington, a glimpse of the emergency ration provided for a soldier for twenty-four hours made me think of living on the tabloid plan. A tiny can no larger than a piece of kitchen soap contains the three meals, with the dinner (weighed on the apothecary's scales) tipping the scales at



MAJOR HENRY LEONARD, U. S. M. C. A worker in practical economics for military men. His plan to conduct a chain of co-operative stores along the line of the army and navy stores in London has the support of many military leaders

two and two-thirds ounces. In this way 90,000 hungry soldiers can be fed for a day.

Chocolate is the chief ingredient used in making up this food. This will be welcome news to the young lady with the chocolate appetite. who cannot resist stopping at every soda fountain for "hot chocolate" in the winter time. She now has the proof that the beverage is a real food and not altogether a luxury. Experiments with army rations are watched with interest by campers, hunters, explorers who take long trips into isolated places, and even by aviators.

The Japanese emergency ration is a can weighing thirteen and one-half ounces, containing meat preserved in the juice in which it was cooked. Another contains a square bundle in which three little cheese-cloth bags hold one-seventh of a quarter of

rice dried, steamed and crushed and a little cube of salt. The German horses and army mules carry along their kit, containing thirteen pounds of oats and three and one-third pounds each of hay and straw for a day's rations, in tabloid form. The English are preparing a mixture of carrots, fresh raw meat, currants, sugar and cocoa-leaf, for their horses.

Some enthusiastic people declare that the general health of the country and the problem of the high cost of living might be readily met if we would only realize the uses and necessities of the emergency rations upon which Uncle Sam's soldier boys are compelled at times to live. But as yet the inventive genius who has boiled down a full-course dinner into a bite goes obscure and unheralded.

AFTER experiencing another presidential campaign, Speaker Champ Clark has confessed that a sense of humor seems to be more hurtful than helpful to a man in public life. The successful nominee in Baltimore, Dr. Wilson, has never had a reputation for humor. Champ Clark possesses this "sense," which is called the American's saving grace, and he simply can't resist being humorous. His speeches are often inspired with the old-time fervor and he emits oratorical pyrotechnics even as Vesuvius on a rampage pours out lava.



RECEPTION ROOM IN CHAMP CLARK'S WASHINGTON HOME
The simplicity of the furnishings is characteristic of the Speaker

Speaker Clark is sometimes called the best beloved figure in public life. He is just one of the common people, and if he had been elected President he promised to drive down Pennsylvania Avenue with a span of Missouri mules. If there is any disappointment over the nomination, the Speaker has carefully kept it to himself. Born in old Kentucky, he has the real old-fashioned, patriotic spirit of the border that thrilled the blood of his ancestors, and his generosity toward his opponent has made him universally admired. In his public as well as his private life he has shown that hearty humaneness of the sort that led him years ago when an obscure prosecuting attorney, to free twenty-five young men in Pike County, who were tried before him, instead of sending them to the penitentiary. At the time he was severely criticized, but the records of these twenty-five young men are today a glory to Champ Clark's name and fame, to which even a presidency could add no lustre.

A NEW joke has travelled all the way from Panama. President Taft and Colonel Goethals were standing on the summit of the great Gatun Dam and the Colonel was telling the President that the date of opening might possibly be in 1913 instead of the official date announced, January 1, 1915. The President, who has been personally acquainted with the details of the Panama Canal from its conception, expressed his surprise at the

immensity of the dam. The special train carrying the President required three hours to get over the tracks overrunning the great fill.

"Why," exclaimed the President, "this is a mountain, not a dam."

"Well, we thought so at times," modestly replied the Colonel, "but we have never forgotten that it was a 'dam' big mountain that had to be moved just the same."

The Canal has assumed the appearance of a real waterway and makes a very different impression on the visitor now, from that produced on earlier tourists who traveled over the prism of the Canal and wondered where in the world it was going to be, not realizing that the workers were creating lakes as well as locks and ditches. Despite the heavy landslides of the rainy season, and the troublesome slopes of the mountain-cut at Culebra there is a feeling prevalent that before the close of 1913 Colonel Goethals will be able to present to Uncle Sam the completed inter-ocean Canal as a Christmas present.

BUMPER crops in Russia as well as in this country reveal also the natural effects of a damning prosperity. In the St. James the other day I met a tourist recently returned from Russia who gave some interesting sidelights on the conditions he had met in his travels: "There are farmers who won't drink out of the same cup, eat at the same table, live in the same village or hardly mingle peaceably with each other," he said. "There are Jews and Chinese who are as used to persecution and massacre as eels are used to skinning; Mohammedans who hate all Christians not of their fold; and there are other strange tribes whose peculiarities are hereditary and almost archaic beyond computation. There are tyrannies and abuses enough in Russia, but were these ever abated there would still remain tribal religious and local prejudices that will long prevent rapid development."

The harvests of Russia, he believed, indicate a season of plenty in that famine and plague devastated country. Government reports show that she has 749,947,000 bushels of wheat against the United States crop of 310,866,000 bushels of barley, 1,032,605,000 bushels of oats and 61,908,000 bushels of corn. That the Russian government has done much during the last decade to improve farming methods and to prevent poverty and suffering was declared by the American visitor. "And it has about as difficult and obstinate a mixed crowd to teach," he added, "as were ever got together into one place

since the general misunderstanding at the Tower of Babel."

THERE is a gleam of humor pervading nearly all human activities if you just watch for it. My friend from Italy is a fruit vender. He is as much a fixture on one of the prominent corners in Washington as any statue in the park. The corner would seem incomplete without his figure. He wears a perpetual smile and always has a friendly greeting for each of his many friends as he stands there day after day brushing up his fruit—always busy. When the Senators and Congressmen, Supreme Court Justices and men famous in public life pass his way, he receives many a kind word, complimenting the manner in which he handles his fruit—and there is a pleasure in hearing his hearty "gracios, signor!"

Like all enterprising merchants he has his sorrows. The boys insist on

coming around the stand and handling the fruit, fingering it, turning it over and pinching it "to see whether it's ripe," and thumping the melons hard. This conflicted with Antonio's ideals of sanitation and neatness, and one day we were astonished to find a sign over his stand which told the story very succinctly. It read, "If you must pincha fruit, pincha de cocoanut." And the cocoanut was well in front. Several urchins stood scratching their heads

as they re-read the scribbled words, wondering if "cocoanut" in this instance was to be taken in a Pickwickian sense.

TOW that the acrimonies of the presidential campaign have passed away, the files of recent newspapers show the cross-fire of campaign speeches. Except in rare instances the newspapers were not pronounced in aggressive attacks, and although some cynics would deplore the vellowness of Twentieth Century journalism, yet the old newspaper files of Washington's days reveal a political virulence that surpasses our most ochre-hued newspapers. One notable paper denounced Washington as "a faithless, unprincipled and aristocratic moderatist who would offer the liberties of his fellow-citizens on the altar of administration; and the sacred obligations of their country on the altar of treachery and



MISS EMILY BEATTY
The daughter of the Commander of the Navy Yard. Miss Beatty
made her debut last season and is especially popular in naval circles

dishonor." Compared to this, our campaign speeches are only echoes. Other writers insisted that the American nation had been debauched by Washington, and another speaker exclaims in ironical tones, "Let his conduct, then, be an example to future ages and let it serve as a warning."

His prophecy was true, for Washington certainly "was an example to future ages," and posterity has answered the hypercritics of those days when the father of his country was charged with political hypocrisy, as such critics of today will hereafter be judged. President Washington replied in a dignified manner, "I have a consolation within me of which no earthly effort can deprive me, and that is that neither ambition nor interested motives have influenced my conduct. The arrow of malevolence, however barbed and pointed, can never reach my most vulnerable part."

Hostile newspapers in those days referred to John Adams as a "hoary traitor" and as having "only completed the scene of ignominy which Mr.

Washington had begun."

It is well that all these outbursts of passion and bitterness are eliminated when history is written. The unfair and unjust attacks made upon a president or presidential candidate seldom live in history and only reveal the bad temper and malevolence of the moment whose venom becomes ridiculous as time blunts its barbs of hatred.

AN old soldier who is a familiar figure about War Department headquarters was found the other morning deep in an electrical magazine. "Well, Uncle," said a smart young clerk on his way through the corridor, "what's on the wire today?"

"Just the prophecy that all may live to be ninety years old," replied the old fellow testily," with the usual 'if' since Methuselah broke the age limit."

Recent developments in the curative employment of electricity before the New York Electrical Society by Dr. William Snow has revealed great success with the rontgen ray in the diagnosis and treatment of hitherto almost incurable conditions. The electrical expert said that deafness was hastened by blood pressure which could be controlled and lessened by electrical treatment and cases were detailed in which he had been able to reduce blood pressure, the one unfavorable symptom that is now looked upon with keen apprehension by life insurance examiners. Apoplexy, Bright's disease, hardening of the arteries and other ailments due to blood pressure, can be averted in a simple way, and the traditional allotment of human existence easily increased from seventy to ninety. The story of average mortality as portrayed through records of medical examinations for life insurance, shows how this and that phase is considered all important today. Existence of abnormal blood pressure is looked upon as a symptom of paramount importance.

One grim newspaper cynic has it that Noah was six hundred years old before he began to build the ark, and he knew how. The world has been dreaming of longevity ever since, but in these exhilarating days the blood pressure and the condition of the plumbing of the human anatomy is of pre-

eminent importance.

PLEASANT recollections of the Coronation of King Edward were recalled in seeing Mr. Joseph H. Choate, former American Ambassador to England, on Broadway in New York. Although past four-score years, he still takes that keen and lively interest in affairs which made his public career so successful. He is the personification of Browning's lines,

"Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be—
The last of life, for which the first is made."

During his term as ambassador in England, his addresses attracted world-wide attention, and those on Lincoln and President McKinley may well be accounted classics. When one realizes the ease and grace with which these addresses were made, there is no longer wonder that Ambassador Choate charmed our British cousins. He has received honorary degrees without number, starting with Harvard and including institutions of learning in all



HON. JOSEPH H. CHOATE
Formerly Ambassador to England. At the age of eighty he is "the grand old man" of American diplomacy

parts of the world, but the best fruitage of his busy life is revealed in eleven masterly essays delivered while in England.

In his address on Abraham Lincoln, he pointed out how "no man in public life was ever subjected to greater abuse than Abraham Lincoln," and in the Congressional Library in Washington there is a room filled with cartoons, songs, verses and stories of this character.

There never was a time in all his public career when the humor of Joseph H. Choate did not fairly gleam. On January 24th he will reach his eighty-first mile-stone and all that come within the radiance of his personality will feel like extending to the "grand old man of the American bar" hearty congratulations on that day.

WHILE visiting the site of the old home of Charles Sumner in Washington I was reminded that during the six weeks' vacation allotted him by the adjournment of Congress, in the late sixties, the Massachusetts Senator created the name "Alaska." He gathered together information of every kind for his great speech in the Senate and had become immersed in the story of the peninsula of the Arctics.

He wrote to Mr. John Bright and insisted that he "was controlled less by a desire for more territory than by a sense of the amity of Russia, manifested at the time of the Civil War and by an unwillingness to miss the opportunity of dismissing another European sovereign from our continent, predestined, as he believed, to become the broad, undivided home of the American people."

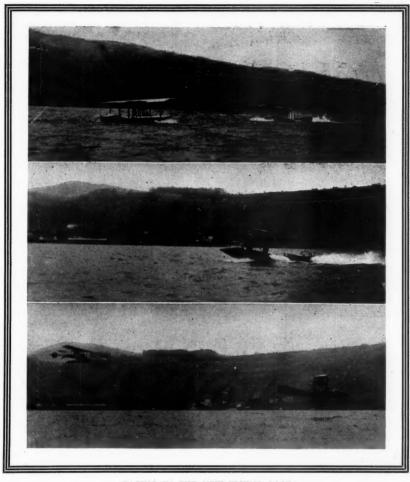
He pictured "Alaska" as he christened it, "without form and without light, without activity and without progress, the life being solitary and feeble." He estimated the number of Russians and half-breeds at about 2,500; the number of aborigines within the jurisdiction of the fur company at about eight thousand; and those outside between forty and fifty thousand, most of them being like our Indians. How little Sumner realized that this same Alaska purchased more as a price of peace would become the great bone of contention in undeveloped America in less than fifty years and the center of a "conservation storm." He insisted that "this treaty must not be a precedent for a system of indiscriminate and costly annexation." In reading carefully the incidents of those days one can discover the same bitter feuds that characterizes our present political life.

Great issues and great questions are evolved out of what begins merely as a personal quarrel between two prominent men. The friends of these men soon take sides, the feeling deepens and becomes more bitter, and before we are aware of it a War of the Roses is declared and the country itself is involved in factional strife, within parties, without parties, all along the line.

IT is interesting in these days to scan the price list of the Commissary Department of the Panama Canal. Our mouths water at the quotation of thirty-five cents for watermelons in the tropics, shipped from the South. There is venison for stews at six cents a pound; mutton cutlets at eighteen cents, cheaper than in Boston, and porterhouse steak at twenty cents a pound, to say nothing of butter at thirty-eight cents and sugar cured hams at twenty cents. No wonder the good housewives on the Isthmus are not worried when they can go shopping with commissary books, and have not even the trouble of waiting for change.

Doctor Rubner, of the University of Berlin, lecturing before the Hygienic Congress at Washington, said that cooking is a lost art among modern women, but is the big factor the world over in the problem of the high cost of living. He considers it one of the greatest problems confronting mankind, and insists that every large city should have a department clothed with plenary powers for supervising cooking as a matter of human welfare. It would pave the way for avoiding other extravagances of good food spoiled in cooking, or cooked so that insufficient nourishment is retained.

At this same Congress many old theories were exploded. Doctor Woods Hutchinson of New York says that "early to bed and early to rise" and going to bed with the hens is all right; but who wants to be a hen? If you go to



RACING IN THE NEW FLYING BOAT

Upper: Two flying boats and one standard aeroplane jockeying for position at the start of the race. Middle: Going at the rate of sixty miles an hour on the water. Lower: The finish of the race, in which the flying boat leads. Mr. Glenn Curtiss is in the first flying boat, Mr. Lincoln Beachey in the second and Mr. Francis Wildman is third in the standard hydro-aeroplane

bed with the hens, you will have the brain of a hen. This saying was but one of a continuous reversion of old ideas. It was stated that a child's faculty for play is God-given, and so is his hatred of school. "The child is father to the man" means that the child is older than the parent, racially speaking, for his primal instincts have been growing for eight or nine million years.

One suggestion was in favor of legislation that would make it compulsory for all women over eighteen years of age to receive instruction in caring for children. Dr. H. L. U. Shaw of Albany discussed the work of St. Margaret's Home for Foundlings in that city. He said the death rate of children had



OPERATING THE NEW AEROPLANE GUN
With this wonderful achievement of modern firearms, targets are
riddled while flying sixty miles an hour

been reduced from forty-two to fifteen per cent where instruction had been given. One of the interesting speakers present was Dr. Simon Flexner, the wizard of the Rockefeller Institute, who discovered the anti-meningitis serum.

No one could look upon that gathering of medical men and not feel proud of the American physicians of today. Today doctors are employed to keep people well rather than to take care of them when ill. It may not seem customary or profitable, but that is the logical result of advance and progress in medical science.

One prominent Senator goes to see a physician every month on general principles. He is looked over and examined while there is a healthful twinkle in his eye, and he insists that an examination

under normal conditions gets closer to Nature, which, if let alone and not interfered with, will solve many of the mysteries which centuries of research have failed to reveal, and effect cures which formerly have been credited to the magic of pills and potions, fads and fancies.

AMID one's memories of political conventions the old-fashioned state conventions always stand out prominently. The last Republican state convention of the Empire State, held at Saratoga, carried one back in memory to stirring days of New York politics when Roscoe Conkling and Thurlow Weed were in their prime. Saratoga has long been popular as the "Convention City," and a convention hall has been provided. The center of activity was at the historic United States Hotel, with its towering pillars surrounding the court-yard in which lofty elms grow, shading the rooms, called "cottages" instead of suites. Around the verandas of the hotel were plastered huge photographs of candidates, until it looked as if a bankrupt or fire sale was in progress—a sad-looking sequel to a lively summer season. The great, high ceilings and wide rooms of this famous old hostlery have witnessed many gay and fashionable gatherings. Here it was that the famous Saratoga trunk was first used, for holding loads of fine clothes to be displayed in the rooms and on the verandas while society was having its holiday.

For the first time in the history of political conventions the committee on



MISS ALICE O'GORMAN
The daughter of Senator O'Gorman of New York, and one of the new favorites in the Congressional set

resolutions held an open meeting. They gathered in the parlor of the hotel. Senator White as chairman called for suggestions. There were brief, snappy discussions, and a member of the Civil Service caused a smile by declaring that he liked his job and wanted to keep it. He told about the forty years which he had given to the service of the state, and he believed that some provision should be made for him as a clerk, in old age. Among the committee present were Senator Elihu Root, Wm. Barnes, Jr., and Senator Stevens. The sub-committee meeting lasted all night where nine good men and true met in one of the "cottages" and proceeded to whip the platform into shape

for the Convention on the following day. Editor John Sleicher of Leslie's Weekly was the Secretary of the Committee and happy, despite the avalanche of work thrust upon him. Public meetings for committees was a departure from the old-time procedure in response to progressive demands, but in the last analysis a few leaders were called upon to formulate and crystalize indi-

MISS MARIE LOWE
A talented young actress who has been visiting in Washington

vidual suggestions for the platform in the good old way, showing that even political platforms require craftsmanship and "know how."

HE fact that silver has slowly but surely appreciated in price has not been unmarked by financiers and operators. The higher cost of living which some say is due to the great increase in gold productions is ever enlarging the demand for that enormous flood of small silver and copper which is the real basis of the business of the world. An increase of ten cents in the cost of the daily ration of food and clothing for each member of the population of the United States means the need of at least nine million dollars more of fractional currency, and the number of people that is largely increasing the daily expenditure has been greatly augmented in a decade. The

jolly farmer goes merrily on getting better prices for his products and lands and investing his small change in city and state bonds.

Steamship, railroad and telegraphic lines have extended into the most remote and little known quarters of the world; trade and commerce have supplanted barter and it is only too evident that the consumption of silver money and nickel and copper tokens must soon break all previous records. A remembrance of Mr. Bryan's silver campaign of 1896 recalls the fact that gold and paper can never take the place of the humble metal for the reason that the natural desire of men of small means is to have money that can be expended anywhere without waiting for change. The average man seldom can hold a gold piece or a large bill for any appreciable period.

There are national and tribal traditions and customs that will for many years to come give silver and copper the preference as a circulating medium. This is the case in at least three great continents, Asia, Africa and South America, where the growth of population and the development of trade are

increasing at a phenomenal rate.

Much of this increase is supplied by European mints which have purchased sterling silver at fifty-five to sixty cents per ounce, charge a good profit to foreign purchases and like them pay it out to their own people on a basis of \$1.29 per ounce, a very handsome margin for the governments with their mints running overtime.

MEETING the men of eminence of these days makes an interesting study in finding counterparts in history.

Leonardo da Vinci, born near Empola, Italy, in 1452, and best known as the great painter of the famous "Last Supper" and "Mona Lisa," was

also a practical inventor and may be called the Edison of his day and country. His projects would fill volumes, but one admiring biographer has listed ten of his most important plans.

Da Vinci it was who suggested a system of wing dams starting down stream from the right bank of the Arno to divert the force of its current into a steadily deepening channel along the left bank, and a system of locks forming a navigable canal. This plan was successfully carried out two centuries after it was conceived by him.

He also proposed a train of double excavators, turning platforms and derricks for excavating canals, and depositing the earth on either side; and a system of iron levers and frames to Panama Pacific
Universal
EXPOSITION
San Francisco

VICE-PRESIDENT ELECT MARSHALL
Selecting the site for Indiana's State Building at the Panama-Pacific
Exposition

prevent the escalade of a city wall, by throwing down the heaviest scaling ladders and their occupants.

He advanced the project of raising water to any height by a train of Archimedean screws worked by a water wheel and invented a rapid fire machine consisting of four catapults or great crossbows automatically bent, loaded with sheaves of arrows, and discharged in as many minutes by a great treadwheel revolved by many men. Among his inventions also were a file-cutting

machine automatically cutting and spacing the grooves as desired, double saws for cutting marble, practically the same as those still in use; a movable derrick with geared wheels and a turn-table much like those still used by small contractors and a powerful screw elevator for placing columns of stone and iron in position.

After reading this list over Colonel Goethals concluded that it was well da Vinci did not know about digging the Panama Canal, or it would not have

waited for American enterprise.

Many other projects dealing with artillery, fortification, industrial and manufacturing improvements were also invented by this great genius of Italy, most of whose projects were fairly successful or have since been exploited by more modern "inventors."

ALE and hearty after the rigors of the presidential campaign, "Uncle Jim" Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, is as radiant and optimistic as when he took hold of Uncle Sam's seed bureau. He insisted that the star of the grain empire was moving steadily to the northwest, and after a careful analysis of surveys and explorations made during the year, he announces that there are one hundred million acres of land in Alaska that will some day take the foremost place in the grain-producing districts of the world. He insists that there is splendid land up there, and that the poeple are awakening to these possibilities.

Northern-grown seed from Norway and Sweden has been planted in Alaska, and results show that the lands are quite as productive as those of Scandinavia, and that Alaska is the future rival of the Canadian wheat fields. He feels that the time will come when the value of the golden grain of our most northern

territory will far exceed the value of its gold production.

"A farm in Alaska" sounded like a joke in years past, but its value today is recognized in the world, anxiously searching for more grain lands.

CONCENTRATING at the Weather Bureau offices, the spot in Washington where the "signs of the skies" of continents are read, one finds the old horoscope instinct very much alive. Continued favorable autumn weather ripening millions of pounds of cotton that might otherwise not be picked is one record eagerly watched. The "frost on the pumpkin" holds off, and allows the latest ears in the cornfields to ripen. The world's series of baseball games between the Giants and Red Sox were predicted on weather signs. County fairs, celebrations of all kinds are often dated according to the vaticinations of the Weather Department. The archaic mysteries of the almanac, and the quarter of the moon still influence certain observers of business and psychological conditions.

The Weather Bureau is becoming more important, not so much because of infallible weather predictions, as for its records of general averages on which probabilities may be based. Mr. Willis P. Moore of the Weather Bureau has "weathered" many a storm of disapproval, when predictions went awry, but he remains a weather scientist in every sense of the word. The supreme court of New York has lately rendered a decision, which determined the responsibility of the individual under certain adverse weather

conditions, which is looked upon as a triumph for Weather Bureau records. An Italian banker was sued for five hundred dollars damages, owing to icy approaches to his premises. The records of the weather bureau showed that rain and sleet had fallen for two days before the accident and that the temperature was low enough to cause the mixture to congeal; consequently, on the day of the accident it was proven by the records of the weather bureau that icy sidewalks would have been unavoidable. The weather affects nearly every phase of human effort, and the evidence of interested witnesses falls before the immutable records of the weather bureau. The gigantic activities of a great nation are often dependent in the last analysis on phenomena, measured by simple mathematical calculations and matters of routine record of the weather, so that the time-honored tradition placing conversation about the weather only subordinate to courteous salutation is fully vindicated by modern science.

STARTLING figures are shown indicating the amount and value of United States stamps used during the year. More than nine billion stamps have been sold, and the stamp collectors are still busy. As an evidence of prosperity it is interesting to note that there is a five dollar postage stamp, more than 11,500 of which were sold last year, and besides these more than eighty thousand of the one-dollar denomination.

It has been estimated that more than three million stamps per day were used by the people of the United States last year. As one French humorist remarked in England, "That shows that the American people are certainly used to licking." He thought he had sprung a real joke, but was surprised to hear the American's apt reply, "Yes, we lick the stamps to keep in trim for licking the other fellows." The American eagle screamed, the flag unfurled and the American complimented himself upon having patriotically vindicated the dignity of Uncle Sam by a pertinent allusion to an humble postage stamp.

7ITH a boiled egg Columbus answered to the charge that anybody could have discovered America, that while it was easy enough to stand an egg on end, when you are shown how, very few find it out for themselves. That modern "eggs is eggs" every day is demonstrated by the prices of warranted hen fruit tending toward still loftier heights. As a result cheap eggs and egg preparations are objects of legitimate suspicion. A vast amount of yolk and albumen is frozen or dried both at home and abroad for the use of the baker and confectioner, and devoured by a cake and pastry-living public, who are happily ignorant of the condition of the raw material and details of manufacture of the egg constituent. A problem is now presented the United States Agricultural Department as to when an "egg is an egg," and an investigation of certain abuses in this line of food preparations has resulted in the issue of two cautionary bulletins: "A Bacteriological Study of Shell Frozen and Dessicated Eggs" and "Practical Suggestions for the Preparation of Frozen and Dried Eggs." It is needless to say that serious abuses in marketing these articles of food and bakers' supplies are likely to lead to "grave complication" as the diplomats say, but in the meantime the American hen keeps busy, while the eagle screams if ambitious political leaders rend the air.

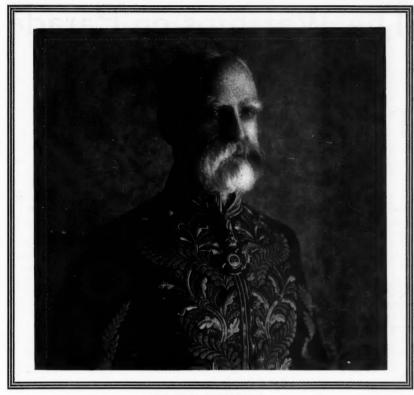
ITH the approach of the completion of the Panama Canal, the prospective revenue from tolls presents a new phase of Uncle Sam's budget, and makes a comparison of the revenues of other canals of keen interest. Suez canal receipts for 1911 aggregated \$26,870,576, a gain of \$843,656 over that of 1910; this in spite of a reduction of ten cents per ton in the tariff rate, justifying the proposed reduction of ten cents more per ton to take effect January 1, 1913, when the Panama Canal will be in a sense a completion. Vessels of all classes to the number of 4,969 with a net tonnage of 18,324,794 contributed this immense sum, \$16,950,112 of which is to be divided among the parties in interest; about seventy-one per cent goes to the stockholders, fifteen per cent to the Egyptian Government, ten per cent to the founders of the company, two per cent to administration officers, and two per cent to the employees.

Rapidity of transit has also been largely increased. The Royal Yacht when going to and returning from India occupied only twelve and one-half and twelve hours respectively. This data will be the basis of an interesting comparison. Now that Congress has taken action on the subject of free tolls for American ships and precluding railroad owned vessels free passage, a start has been made in completing details for Canal Zone administration. With the control concentrated into the executive ability of a man like Colonel Goethals, the best years of whose life have been absorbed in the building of the canal, there ought to be no blunders made that will mar the operation of

this great government project.

HE sunny radiance of the life of the late James Schoolcraft Sherman was never more clearly revealed than on the day of his funeral. The special train to Utica included the President of the United States, justices of the Supreme Court, ambassadors, senators, congressmen and governors. Nearly every department of a great government sent its representatives to pay a personal tribute to James S. Sherman the man. At his home was evidenced the love of the man whose sunny smile and kindly greeting will never be forgotten by those who knew him. There was a simple and impressive service at the home, and at the bier President Taft with tears in his eyes looked his last upon the face of his friend and colleague. In the old Presbyterian Church with quaint vaulted ceiling and suspended Gothic arches, to a bower of floral beauty, amid the soft strains of the organ he had heard for many years, the remains of James S. Sherman were carried up the aisle. As the congregation arose, the lights were turned up and the strains of the beautiful hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light" were sung. The tribute from the Vice-President's old friend, Doctor Stryker of Hamilton College, was most touching in its simplicity and earnestness. As he uttered in trembling voice the words, "good-bye, good-bye," the chimes of a distant church and even the ring of street-car bells outside seemed to blend with the tolling of the bell. When the people arose to sing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," it was not sung in sombre measure. Every voice in that church rang out with the refrain, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," as if declaring the triumph of victory over death-it was sung just as James Sherman would have had it.

The sparkling twinkle of the eyes, the ruddy glow of the cheek, and gentle, friendly greeting of the Vice-President will be missed in Washington, but his life work remains a rich heritage to the friends at hone. Roscoe Conkling



RT. HON. JAMES BRYCE
The British Ambassador to the United States, whose resignation has caused general regret at the capital

and W. H. Seward and the other distinguished men of the nation hailing from Utica were never quite so close and dear to the people at the old home as was James Schoolcraft Sherman. Every activity of the town ceased during the funeral hours. The street cars stopped for ten minutes, stores were closed, flags were draped and hung at half mast. Even the boot-blacks had evidence of their affections and sympathy on their stands. When the last words had been said at the bier the vehicles rolled again—halting at the bridges. The canal boats moved through the city streets in solemn procession and I could almost fancy the scene in "Idyls of the King" when the funereal bark in which the "dead steered by the dumb" made its slow way adown the river to the lofty towers of ancient Camelot.

James S. Sherman was loved by all who knew him, and even the bitter shafts of warfare never diminished his wholesomeness and sweetness. Even when promoted to the Presidency of the United States Senate he never forgot his colleagues of the House. A courteous gentleman, a true democrat, a citizen worth while, whose personal and public life have left an impress upon his times, he rounded out a career full of ripe honors, and the Nation mourned a Vice-President who brought happiness and honor to his exalted position.

The Warships on Parade

by Bennett Chapple

THE greatest amphitheater in the world for the mobilization and review of a huge fleet of warships is the Hudson River at New York City, although its natural advantages were never appreciated until the Hudson-Fulton celebration. Following that historic event, the assemblage of a huge fleet for the inspection and gratification of the nation at large has become a feature of universal interest.

Under a dome of bright blue sky, with perfect weather to display the lavish fall colorings of the Palisades, that like a scenic curtain formed a resplendent background for the ships, the mighty engines of death and destruction lost their forbidding mien, and blended into a gorgeous picture—a picture which spelled peace because of the sea-power that could command it.

Seven miles of Riverside Park and Drive shore-line with its terraced steps and sloping banks were black with humanity, feasting their eyes upon the scene. And what a scene it was! Swinging silently at anchor, and sensitive to the gentle touch of the tide, the battleships evoked a totally different inspiration from that which comes from viewing a great government building or work. Their massive hulls and military masts; signal flags and thronging crews, the huge cannon and turrets, and above all the flag of the republic, fired the imagination, assisted by the universal impulse to become fascinated with anything that floats.

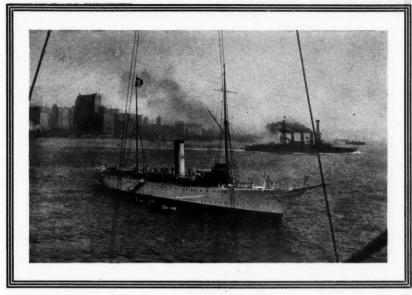
At night the scene took on a brilliancy like the blaze of sparkling pendants against a curtain of black. Each ship was outlined in electric lights, and the splendid iron-clads lay on the black bosom of the water like their miniatures in a splendid pyrotechnic masterpiece—an illumination that outlined and transfigured a battle-line of phantom warships from the mouth of

the Hudson to far beyond Spuyten Duyvil creek.

New York City is a wonderful "show town." It loves excitement, it loves "thrills," and it needs to furnish two hundred and fifty thousand transients each day something new to see. Equal to the emergency and opportunity, millions of people lined the shores or boarded the launches to "see the fleet" during the week of the great naval exhibition.

The naval parade on Saturday formally opened the show. All along Broadway, from the landing place at 129th Street to 59th Street, and thence down Fifth Avenue, the public selected vantage places on the tops of porches, roofs and other accessible spots to get a good view. Irrepressible boys "shinnied" up the lamp posts to get an unrestricted vision of the approach of the seamen and marines of the great fleet. And there they came, twenty thousand strong, the greatest muster of sailers and marines that ever marched in parade. The bright red uniforms of the division bands contrasted strongly with the blue and white columns of seamen advancing with the quick, elastic step and swinging arms of the American man-of-war's-man. What a clean-looking lot of youngsters they were! Fluttering handkerchiefs and tiny flags waved by enthusiastic young ladies greeted them on every side, while they called aloud "Bravo, Boys!" The flower of American manhood was there.

Sunday, the day of rest, is "visiting day" in New York. The great warships, too, kept open house for the public, and everybody who was fortunate enough to know one of the forty-eight thousand sailor-lads had a special pass to go to his boat. Those who were privileged to know an officer exhibited their card with the same degree of pride as the small boy with a free circus ticket. All day long the tiny



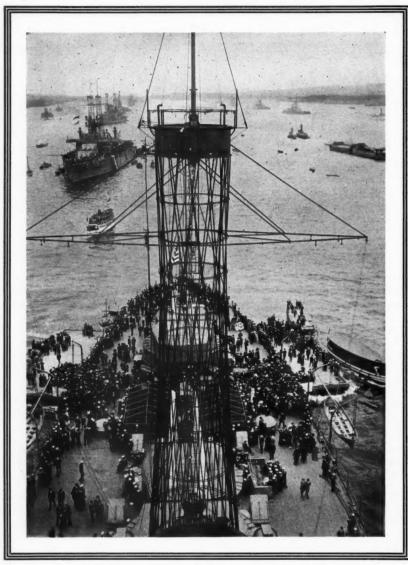
THE YACHT MAYFLOWER, WITH PRESIDENT TAFT ON BOARD REVIEWING THE FLEET

launches plowed their way back and forth from the shores to the ships, filled with friends intent upon visiting the jackies in their home, the ship, where eager eyes and inquisitive noses were poked into every nook and corner, and a thousand questions were being asked and answered. It was a jolly outing for all who on that day enjoyed the hospitality of the great fleet, and as they descended the iron stairway along the ship's side to the launches for the return trip, it was only after an enthusiastic promise to "come again."

The review of the fleet by Secretary of the Navy George von L. Meyer, was scheduled for early Monday morning. Promptly at the appointed time, the Dolphin, carrying the Secretary and his distinguished guests, started on its journey to encircle the fleet, followed by the Nashville, bearing a contingent of reporters and special writers, and excursion boats loaded to the gunwales with sightseers. No sooner did the Dolphin pass the first battleship than the salute to the Secretary of the Navy boomed forth, to be taken up by each ship successively as the Dolphin passed.

In the afternoon, with barely more than the traditional twenty minutes for lunch, President Taft in the Mayflower took his place at the head of the line and reviewed the fleet, and the guns boomed forth again, this time in a presidential salute, as the beautiful lines of the presidential yacht, glistening in the sun, approached. The shores on both sides were black with the multitudes of people gathered to witness the review, and the puffing of smoke and the crash of guns presented a very realistic sham battle to the onlookers as far as noise was concerned.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the supreme and most interesting event connected with the mobilization of the fleet was its departure, for it enabled the public to see the great battleships plowing through the waves under their own steam, with flags flying and cannons roaring. Early on the morning of Tuesday, which was to witness its departure, the little cockleshell launches of the fleet were flying hither and thither in eager preparation. From the dock at Forty-second Street they scurried along with shrill saucy whistles of "Toot! Toot!" carrying distinguished visitors to the



FIGHTING MAST OF THE BATTLESHIP ARKANSAS, AND VISITORS ON THE FORWARD DECK

Mayflower and Dolphin. A strong wind was lashing the river into foam, and into these billows the little launches plunged, while barefooted sailor boys climbed back and forth along the sides, in the performance of their duties. The covered hoods

were some protection, but the spray and wind showed no mercy to the tall silk tiles that convention decreed at such a time, and many a distinguished head was bared without intent or purpose.

Every available excursion boat in New



NIGHT ILLUMINATION OF FLEET AND RIVERSIDE DRIVE

York harbor was commissioned to bear its load of interested spectators to a position along the line of departure. The alarm-clocks in suburban towns were set at an early hour, in order that choice locations on board the boats might be pre-empted by those sagacious enough, although it did not always work to advantage. Some there were who chose the bow of the boat and held the coveted position for hours in the biting wind, only to find after dropping anchor that the tide carried the stern of the boat into the ideal position. But such are the vicissitudes of the eager sight-seer.

By order of the harbor master; all traffic of ferry boats and barges stopped between the hours of 10.30 and 12 noon, and shortly before the hour indicated, President Taft in the Mayflower took his position just opposite Bedloe's Island and the Statue of Liberty. Lying next in order were the Dolphin, the Nashville, and the Hendrick Hudson, the latter being a chartered boat for the guests of Mayor Gaynor and the City of New York. Extending further down the harbor, and marking the channel were all kinds and

descriptions of excursion boats with flags flying from every mast-head. The crowds were jolly and good-natured. The fascinating moving picture of New York's busy harbor was a sight in itself. The swift tides presented a problem to each captain to find his berth alongside the course without running afoul of the sisterships.

Soon two low, long, slim, eel-like torpedo boats headed down the course, darting here and there, stopping to order this captain to move back a bit, ordering that one to straighten the line; and when all was in readiness, both scudded back to their respective positions, one on either side of the President's yacht, to see that no unwary tug slipped through to mar the review.

"Hoist anchors!" The signal flew from battleship to battleship and together like clockwork the greatest armada of modern time got under way. As the first battleship passed, the flag was dipped to the President, who stood with head uncovered on the bridge of the Mayflower. Then followed

A flash-a puff of smoke-boom!



PARADE OF NAVAL FORCES PASSING THE LIBRARY ON ITS WAY DOWN FIFTH AVENUE

Twenty-one guns from each battleship fired at intervals of one second. No sooner did one cease firing than another came into position and took it up. As far as the eye could see the great ships were coming at equal intervals apart and at a pace that sent big, curling waves of foam to either side of the sharp prows. In fact, the foam was visible before the ship itself, and in the dull gray haze their approach was like that of great white gulls flying low on the water, for the outline of the

ship, due to its dull slate color, was not discernible at a great distance. But this impression soon changed as each huge bulk loomed in sight and crossing directly in front of the famed "sky line" of New York with its towering buildings, these mighty engines of war emphasized the realization that their concentrated fire would in one short half hour crumble those gigantic buildings into dust.

Battleships, gunboats, scout cruisers, cruisers, torpedo boat destroyers, torpedo

boats and submarines passed in review, one hundred and twenty-three in all, representing three-fourths of the fighting naval strength of the nation. As the submarines passed with their gallant sailors standing on their narrow decks with feet awash in the sea, there was a cheer mingled with a sigh, for it marked the end of the greatest naval review in history. And then as the last ship passed from sight, the beholders fancied that even the Goddess of Liberty stood with arm uplifted waving adieu.

The final chapter in the great naval show in New York harbor was the launching of the battleship New York, the largest sea-fighter in the world. More than fifty thousand people assembled at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, who, with President Taft and many prominent governmental and city officials, joined in a mighty cheer as the giant ship slid gracefully, rapidly, majestically into the sea.

The sister ships of the navy yard were gay with flags and bunting, and the marine bands enlivened the occasion with splendid renditions, finally starting up the familiar strains of Lohengrin's Wedding March, significant of the wedding of the great war ship with the seas.

On the christening stand before and under the great gray iron cliff of the massive prow were gathered the President and his aunt, and the daughter of Congressman Calder, dressed in white, stood ready to grasp the silver filigreed bottle of champagne that hung by a silken cord from the forecastle down to the very end of the great massive beak of the ship. Patting its surface like the nose of a faithful horse, the fair priestess of the baptism breathed a whispered prayer for the safe launching of the huge iron-clad. Others with lead pencils and chalk marked their initials, which, tiny as they seemed. would long figure in their memories of the occasion. As the signal lever was turned, and without the usual din of splitting and sawing out the great supporting blocks, the giant ship without a quiver slowly and then faster and faster, as the gaily decorated flask shivered against its bow, slid down the ways into the still haven amid the cheers of assembled thousands.

Oil and Acid

by Will Levington Comfort

Author of "Routledge Rides Alone," "Fate Knocks at the Door," etc.

No prophet is greater than a man's mother.

The Way to Heaven is always against the crowd.

The more a man knows the more he will believe.

If something hits you from the inside that a thing isn't good to do, don't hurry about doing it. If you wouldn't do it when the person you like best in the world is watching, it isn't a good thing to do alone.

Physical heroism is cheap—the cheapest utility of the nations—but it is not without inspiration to watch.

Women who men avoid for being strong-minded are apt to be the strongest in their affections. You can prove this by the sons of clinging vines.

A man's courage may be just his cowardice running forward under the fear of scorn from his fellows.

A Young Life that Inspired

A Father's Tribute to His Son's Completed Life

[Note.—On the afternoon of Thursday, September 5, 1912, Rufus Fearing, only son of Charles G. Dawes, met death while bathing in Lake Geneva. Word that he had been drowned was sent to his father in Chicago about six o'clock Thursday evening. Securing a special train and a pulmotor, Mr. and Mrs. Dawes covered the innety miles to Lake Geneva in time, probably, to have saved the young man had his death occurred from drowning, but it was found to have been caused, or at least induced, by heart failure. Efforts to revive him were continued until Thursday midnight, but were unavailing.

Funeral services were held at the home in Evanston, Sunday afternoon, attended by many hundreds of the sorrowing friends of Rufus Fearing and his stricken parents.

With bared heads and hearts submerged in sympathy which could find no adequate expression, more than fifteen hundred persons heard the solerm, though inspiring words of tribute to a young man whose truly noble

With bared heads and hearts submerged in sympathy which could find no adequate expression, more than fifteen hundred persons heard the solemn, though inspiring words of tribute to a young man whose truly noble qualities of manhood and whose exemplary life had, even at such an early period in his career, left a deep and lasting impression upon all around him.

This tribute, showing as it does that while Rufus Pearing Dawes was yet at the threshold of adult manhood, his life, though brief, was of such completeness as to have exerted an imperishable influence upon those with whom he had been in contact, and to have left a remarkable record of real achievement—this tribute, which wells unbidden and insistent from the father who had watched and understood, should be an inspiration to boys and young men everywhere, and may well be read with profit by those of maturer years.

That Rufus Pearing Dawes should have accomplished so much in the brief span of life accorded him, and that he should have left in the hearts of parents and friends the feeling that he had already contributed to the benefit of mankind by his works, is evidence that other young men, by cultivating a high sense of honor and obligation to the world, by clean thoughts and correct habits of living, by industry in self-improvement, and by tender thoughtfulness of others, may leave behind them, no matter when Providence may esh to terminate their earthly activities, something of the same brilliant record as this young man left, and win from saddened and loving hearts a similar tribute to their deeds and worth.—Editor.] a similar tribute to their deeds and worth.-Editor.]

NE of the most remarkable tributes ever paid by a father to his son was that of Charles G. Dawes, president of the Central Trust Company of Illinois, to the brave life and faithful service of his only boy, the late Rufus Fearing Dawes, who in the strength of his young manhood and the promise of all that knowledge, health, ability, character and purpose can bestow, was accidentally drowned in Lake Geneva.

The following philosophic yet loving and Christian tribute to this son, the pride and hope of his life, so suddenly taken from him, is one of the most remarkable papers ever written, and should have a place forever amid the eulogies which recognize that a brief life may be as complete and inspiring as one which is spent in the Master's vineyard until the sun goes down:

The most of those here assembled are the personal friends and acquaintances of my dear son. So far as the outer world is concerned, his promising life, cut off so early, must ever be wrapped in obscurity. But I, his father, owe him one last and solemn duty to project the high lesson of his life, as far as lies within my power, by using this last assemblage of his friends when their minds and grieving hearts will the

more indelibly receive the final impressions of his memory.

Rufus' business career covered his last four summer vacations, dedicated voluntarily by him to preparation for his life's work. Passionately fond of sports and social recreation, to which the college work of the balance of the year legitimately entitled him, he gave them up and spent in the comparative solitude of a small engineering corps in western South Dakota his summer vacation of four years ago. Here he lived uncomplainingly a life of terrible hardship without my knowledge until it was over.

Every man in the corps went down with malignant typhoid fever. Rufus was the last man up, and for days, while suffering with the fever himself, took charge of and ministered to the balance of the camp, finally succeeding in moving them to a place of comparative comfort. He then tempo-rarily collapsed, only to pull himself together again, and alone and sorely stricken, to set out on the long journey home. It is hard to speak of the sufferings of the fifty-mile wagon trip to the railroad station, of his long wait there, of the terrible railroad trip home when he was unable to sleep or eat, and of his final arrival, which was our first knowledge of his trouble.

For weeks without a word of complaint he fought the fight of life and death, and then when relief and apparent convalescence came, it was only to usher in a relapse for as long and severe a second attack. Gaint and haggard, yet happy and cheerful, he finally left the sickroom. He saved out of his compensation for his surveying work over and above his expenses the sum of \$60.

Of his own initiative and without suggestion, he devoted this money to the following purposes. He made a close contract with his friends in the wholesale department of Jevne & Co. for twenty baskets of provisions at \$1 each, which on Christmas Day he personally delivered at the houses of the poor. Of the remaining \$40 he expended \$20 for a Christmas present for his sister and kept \$20 for his personal use.

The next summer, with a friend, he went to Seattle and took a position in the gas company in which my brothers and I are interested. The superintendent, who is one of our personal friends, endeavored to persuade the lads to accept salaries large enough to enable them to live at the best hotel, but Rufus and Melvin declined upon the score that their services would not fairly command the sum offered, took a lesser one, and secured board and lodging elsewhere for \$25 per month each. The next summer vacation Rufus spent in the wholesale plumbing establishment of his close friend, Donald Raymond. With his characteristic masterfulness, he announced to Donald that he would fix his own salary at \$60 per month, which he believed he would earn in the sales department. In this place each month he turned profits into the firm amounting to two or three times his own salary.

This present summer he spent in the gas works at Chicago Heights under the tutelage of his friends, Walter F. Booth and Verne Cutler. During the hot summer days, with the temperature 110 degrees Fahrenheit in the gas house, Rufus Fearing learned to make gas. He also mastered gas analysis, and in the last week of his work was given

charge of the entire plant.

The last two weeks of this present vacation, which proved to be the last two of his life, he gave up to recreation with the great nervous energy with which he did everything.

But I pass now to the more important things. My boy was only in the beginning of his business career, while the career of which I am to speak is complete. The Lord gave him ample time to fully and wholly complete it. The truly great character must unite unusual strength and determination with great gentleness. My boy was imperious. He recognized no superior on earth, and yet was the tender and intimate friend of the weak and humble. I have taken him with me among the greatest in the nation, and looked in vain for any evidence in him of awe or even curiosity. He has taken me, asking me to help them, among the poor and lowly of earth.

He loved his friends and but recently told his mother that our house was all through the coming years to be the stopping place for his college friends passing through the city. How grateful our lonely hearts will be to them now if they will only accept

this invitation and sleep in his room and fill for a little time the empty chair.

He commenced early in life to set himself against the crowd, for no man rises to real prestige who follows it. Of his own initiative he joined the church. For a long time he taught a Bible class of boys at Bethesda Mission. He did not smoke, nor sweat, nor drink. He was absolutely clean. Yet in his stern opposition to the drift, he mingled tolerance in just that quality which contributed to real power to be used in opposition, and for that purpose alone. He organized systematically rescue squads for weaker boys at college who were wavering before the strong but evil leadership. Against the boy who sought to lead astray the weaker, he set his face like steel.

Like every born leader, he had his many warm friends; but if Rufus Fearing ever had a bitter enemy, I have yet to hear of him. His kindness, sincerity and good humor disarmed hatred. I never saw him angry. In twenty years he never gave me just cause

for serious reproach.

He was absolutely natural in any environment, great or humble. He was extremely ambitious. He was extremely proud. Upon one occasion, years ago, when I mistakenly reproached him, he patiently explained my mistake and then peremptorily demanded and received an apology from me.

I have noticed that one of the characteristics of the thoroughbred is the refusal to accept or recognize a handicap which he always regards as a self-confession of inferiority. The man who accepts a handicap is beaten before the race commences. In any matter to which Rufus Fearing set himself seriously, he saw no possible measure of his full abilities or efforts except in the leading contestant. He recognized no victory in a second or third prize.

It was not altogether modesty which kept him so silent about his marked achievements, but because a high average of proficiency which left the field far behind only brought him into closer self-comparison with the few winners. The natural leader in life, while he keeps his head, keeps his eyes only on the runners in front and not on the multitude behind. This is why the truly great

are so often humble.

His mother and I never knew until we read it in the year book of Rufus' athletic successes at Lawrenceville or that he was captain of the fencing team at Princeton, or that he had this or that distinction. He never talked about his achievements in any line of work, study or recreation for the reason that he himself never regarded them as important or worth while. But with almost reckless intrepidity he sought in his friendly conflicts a contact with any exceptional individual he could find

In the fact that this contact meant comparison, he saw only the opportunity for taking his own full measurement, even though



THE LATE RUFUS FEARING DAWES

it might prove disappointing or defeat prove bitter.

But under these continuing and often disappointing contests, moral, physical and mental, there worked out under the inexorable laws of human nature a splendid and complete young Christian gentleman. And the lesson of this complete life is that this can be done by a young man without his being a prig, without his failing to be a good fellow, without his bending to debasing environment.

My boy lived long enough to "win out." Whatever the years would have added would be only material. In a man's character is his real career. He died suddenly in the midst of happiness. He died with his high ideals unlowered. He died with all the noble illusions of a high-minded youth, unpisturbed and undispelled. He died without having lost ambition, with his eyes fixed on the high mountains of life, where beyond any question he would have climbed had he lived.

But, dear young friends of my boy, he had already climbed the high and rough ways which lead up the steep mountain of character. He stood there firmly at the top. Mistake not. It was no easy victory. Material achievement may be both; but no moral victory is ever easy or ever accidental.

But yesterday, strong and joyous in the full might and swing of buoyant youth, surrounded by loving friends, the sun of his happiness high in the sky, Rufus Fearing was mercifully spared the sight of grim death, whose unseen hand was even then upon his shoulder. But had this happy boy turned and seen him beckoning him away from the dear ones —from home—from his parents and his sister—from the great battlefield of life with its fine victories to be won, you know and I know that, without complaint, clear-eyed, unafraid, in simple, unquestioning faith, with hope and trust in his Lord, my dear son would quietly have followed into the darkness of the shadow.

BETTER THINGS

By J. ANDREW BOYD

BETTER to be the singer of a song
That may stir up some other heart to sing
And send the echo all life's way along,
Than to wear the robe and diadem of king.

Better to speak a helpful, cheery word

To some faint heart bowed down with load of care,
Who will be cheered, as with the song of bird,
Than to the wealth of Indies be the heir.

Better to greet some lone one with a smile
And send him on the way with joyous heart,
Forgetting all life's bitterness the while,
Than with the mammon seekers have a part.

Better to help the weary and the weak
And ease the burden under which they groan,
Than be with those who only pleasures seek
And turn deaf ears to every piteous moan.

Then give the cup of water in His name,

The naked clothe, the hungry ones appease,

Though men know not, the Master will acclaim

In Heaven the deed ye did for "one of these."

JACK LONDON

Cub of the Slums, Hero of Adventure, Literary Master and Social Philosopher

by George Wharton James

PART I



THE beginning of this year (1912), Jack London was thirty-six years old. In those thirty-six years he has managed to crowd the experiences of a country lad on a farm, a street newsboy, a schoolboy, a member of a streetgang, a boy Socialist street orator, a voracious reader of books from the public library, an oyster bed patrol to catch

oyster pirates, a longshoreman, a salmon fisher, able to sail any kind of a rude vessel on the none too smooth waters of San Francisco Bay, a sailor before the mast, a seal hunter in the Behring Sea, a legitimate mutineer on board the sealing schooner, a member of the Henry Clay debating club, a strenuous advocate of the Socialist Labor party, a student in the Oakland high school, a freshman in the State University at Berkeley, a gold seeker in the Klondike,

a driver of wolf-dogs over the snows of the frozen North, stricken with scurvy, one of three who embarked in an open boat and rode nineteen hundred miles in nineteen days down the Yukon to the Behring Sea, an orphan compelled to support his widowed mother and a six-year-old nephew, a

short story writer, a war correspondent, a novelist, the owner of a magnificent estate of over a thousand acres, the builder of the "Snark," which he navigated through the Pacific and the South Seas to Australia, and taught himself navigation while in actual charge of the "Snark" on the high seas; the planter of two hundred thousand eucalyptus trees on his estate; the engineer and constructor of miles of horse trails or bridle-paths through the trees, on the hillsides and in the canyons of his estate; and now the builder of one of the most striking, individualistic, comfortable and endurable home mansions ever erected on the American continent. He has a list of thirty-one books to his credit, seven of them novels, one of them being one of the most popular books of its time and still selling by the thousand, another a book of social studies of the underworld of London that ranks with General Booth's "Submerged Tenth," Jacob Riis' "How the Other Half Lives,"

William T. Stead's "If Christ Came to Chicago," and surpasses them all in the vivid intensity of its descriptions and the fierce passion for the downtrodden that it displays. His "War of the Classes," "The Iron Heel," and "Revolution" are bold and fearless presentations of his views on



JACK LONDON WHILE ON THE SNARK TRIP

present-day social conditions, and what they are inevitably leading to, unless the leaders of the capitalistic class become more human and humane in dealing with the working classes. His "Before Adam," by far the best and most comprehensive of all the books on the subject, whether written by English, French, German or American, sets before the reader a clear and scientifically deduced conception of the upgrowth of the human race prior to the historic era when Adam and Eve appear.

His books have been translated into German, French, Swedish, Norwegian, Italian, Spanish, and Russian, and wherever men think and talk and read, Jack London and his stories, his novels, his social theories are talked about, praised, abused, lauded, and discussed. In Sweden he is the most popular foreign author. There California is known as Jack-London-Land.

Who, then, shall say that he has not lived? For good or evil he has made a profound impression upon his generation. Hundreds of thousands of words have been written, pro and con, about him and his work by critics of every school, country and type. Thousands buy and read his books and swear by him and his ideas; other thousands borrow and read and fiercely assail him.

Hence it seems to me it cannot fail to be more than usually interesting to take a close look at the man, seen through the eyes of one who is proud to call him friend, and who thinks he knows and understands him as well as any other living man.

One day while being favored by Luther Burbank to watch him at work in his "proving gardens," he explained that often one particular seed out of a batch grown under exactly the same conditions, would develop into something so much ahead of the others as to be startling in its advancement. To watch for and capture these naturally developed and superior types was one of the most interesting and important phases of his great work.

Remembering this, and recalling London's vast and varied achievements with his rude early environment, I asked him one day: "Where did you come from? What are you the product of?" and here is his answer:

"Have you ever thought that in ten generations of my ancestors 1,022 people happened to concentrate in some fashion on the small piece of protoplasm that was to eventuate in me. All the potentialities of these 1,022 people were favorable in my direction. I was born normal, healthy in body and mind. Many a life has been ruined by inheriting a tendency to a weak stomach, or liver, or lungs. In my case all were perfectly strong and vigorous. Then, too, you know that in a row of beans all grown from the same seed, you will find one pod that surpasses all the others, and in that pod one bean that you may call 'the king bean.' It is so in humanity. All the accidents of environment favor the particular bean; they all favored me. Most people look upon the conditions of my early life as anything but favorable, but as I look back I am simply amazed at my chances, at the way opportunity has favored me. As a child I was very much alone. Had I been as other children, 'blessed' with brothers and sisters and plenty of playmates, I should have been mentally occupied, grown up as the rest of my-class grew, become a laborer and been content. But I was alone. Very much so. This fostered contemplation. I well remember how I used to look upon my mother. To me she was a wonderful woman, with all power over my destiny. She had wisdom and knowledge, as well as power in her hands. Her word was my law. But one day she punished me for something of which I was not guilty. The poor woman had a hard life, and all her energies were spent in chasing the dollar that she might feed and clothe us, and she was worn out, nervous, irritable, and therefore disinclined to take the time and energy necessary to investigate. So I was punished unjustly. Of course I cried and felt the injustice. Now had I had companions, it would not have been long before I should have found them, or they me, and we should have engaged in some fun or frolic, and my attention would have been diverted. I should soon have 'laughed and forgot.' But it was not so. I thought, and thought, and thought, and my brooded thought soon incubated. I began to see differently. I began to measure. I saw that my mother was not as large as I had thought. Her infallibility was destroyed. She had seen all there was to see. Her knowledge was limited, and therefore she was unjust. I can well remember that I absolved her from any deliberate intention to hurt me, but henceforth I decided for myself as to the right

and wrong of things.

"This contemplative spirit was fed by the accidents of the environment of child-I was born in San Francisco January 12, 1876, and for the first three and a half years lived in Oakland. Then my father took a truck farm (which is now a pottery) in Alameda, and I was there until I was seven years old. It was on my birthday that we moved. I can remember the picture as if it were but yesterday. We had horses and a farm wagon, and onto that we piled all our household belongings, all hands climbing up on the top of the load, and, with the cow tied behind, we moved 'bag and baggage,' to the coast in San Mateo county, six miles beyond Colina. It was a treeless, bleak, barren and foggy region, yet as far as I was concerned, fate favored me. The only other people of the neighborhood were Italians and Irish. Ours was the only 'American' family. I had no companions. I went to the regular, old-fashioned country school, where three or four of us sat on the same bench, and were 'licked' as regularly as could be, 'good or bad.' My spirit of contemplation was fostered here, for I had no companions. I was a solitary and lonely child. Yet I was a social youngster and always got along well with other children. I was healthy, hearty, normal and therefore happy, but I can now see that I lived a dual life. My outward life was that of the everyday poor man's son in the public school: rough-and-tumble, happy-golucky, jostled by a score, a hundred, rough elements. Within myself I was reflective, contemplative, apart from the kinetic forces around me.

"From here we moved, in less than a year, to Livermore, where I lived until I was nine years old. We had a rude kind of a truck farm, and I was the chore boy. How I hated my life there. The soil had no attractions for me. I had to get out

early in the frosty mornings and I suffered from chilblains. Everything was squalid and sordid, and I hungered for meat, which I seldom got. I took a violent prejudice—nay, it was almost a hatred—to country life at this time, that later I had to overcome. All this tended to drive me into myself and added to my inward powers of contemplation.

"Then we moved to Oakland, where my real, active life began. I had to fish for myself and largely take care of myself."

Certainly he had if the following story, related by Ninetta Payne, the aunt and foster-mother of Charmian, his wife, be true:

"After school hours he sold newspapers on the streets, and not infrequently did battle to establish his right to route. An instance of the kind, told by an old neighbor of the Londons, is illustrative not only of Jack's grit and courage at thirteen, but of a certain phlegm and philosophic justice in his father. Jack had borne innumerable affronts from a sixteen-year-old boy until patience was exhausted and he resolved to fight it out. Accordingly at their next encounter the two fell to blows, Jack, cool and determined, as one predestined to conquer, and his antagonist swelling with the surface pride and arrogance of the bully. For more than two hours they stuck to it manfully, neither winning a serious advantage over the other. The neighbor watcher thought it time to put a stop to the pummeling and ran to the London cottage, where she found the old man sunning himself on the doorstep.

"'O Mr. London,' she cried, 'Jack's been fighting for hours! Do come and stop it!'

"He composedly returned, 'Is my boy

fighting fair?'

"Yes, sir, he is.'
"He nodded, his pleased eyes twinkling:
'An' t'other one—is he fighting fair?'

"'Yes-leastwise it looks so.'

"'Well, let 'em alone. There don't

seem no call to interfere.'

"That this placidity did not argue indifference was seen by the father's appearing a few minutes later on the field of action. He did nothing, however; only pulled steadily at his pipe and looked on, one of

a motley ring of spectators. Jack's opponent was getting winded and bethought him of a subterfuge. He gave a blow and then threw himself on the ground, knowing that Jack would not hit him when he wasdown. The latter saw his little game, and when it was thrice repeated, struck low, with a telling punch on the chin of his falling adversary.

"There was a yell of 'Foul blow!' from the two younger brothers of the vanquished pugilist, and the elder, an overgrown boy of fifteen, sprang red-hot into the circle and demanded satisfaction. Jack, panting and holding to his swollen wrist (that last blow of his had strained the tendons), pranced into position and fired back the answer, 'Come on! I'll lick

you, too!'

"It was observed that his father forgot to smoke during the spirited tussle that ensued, though he said never a word, even when Jack, dripping gore and sweat, drew off victorious from his prostrate foe only to face the third brother, a lad of his own age. Him he downed with a single thrust of his fist, for his blood was up and he felt cordial to himself and invincibly confident in his strength to overcome a host of irate brothers.

"Then it was that John London, bright of eye and smiling, took a gentle grip of his son's arm and marched him in triumph from the field.

"Between school hours and work Jack found time to pore over books of history, poetry and fiction, and to nurse the secret wish to become a writer. He was graduated from the Oakland grammar school at fourteen and a few months later drifted into an adventurous life 'long shore. Here he shared the industries and pastimes of the marine population huddled along the water-front, taking his chances at salmonfishing, oyster-pirating, schooner-sailing, and other bay-faring ventures, never holding himself aloof when comrades were awake, but when they slept turning to his book with the avidity of a mind athirst for knowledge."

Yet in spite of his general camaraderie he was a solitary youth. Speaking again of this mental and spiritual isolation from his fellows at this time, London said:

"I belonged to a 'street gang' in West

Oakland, as rough and tough a crowd as you'll find in any city in the country. Yet while I always got along well with the crowd-I was sociable and held up my end when it came to doing anything-I was never in the center of things; I was always alone, in a corner, as it were.

"Then it was that I learned to hate the city. I suppose my father and mother looked upon it as childish prejudice, but I clearly saw the futility of life in such a herd. I was oppressed with a deadly oppression as I saw that all the people, rich and poor alike, were merely mad creatures, chasing phantoms. Now and again my inner thoughts were so intense that I could not keep them to myself. My sympathies and emotions were so aroused that I would talk out to a few of the gang that which surged, boiled and seethed within me. There was nothing of the preacher about me, but a spirit of rebellion against the hypnotism that had fallen upon the poor. They had it in their own hands to remedy the evils that beset them, yet they were obsessed by the idea that their lot was God-ordained, fixed, immovable. How that cursed idea used to irritate me. How it fired my tongue. The boys would listen open-mouthed and wide-eyed, but few of them catching even a glimmer of the thoughts that were surging through me. Then men would be attracted to the little crowd of boys, hearing the tense, fierce voice assailing them. Thus, little by little, I was led on-urged at the same time by the voice within—to harangue the crowds on Oakland streets and became known as the Boy Socialist.

"Doubtless it was all crude and rude, illogical and inconsequential, but it was the most serious matter to me, and has had much to do with shaping my later thought and life. At the same time the hopelessness of arousing my own class so smote me, and the heartlessness of the moneyed class so wounded me that I begged and urged my father and mother

to let me go to sea.

"Accordingly when I was seventeen, in the fall of 1893, I was allowed to ship before the mast on a sailing schooner which cruised to Japan and up the North Coast to the Russian side of the Behring Sea. We touched at Yokohama, and I

got my first seductive taste of the Orient. We stayed in Japan three weeks. While we were on the high seas the captain tried to pay the crew in foreign coin. We refused to take it, as there was a discount on it which meant considerable loss to us. He insisted. We rebelled and for a time had a real mutiny on board, and if the captain hadn't finally given in, there's no knowing what might have happened to me, as I was just as forward in protesting



MRS. LONDON AT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE

as any of the others, though I was the youngest sailor aboard."

That Jack not only resented injustice from the captain, but from his messmates. the following incident, related by Mrs, Eames, clearly shows:

"Our sailor man one day sat on his bunk weaving a mat of rope-yarn when he was gruffly accosted by a burly Swede taking his turn at 'peggy-day' (a fo'castle term, signifying a sailor's day for cleaning off the meals, washing up the dishes, and filling the slush-lamps), a part of which disagreeable tasks the man evidently hoped to bulldoze the green hand into doing for him.

"'Here, you landlubber,' he bawled

with an oath, 'fill up the molasses. You eat the most of it!'

"Jack, usually the most amiable of the hands, bristled at his roughness; besides, he had vivid memories of his first and only attempt to eat the black, viscous stuff booked 'molasses' on the fo'castle bill of fare, and so indignantly denied the charge.

"'I never taste it. 'Tain't fit for a hog. It's your day to grub, so do it yourself.'

"Not a messmate within hearing of the altercation but pictured disaster to this beardless, undersized boy.

"Jack's defiant glance again dropped to his mat, and he quietly went on twisting the yarn. At this the sailor, both arms heaped with dishes, swore the harder and threatened blood-curdling consequences if he were not obeyed, but Jack kept silent, his supple hands nimbly intent on the rope strands, though the tail of his eye took

note of his enemy.

"Another threat, met by exasperating indifference, and the incensed Swede dropped the coffee-pot to give a backhanded slap on the boy's curled mouth. The instant after iron-hard knuckles struck squarely between the sailor's eyes, followed by the crash of crockery. The Swede, choking with rage, made a lunge at Jack with a sledge-hammer fist, but the latter dodged, and like a flash vaulted to the ruffian's back, his fingers knitting in the fellow's throat-pipes. He bellowed and charged like a mad bull, and with every frenzied jump, Jack's head was a battering ram against the deck beams. Down crashed the slush-lamp and the lookers-on drew up their feet in the bunks to make room for the show; they saw what the Swede did not-that Jack was getting the worst of it. His eves bulged horribly and his face streamed blood, but he only dug his fingers deeper into that flesh-padded larynx and yelled through his shut teeth, 'Will you promise to let me alone? Eh-will you promise?'

"The Swede, tortured and purple in the face, gurgled an assent, and when that viselike grip on his throat loosened, reeled and stumbled to his knees like a felled bullock. The sailors, jamming their way through a wild clutter of food and broken dishes, crowded around the jubilant hero of the hour with friendly offers of assistance and a noticeable increase of respect in their tone and manner." Thence on Jack had his 'peggy-day' like the rest, his mates risking no further attempt to take advantage of his youth and inexperience."

On his return to California he felt, more than ever before, his need for study. He joined the "Henry Clay Debating Society," and entered into its work with a fierce zest that his companions were unable to understand. Reflection while doing solitary duties on the high seas had led him to see also that he had better seek to know the ideas of the leading men of Surely somewhere he would find the explanation of the inconsistencies and inhumanities of life. As he himself says in his "What Life Means to Me":

"I had been born in the working class, and I was now, at the age of eighteen, beneath the point at which I had started. I was down in the cellar of society, down in the subterranean depths of misery about which it is neither nice nor proper to speak. I was in the pit, the abyss, the human cesspool, the shambles and the charnel house of our civilization. This is the part of the edifice of society that society chooses to ignore. Lack of space compels me here to ignore it, and I shall say only that the things I there saw gave me a terrible scare.

"I was scared into thinking. I saw the naked simplicities of the complicated civilization in which I lived. Life was a matter of food and shelter. In order to get food and shelter men sold things. The merchant sold shoes, the politician sold his manhood, and the representative of the people, with exceptions, of course, sold his trust; while nearly all sold their honor. All things were commodities, all people bought and sold. The one commodity that labor had to sell was muscle. The honor of labor had no price in the marketplace. Labor had muscle and muscle alone, to sell.

"But there was a difference, a vital difference. Shoes and trust and honor had a way of renewing themselves. They were imperishable stocks. Muscle, on the other hand, did not renew. As the shoe merchant sold shoes, he continued to replenish his stock. But there was no way of replenishing the laborer's stock of muscle. The more he sold of his muscle,

the less of it remained to him. It was his one commodity, and each day his stock of it diminished. In the end, if he did not die before, he sold out and put up his shutters. He was a muscle bankrupt, and nothing remained to him but to go down into the cellar of society and perish miserably.

"I learned, further, that brain was likewise a commodity. It, too, was different from muscle. A brain seller was only at his prime when he was fifty or sixty years old, and his wares were fetching higher prices than ever. But a laborer was worked out or broken down at forty-five or fifty. I had been in the cellar of society, and I did not like the place as a habitation. The pipes and drains were unsanitary, and the air was bad to breathe. If I could not live on the parlor floor of society. I could, at any rate, have a try at the attic. It was true the diet there was slim, but the air at least was pure. So I resolved to self no more muscle and to become a vender of brains.

"Then began a frantic pursuit of knowl-While thus equipping myself to become a brain merchant, it was inevitable that I should delve into sociology. There I found, in a certain class of books, scientifically formulated, the simple sociological concepts I had already worked out for myself. Other and greater minds, before I was born, had worked out all that I had thought, and a vast deal more. I discovered that I was a Socialist."

He had long been a Socialist without knowing it, but now he was conscious of his real affiliations. This led him into a singular experience. The "Henry Clay" had planned for an open debate in which London was to take an important part. When the time arrived Jack was nowhere to be found. Coxey had left Oakland a few days before with his army of the unemployed. The sudden impulse had thereupon seized Jack to follow. The result of this experience has been told with graphic power by London in his "The Road." I suppose no book of his has been so severely criticized as this. It has been stated again and again that he took this trip for the purpose of making sociological studies. The fact is he was a mere lad, worked to death, because he was forced to do the work of men to earn enough to keep the family going. He had no idea at the time of making an investigation or writing so far as "The Road" was concerned. Curiosity, adventure, freedom—all these, but study, as Professor Wyckoff did, never entered his imagination.

JACK LONDON AT THE TIME HE BEGAN TO WRITE

When he discovered his gift of writing, here, however, was a wonderful mine of personal material ready made to his hand. It had never before been handled as he could handle it. For the first time he exposes the innermost life of the tramp.

In effect he says: "This I was, and what I was the . . . hundreds of thousands of tramps and hoboes that daily walk this country are." His is no fancy picture. It is a stern setting forth of facts, and whether I approve of London's method of

getting the facts or not, I have sense enough to perceive the importance of them to me and to every other decent and lawabiding citizen. Here is this vast army of lying, thieving, prowling, festering man-stuff. What are we doing, intelligently and wisely, to break it up and change

its individual elements into useful citizenship? Personally I am grateful to London for giving me the inner facts, and I will not quarrel with his conscience if he is able to reconcile it with doing what he did on my behalf.

There is more, however, to the book than I have here indicated. As a reviewer in the Los Angeles Times wrote:

"The book is valuable also in other ways. London is a powerful and virile writer, and he has both material and manner in the present case. The chapter telling how a tramp steals a ride on a railway train is as thrilling and breath-bating as a fragment from Dumas-it is a veritable novel of adventure put in a score of pages. London's record of his experiences in the penitentiary is another chapter, where the material of a report on prison conditions, a melodrama, and a novel are condensed into a sharp, incisive short story, all done with fine literary skill."

That penitentiary experience is one that every true American ought to read and

ponder. We pride ourselves on our Constitution and our deference to law. London shows that the tramp has no rights according to the Constitution, and that the law is ruthlessly trampled upon by men who are sworn to uphold it. He was arrested, thrust into prison, brought before a magistrate, refused his inherent right to plead guilty or not guilty, compelled by threats of severer punishment to keep silent while he was being sentenced contrary to law, and then illegally, by

brute force, exactly as if he were in Russia and being sent to the mines of Siberia, was marched to the State penitentiary and compelled to serve out his sentence.

Personally I have no hesitation in saying that the Court which so sentenced him and the officers who knowingly carried out the sentence are more dangerous to this country and subversive of its high ideals than all the tramps and hoboes that can

be found in a day's journey.

To London, however, this was but one more experience, adding to his store of knowledge and giving more grist for the literary mill that he felt sure at some time soon would be set in motion. He returned to California mainly on the brake-beam route of the Canadian Pacific. Arrived here, he plunged into securing an education with his characteristic energy and determination. But his tramp experiences had not lessened his zeal on behalf of "his More than ever he resolved to help ameliorate their hard condition. Like William Morris, and fired with the same passion for humanity, he placed himself at the disposal of the Socialist Labor Party and they sent him here and there to speak on their behalf. Fearless and bold to the last degree, he refused to obey the policeman set to enforce a newly-passed ordinance prohibiting public speaking on the streets. He was arrested. But when the case came to trial he defended himself with such dignity and logic that he was immediately acquitted.

This, however, was only a part of his life. His deepest need and cry now was for an education. And how earnest he was to secure it. For awhile he attended the high school in Oakland; then, to hurry up matters, took a three months' course at Anderson's Academy. But the private school was both too tedious and too expensive, so he determined to prepare himself for the university by private study. In "Martin Eden" he thus tells of his reply when urged to go to a night school:

"It seems so babyish for me to be going to night school. But I wouldn't mind that if I thought it would pay. But I don't think it will pay. I can do the work quicker than they can teach me. It would be a loss of time, etc. . . I have a feeling that I am a natural student. I can study

by myself. I take to it kindly, like a duck to water. You see yourself what I did with grammar. And I've learned much of other things—you would never dream how much."

With all his preparation for the University, the pressure of life and its needs was so great that he was able only to attend during his freshman year. It was during this time that he began to attend socialistic meetings in San Francisco and came in personal contact with some of the leaders. In "What Life Means to Me" he tells of his experiences: "Here I found keenflashing intellects and brilliant wits: for here I met strong and alert-brained, withal horny-handed members of the working class; unfrocked preachers too wide in their Christianity for any congregation Mammon worshippers; professors broken in the wheel of university subservience to the ruling class and flung out because they were quick with knowledge which they strove to apply to the affairs of mankind.

"Here I found also warm faith in the human, glowing idealism, sweetness of unselfishness, renunciation and martyrdom-all the splendid, stinging things of the spirit. Here life was clean, noble and alive. Here life rehabilitated itself, became wonderful and glorious; and I was glad to be alive. I was in touch with great souls who exalted flesh and spirit over dollars and cents; and to whom the thin wail of the starved slum-child meant more than all the pomp and circumstance of commercial expansion and worldempire. All about me were nobleness of purpose and heroism of effort, and all my days and nights were sunshine and starshine, all fire and dew, with before my eyes, ever burning and blazing, the Holy Grail, Christ's own Grail, the warm human, long-suffering and maltreated,

In "Martin Eden" he tells us somewhat more in detail one of his first meetings with the Socialist leaders. The "Brissenden" of "Martin Eden" is based upon George Sterling, the poet, who in those days was warmly stirred with earnest desire to help improve the condition of his fellow-men. With him he visited some of the leaders

but to be rescued and saved at the last."

in San Francisco. Here is part of London's description of that meeting:

"At first the conversation was desultory. Nevertheless Martin could not fail to appreciate the keen play of their minds. They were men with opinions, though the opinions often clashed, and, though they were witty and clever, they were not superficial. He swiftly saw, no matter upon what they talked, that each man applied the correlation of knowledge and had also a deep-seated and unified conception of society and the Cosmos. Nobody manufactured their opinions for them; they were all rebels of one variety or another, and their lips were strangers to platitudes. Never had Martin, at the Morses', heard so amazing a range of topics discussed. There seemed no limit save time to the things they were alive to. The talk wandered from Mrs. Humphry Ward's new book to Shaw's latest play. through the future of the drama to reminiscences of Mansfield. They appreciated or sneered at the morning editorials, jumped from labor conditions in New Zealand, to Henry James and Brander Matthews, passed on to the German designs in the Far East and the economic aspects of the Yellow Peril, wrangled over the German elections and Bebel's last speech, and settled down to local politics, the latest plans and scandals in the union labor party administration, and the wires that were pulled to bring about the Coast Seamen's strike. Martin was struck by the inside knowledge they possessed. They knew what was never printed in the newspapers-the wires and strings and the hidden hands that made the puppets To Martin's surprise, the girl. Mary, joined in the conversation, displaying an intelligence he had never encountered in the few women he had met. They talked together on Swinburne and Rossetti, after which she led him beyond his depths into the by-paths of French literature. His revenge came when she defended Maeterlinck and he brought into action the carefully-thought-out thesis of 'The Shame of the Sun.'

"Several other men had dropped in, and the air was thick with tobacco smoke, when Brissenden waved the red flag.

" 'Here's fresh meat for your axe, Kreis,'

he said, 'a rose-white youth with the ardor of a lover for Herbert Spencer. Make a Haeckelite of him—if you can.'

"Kreis seemed to wake up and flash like some metallic, magnetic thing, while Norton looked at Martin sympathetically, with a sweet, girlish smile, as much as to say that he would be amply protected.

"Kreis began directly on Martin, but step by step Norton interfered, until he and Kreis were off and away in a personal Martin listened and fain would battle. have rubbed his eyes. It was impossible that this should be, much less in the labor ghetto south of Market. The books were alive in these men. They talked with fire and enthusiasm, the intellectual stimulant stirring them as he had seen drink and anger stir other men. What he heard was no longer the philosophy of the dry, printed word, written by halfmythical demigods like Kant and Spencer. It was living philosophy, with warm, red blood, incarnated in these two men till its very features worked with excitement. Now and again other men joined in, and all followed the discussion with cigarettes going out in their hands and with alert. intent faces.

"Idealism had never attracted Martin, but the exposition it now received at the hands of Norton was a revelation. The logical plausibility of it, that made an appeal to his intellect, seemed missed by Kreis and Hamilton, who sneered at Norton as a metaphysician, and who, in turn, sneered back at them as metaphysicians. Phenomenon and noumenon were bandied back and forth. They charged him with attempting to explain consciousness by He charged them with wordjugglery, with reasoning from words to theory instead of from facts to theory. At this they were aghast. It was the cardinal tenet of their mode of reasoning to start with the facts and to give names to the facts.

"When Norton wandered into the intricacies of Kant, Kreis reminded him that all good little German philosophies when they died went to Oxford. A little later Norton reminded them of Hamilton's Law of Parsimony, the application of which they immediately claimed for every reasoning process of theirs. And Martin hugged his knees and exulted in it all. But Norton was no Spencerian, and he, too, strove for Martin's philosophic soul, talking as much at him as to his two

opponents.

"You know Berkeley has never been answered,' he said, looking directly at Martin. 'Herbert Spencer came the nearest, which was not very near. Even the staunchest of Spencer's followers will not go farther. I was reading an essay of Saleeby's the other day, and the best Saleeby could say was that Herbert Spencer nearly succeeded in answering Berkelev.'

" 'You know what Hume said?' Hamilton asked. Norton nodded, but Hamilton gave it for the benefit of the rest. 'He said that Berkeley's arguments admit of no answer and produce no conviction.'

"'In his, Hume's mind,' was the reply. 'And Hume's mind was the same as yours, with this difference: he was wise enough to admit there was no answering Berkeley.'

"Norton was sensitive and excitable, though he never lost his head, while Kreis and Hamilton were like a pair of coldblooded savages, seeking out tender places to prod and poke. As the evening grew late, Norton, smarting under the repeated charges of being a metaphysician, clutching his chair to keep from jumping to his feet, his gray eyes snapping and his girlish face grown harsh and sure, made a grand

attack upon their position.

"'All right, you Haeckelites, I may reason like a medicine man, but, pray, how do you reason? You have nothing to stand on, you unscientific dogmatists, with your positive science which you are always lugging about into places it has no right to be. Long before the school of materialistic monism arose, the ground was removed so that there could be no foundation. Locke was the man, John Locke. Two hundred years ago-more than that, even-in his "Essay concerning the Human Understanding," he proved the non-existence of innate ideas. The best of it is that that is precisely what you claim. Tonight, again and again, you have asserted the non-existence of innate ideas.'

"'And what does that mean? It means that you can never know ultimate reality. Your brains are empty when you are born.

Appearances, or phenomena, are all the content your minds can receive from your five senses. Then noumena, which are not in your minds when you are born,

have no way of getting in-

"'I deny-' Kreis started to interrupt. "'You wait till I'm done,' Norton shouted. 'You can know only that much of the play and interplay of force and matter as impinges in one way or another on your senses. You see, I am willing to admit, for the sake of the argument, that matter exists; and what I am about to do is to efface you by your own argument. I can't do it any other way, for you are both congenitally unable to understand a philosophic abstraction.

"'And now, what do you know of matter, according to your own positive science? You know it only by its phenomena, its appearances. You are aware only of its changes, or of such changes in it as cause changes in your conscious-Positive science deals only with phenomena, yet you are foolish enough to strive to be ontologists and to deal with noumena. Yet, by the very definition of positive science, science is concerned only with appearances. As somebody has said, phenomenal knowledge cannot transcend

phenomena.

"'You cannot answer Berkeley, even if you have annihilated Kant, and yet, perforce, you assume that Berkeley is wrong when you affirm that science proves the non-existence of God, or, as much to the point, the existence of matter. You know I granted the reality of matter only in order to make myself intelligible to your understanding. Be positive scientists, if you please, but ontology has no place in positive science, so leave it alone. Spencer is right in his agnosticism, but if Spencer-'

"But it was time to catch the last ferryboat to Oakland, and Brissenden and Martin slipped out, leaving Norton still talking and Kreis and Hamilton waiting to pounce on him like a pair of hounds

as soon as he finished.

"'You have given me a glimpse of fairyland,' Martin said on the ferry-boat. 'It makes life worth while to meet people like that. My mind is all worked up. I never appreciated idealism before. Yet I can't accept it. I know that I shall always be a realist. I am so made, I guess. But I'd like to have made a reply to Kreis and Hamilton, and I think I'd have had a word or two for Norton. I didn't see that Spencer was damaged any. I'm as excited as a child on its first visit to the circus. I see I must read up some more. I'm going to get hold of Saleeby. I still think Spencer is unassailable, and next time I'm going to take a hand myself.'

"But Brissenden, breathing painfully, had dropped off to sleep, his chin buried in a scarf and resting on his sunken chest, his body wrapped in the long overcoat and shaking to the vibration of the pro-

pellers."

While still at the University the Klondike gold excitement struck San Francisco. London was one of the first to yield to the lure. As Mrs. Eames writes: "He was among the few doughty argonauts who at this season made it over the Chilcoot Pass, the great majority waiting for spring. As charges were forty-three cents per pound for carrying supplies a distance of thirty miles, from salt water to fresh, he packed his thousand-pound outfit, holding his own with the strongest and most experienced in the party.

"And here in this still white world of the North, where nature makes the most of every vital throb that resists her cold, and man learns the awful significance and emphasis of Arctic life and action, young London came consciously into his heritage. He would write of these—the terrorizing of an Alaskan landscape, its great peaks bulging with century-piled snows, its woods rigid, tense, and voiced by the frost like strained catgut; the fierce howls of starving wolf-dogs; the tracks of the dog-teams marking the lonely trail; but more than all else, the human at the North Pole.

"Thus it would seem that his actual development as a writer began on the trail, though at the time he set no word to paper, not even jottings by the way in a notebook. A tireless brooding on the wish to write shaped his impulse to definite purpose, but outwardly he continued to share the interests and labors of his companion prospectors.

"After a year spent in that weirdly

picturesque but hazardous life, he succumbed to scurvy, and, impatient of the delay of homebound steamers, he and two camp-mates decided to embark in an open boat for the Behring Sea. The three accordingly made the start midway in June, and the voyage turned out to be a memorably novel and perilous one—nineteen hundred miles of river in nineteen days!"

It was on his return from the Klondike that he found himself as a literary artist. He wrote an Alaskan story entitled "The Man on Trail," and sent it to the *Overland Monthly*. Its vivid and picturesque realism won it immediate acceptance, and soon thereafter the author, "a young man, plainly dressed, of modest and even boyish appearance," entered the editor's sanctum with a second story, "The White Silence."

In less than six months his fame was made. As he says in "What Life Means to Me": "As a brain-merchant I was a success. Society opened its portals to me. I entered right in on the parlor floor. I sat down to dinner with the masters of society and with the wives and daughters of the masters of society. The women were gowned beautifully, I admit; but to my naïve surprise I discovered that they were of the same clay as all the rest of the women I had known down below in the 'The colonel's lady and Judy cellar. O'Grady were sisters under their skins'and gowns."

From that day to this his power and popularity have never waned. Granted that some books and stories are less powerful than others—that is merely to acknowledge that he is human and is not always at the supreme height of invention and creation. But certainly his last volume of South Sea stories, published under the title, "A Son of the Sun," shows no diminution of power either in observation, reflection or word picturing.

In appearance London is a stockilybuilt fellow, with small hands and feet, standing five feet eight inches high, weighing one hundred and eighty pounds stripped, with a flexible mouth over a strong, resolute chin. He has the look of an athlete, and his broad shoulders and aggressive movements clearly suggest that he is prepared physically to force his way through the crowd, taking his share of the jostle and giving as good or better than he takes. While not defiant of his fellows, he quietly enjoys the comments sometimes made on his appearance. On one occasion I stood by him and we distinctly heard a passerby exclaim: "That's Jack London. He looks like a prize-fighter, doesn't he?" Jack looked at me and winked a clear wink of appreciation of the honor thus conferred upon him. In the copy of "The Game" which he described and sent to me he wrote: "I'd rather be champion of the world than President of the United States." One of his proud moments was when, in Quito, Ecuador, he was mistaken by a group of small Spaniards for a bull fighter.

He believes fully in keeping his physical frame in order. He is essentially a physical culturist. He swims, rows, canoes, fences, boxes, swings a sledge, throws a hammer, runs, and rides horseback fifty miles a day if necessary. A year ago I called on him when he had just returned from a three months' driving trip, where he tooled a coach, with four-in-hand, over the steep and rough mountainous roads of California and Oregon. Baring his arm he bade me feel his muscles—biceps and lower arm—as he relaxed and then tightened them.

They were like living steel. He sleeps in an open-air porch with lights, books and writing material always at hand. Directly he awakens he begins either to read or make notes, always using a pencil for his writing. When breakfast time comes, if he has any intimate friends as guests whom he cares to meet, he rises and eats and chats with them for half an hour or so. His breakfasts are very simple. After breakfast he retires to his library, and nothing is allowed to disturb him until he has completed his daily "stint." This is never less than one thousand words, and he generally keeps at it until noon, making his work as perfect as possible and outlining what he will undertake on the following day. He never rewrites. In all my many visits to him I have never known him to deviate from his regular routine but once, and that was on the occasion of the visit of my Boston friend.

Many people, like myself, have wondered where he obtains all his infinite variety of plots for his short stories and novels. Month after month, year after year, he pours forth his stream of short stories, all of them good, though some are better than others. Not one, however, fails in human interest; it may not please you, but it grips you, fascinates you, compels you. For it is human, powerful and full of a robust life.

Where does he get the germ of these stories? Where do they come from? Are



JACK LONDON AT THE TIME HE LECTURED
AT YALE UNIVERSITY

they pure pieces of fiction, or cleverly disguised stories of fact? If the former, one wonders at the fecundity of his brain; it becomes one of the marvels of genius; if the latter, one wonders equally at the marvellous genius of his observation.

That his imagination is a fertile and brilliant one there can be no question, and undoubtedly such a virile and creative mind as his finds far less difficulty in the construction of plots than most writers do. But here is an illustration which he himself gave to me, of his method of taking a dramatic episode that had come

to his attention and weaving an apparently entirely different story from it. We were talking upon this subject, and he took down from his book shelf "Wigwam and War Path," by A. B. Meacham. Mr. Meacham was superintendent of Indian affairs and chairman of the Modoc Peace Commission of which General Canby and Dr. Thomas were also members. It will be remembered that the Modoc Indians of the Klamath region in Southern Oregon and Northern California had long been insolent and on the war path. Meacham shows that their insolence and hostility were gendered by the wicked, cruel and murderous conduct of unprincipled white There had been several conflicts between the whites and the Indians, and finally it was decided to appoint a Peace Commission. One of Meacham's good friends was Frank Riddle, who, having married a Modoc wife, who was known as Tobey, was allowed to sit in council with the Indians. Tobey, though an Indian, was a woman of natural refinement, high integrity and deep devotion. She was loyalty itself. Having bestowed her friendship upon Mr. Meacham nothing could prevail upon her to betray him. Consequently when she learned that the leaders of the Modocs contemplated the treacherous murder of the members of the Peace Commission, she stealthily went by night and gave warning to Mr. Meacham, though she was well aware that by this act she signed her own death warrant. For she knew the Indians would reason the matter out, and, if their plans were foiled, would know that someone had betrayed them, and that she was the only one who would be guilty of treachery to her own race. "Now," said Mr. London, "look at that woman! She was loyal to Mr. Meacham in spite of the fact that he was hated by her people. He was a representative of the whites who in every way had injured her own tribe. Yet she gave him a devotion that she knew would certainly bring a vindictive death upon herself.

"I intend to use that woman as the main character of a strong story. I do not know where I will place her, but in the South Seas, in the frozen North, in the sunny South, in Australia, some-

where, somehow, I am going to use that woman."

In "Martin Eden" he sets this idea before his reader in his own way, as follows: "Martin began, that morning, a story which he had sketched out a number of weeks before and which ever since had been worrying him with its insistent clamor to be created.

"Apparently it was to be a rattling sea story, a tale of twentieth-century adventure and romance, handling real characters, in a real world, under real conditions. But beneath the swing and go of the story was to be something else-something that the superficial reader would never discern and which, on the other hand, would not diminish in any way the interest and enjoyment for such a reader. It was this, and not the mere story, that impelled Martin to write it. For that matter, it was always the great, universal motif that suggested plots to him. After having found such a motif, he cast about for the particular persons and particular location in time and space wherewith and wherein to utter the universal thing."

While London is essentially and primarily an artist in his literary work, he is also a profound philosopher and humanitarian. Hence everything he writes has a distinct purpose. That purpose may not always be apparent to the careless and casual observer, but it is there, all the same. I doubt if he ever wrote a single thing in which some philosophy is not clearly taught or some humanizing influence deliberately interwoven. "The Call of the Wild" is a clear lesson in "reversion to type," for London is a firm believer in the doctrine of evolution. At least he accepts it as the best workable theory at present advanced by the scientists to account for the upward and onreaching tendencies of mankind. On the other hand "White Fang" is a marvellous story of the controlling and modifying influences-the civilizing and uplifting powerof love and tenderness, of the real spirit of humanity. "Burning Daylight" contains a dozen lessons. It shows how any greatminded man can become a "master of finances" if he wishes to so limit himself. and then, with graphic power, it shows how such a one gradually becomes absorbed in his business until he is a mere moneygetting machine. The fact that the hero, in spite of his millions, could not win his typewriter to marry him is London's defense of the "workers" against a too-sweeping charge of money-hunger or unworthy cupidity, while his hero's return to sanity (as he regards it) comes when he deliberately throws away his wealth—that which has demoralized him and keeps him from winning the woman of his affections—and retires, a poor man, to the simple life of a rancher in the beautiful Sonoma Valley.

"Before Adam" is a scientific treatise in popular form on pre-Adamic evolution, and "Martin Eden" is a studied incitement to the highest achievement.

His various "Social Studies" are important philosophical and sociological presentments, set forth with a soul asurge and a brain afire with the rights of the common man. However much we may differ from London, we cannot deny the fiery power, the tremendous forcefulness of what he says, and the graphic intensity of his convic-"The Iron Heel" is a lesson and a warning, based upon historic studies. and he is a short-sighted reader of the analyses of the causes of the decline of other nations who pooh-hoohs the solemn and portentous prophecies of this book. The imaginary horrors depicted are to be averted only by changing our mental attitude toward certain of the social and economic problems of the day.

All his short stories have also a fine purpose. Take his story of "The Nature Man." How full it is of the healthful and curative powers of pure air, pure, fresh vegetable and fruit food, the sunlight and a natural life. All the Naturopaths combined never wrote as strong a plea for their theories as this story presents.

In speaking with London one day about this phase of his work he exclaimed, "Certainly! I no more believe in the 'art for art's sake' theory than I believe that a human and humane motive justifies an inartistic telling of a story. I believe there are saints in slime as well as saints in heaven, and it depends how the slime

saints are treated-upon their environment-as to whether they will ever leave the slime or not. People find fault with me for my 'disgusting realism.' Life is full of disgusting realism. I know men and women as they are-millions of them yet in the slime stage. But I am an evolutionist, therefore a broad optimist, hence my love for the human (in the slime though he be) comes from my knowing him as he is and seeing the divine possibilities ahead of him. That's the whole motive of my 'White Fang.' Every atom of organic life is plastic. The finest specimens now in existence were once all pulpy infants capable of being moulded this way or that. Let the pressure be one way and we have atavism-the reversion to the wild; the other the domestication, civilization. I have always been impressed with the awful plasticity of life and I feel that I can never lay enough stress upon the marvellous power and influence of environment."

In spite, therefore, of the superficial criticisms London's work has encountered, I venture the prediction that this feature will more and more receive recognition, until he will be regarded not only as a master writer of fiction, but as a keen philosopher, ruggedly, but none the less earnestly, bent on helping upward and forward his fellow-men.

I suppose after "The Call of the Wild," "Martin Eden" is one of the most popular of London's books. This was originally published in the *Pacific Monthly*, a western magazine formerly published at Portland, but now absorbed by the *Sunset* at San Francisco.

The manuscript of this novel had rather an interesting history. London had had some dispute with the former editor of the Pacific Monthly, and he had vowed that they should never have anything more from his pen. Soon after his departure on the "Snark" voyage, his business agent happening to meet a representative of the Pacific Monthly in San Francisco, told him what a great story "Martin Eden" was and suggested that it would make a first-class serial which he could use for pushing up the circulation of his magazine. He asked the price and rather gasped when told that the serial rights would

cost \$9,000. He then asked how much a week's option would cost. "Five hundred dollars," was the reply. He signed a check for this amount and took the manuscript. Before the end of the week he met the agent in San Francisco and paid her the \$9,000 for the story. It certainly made a great impression and was doubtless well worth the amount.

The unconventionality, the simplicity, the daring and the absolute audacity of Jack London, which in an academically trained man might be considered unpardonable and appalling egotism, is best illustrated in this wonderful book of veiled biography. Where else before has a man so dared to reveal himself before the world? Even Rousseau in his "Confessions," Jean Paul Richter in his varied books upon himself, Goethe in "Wilhelm," never so freely, so fully, so explicitly analyzed themselves, their ambitions, motives, and inner characters as has Jack London in "Martin Eden." And it is more in the concluding chapters, where, with an artistry that is perfect in its illusion of simplicity and naïveté he analyzes his successes and the effect they have upon the world at large, upon editors and publishers, upon his loving but ignorant sister and her irretrievably vulgar and commercial husband. upon the father and mother of the girl he loved, and finally upon her (all fictitious characters, of course) that he reveals the independence of his genius, the solitariness of his methods and the influence of this shut-off Western World upon his soul.

Let me here interject a few words to those literary aspirants who are finding difficulty in getting their efforts accepted by editors, and who imagine that Jack London leaped instantly into fame at his first endeavors. There never was a greater mistake made than this supposition. For years prior to the success of his Alaska stories he had been bombarding the magazines, just as he relates the story in "Martin Eden." First he tried poetry, but it all came back. He varied the forms, tried everything from couplets and limericks to sonnets and blank verse, but all were equally ineffective. Then he wrote plays, two-act, three-act and four-act, but they had no better success. Then he tried the

"society stunt," both in prose and verse, but he failed to catch the proper swing. Next he wrote Emersonian essays, and thundering philippics after Carlyle, occasionally varying his efforts with historic sketches and descriptions. But all alike failed, and a less resolute being would have been utterly and completely discouraged. This made his triumph all the more wonderful when it did come, especially as he seemed to leap into fame at a single bound.

London is most systematic in his method of work. "He devotes himself to his labors with care and precision, coining his time with miserly stint and observing a method of collecting and classification as amusing as it is effective. Across an angle of his study he stretches what he calls his 'clothes-line,' a wire on which are strung batches of excerpts and notes fastened on by clothes' pins, the kind with a wire spring. A hastily scribbled thought and an extract bearing upon the same theme are duly clamped in their proper place, and the 'clothes-line' usually dangles a dozen or more of these bunched tatters of literature.

"His plan of reading has also a like simplicity, with a hazard at economy of vital force. He does not read books consecutively, but collectively. A dozen volumes are selected on divers subjectsscience, philosophy, fiction, et cetera, and arranged with regard to their relative profundity. Then he begins with the weightiest matter, reads it until his brain is a trifle wearied, when he lays the work aside for one requiring less effort, and so on all down the graded list, until at one sitting he has delved into each, always bringing up finally with the novel or poetry as the wine and walnuts of his literary feast."

London has been fiercely criticized and assailed for his intense and vivid pictures of the primitive, the rude, the savage, the uncontrolled in man. Some have said he has wildly exaggerated, others that nothing is gained by making such record, even if true. I take issue with both kinds of critics. It is impossible to exaggerate what man has done and the how of its doing. No man's imagination can go beyond what man has actually done. As

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London himself says in his "Burning Daylight," after describing a Klondike carouse on his hero's birthday, "Men have so behaved since the world began, feasting, fighting, and carousing, whether in the dark cave-mouth, or by the fire of the squatting place, in the palaces of imperial Rome and the rock strongholds of robber barons, or in the sky-aspiring hotels of modern times and in the boozing dens of sailor-town."

It was not until I read London's stories on the Alaska Indians that my entire heart warmed thoroughly toward him. For thirty years I have studied the Indians of the Southwest, and by intimate association I have come to know them and love them. I have always resented what to me was a wicked and cruel attitude of certain Americans who declare "the only good Indian is a dead Indian." I have learned to appreciate their true worth, and to know the beauty and grandeur of their character when rightly understood.

As I read London's stories under the general title of "Children of the Frost," I saw that he had gained the same opinion of the Indians that I had. He had penetrated below the rude exterior to the manhood within, and I have no hesitancy whatever in stating my belief that as a

true interpreter of the Indian, Jack London deserves to rank with Fenimore Cooper, Major J. W. Powell, Lieutenant F. H. Cushing, Dr. J. W. Fewks, and Frederick W. Starr, whom I regard as the greatest ethnologists America has yet produced.

In one of our conversations the question arose as to which of his stories I liked best. I immediately turned the question upon him and asked, "Which do you like best?" He laughingly replied, "Guess." I replied, "I venture to assert that I cannot only guess accurately, but that my judgment will be different from that of any critic who has yet ventured such an opinion upon your work." Then picking up this book, I opened to the last story in it, entitled "The League of the Old Men," and exclaimed: "There is your best story. In it you have expressed the cry of an expiring people, and I know you could not have written it had you not felt it to the very depths."

Tears sprang into his eyes, and reaching out his hand he gave me a warm hand-clasp and said, "You are right. Yet fewer people have seemed to appreciate that story than any story I have written, and my publishers report that a less number of that volume have been sold than any other of my books."

(To be continued)

LOVE

(A Mother-Revery)

Then swiftly as a sunbeam in its flight
Downleaping through that way where dwelleth light,
So darted it, impellent Love divine,
Adown far-deep into my woman's shrine,
Attuning heart of me—God-given guest—
As with a song: endeared, betrothed, possessed,
Beloved: the luminant of noon of life
But casts its deeper glow at eventide.

-Harrold Skinner.

The Songs that Mammy Sang Me

By William Edward Ross

WHEN the hearth fire roars and the winds loudly scold,
And I muse in my armchair o'er stories untold,
It is then once again with my head on her knee,
That I hear the old songs that my mammy sang me:
"The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well."

What a fund of devotion her songs would impart How they rang full of joy from the depths of her heart; As I peer in the vaults oped by memory's key I list once again to the songs she sang me:

"My bonnie lies over the ocean, My bonnie lies over the sea, My bonnie lies over the ocean, Oh, bring back my bonnie to me."

As the fragrance of roses remains in the dale, When the blossoms have long since succumbed to the gale, So the songs that in childhood my mammy sang me Have enthralled me in bondage no power can free:

"Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low, And the flickering shadows softly come and go; Though the heart beats weary, sad the day and long, Still to us at twilight comes love's old sweet song."

Though her voice often quavered, its tremulous tone Was endowed with a beauty and charm all its own; And she sang the old songs as they ne'er have been sung—Through the passage of time have their melodies rung:

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

How I love those old songs, love them each, one and all, And the spirit of each holds me close in its thrall; But the song of them all that is dearest to me Is the last song she sang e'er her spirit soared free:

"In the sweet by-and-by, we shall meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by-and-by, we shall meet on that beautiful shore."



The Battlefield of Love



HE world's great battlefields are always shrines for the tourists. Waterloo is yearly visited by thousands of travelers, and pilgrimages are continually made in our own land to Bunker Hill,

Yorktown and Gettysburg.

When I went to France it was my desire to visit another great battlefield, a field where waged a strife that has resounded through centuries—that remarkable strife between religion and human passion, in the hearts of Abelard and Heloise.

Guide books point only to the tomb of Pere Lachaise as all that survives of philosopher and pupil, lover and maid, husband and wife, monk and nun; but it was my good fortune to learn more of the lives of this ill-fated pair than the translated volumes of their letters relate; and to see more of the places and objects associated with their names, than the tomb at Pere Lachaise.

Guided through the mazes of the cemetery to the tomb of the immortal lovers, by Mr. Charles Moonen, whose card and conversation proclaimed him "Homme des lettres," while he acted as professional guide, I learned an interesting fact.

"At Argenteuil," said Mr. Moonen, "you will find the old convent still standing, though no longer a convent, where Heloise received her first communion, and to which she returned afterward to take the vows for life."

So to Argenteuil the next day was the pilgrimage made; at first to meet with many discouragements and baffling contradictions from residents of that ancient and historic environ of Paris, for Heloise lived long ago—and while poets, and the

savants, and the bookworms, and the dreamers of Argenteuil may all know her domicile, it was not my good fortune to meet any of them that first hour.

Argenteuil, in truth, is more famed for its excellent asparagus, than for its lovers of romantic history. But, at last, a gentlefaced nun, telling her beads as she walked

OLD STONE STAIRCASE IN UNDERGROUND PASSAGE Convent of Argenteuil, through which Abelard used to come secretly to meet Heloise

before a church door, directed me aright. "It is number 70, Boulevard Heloise, madame, and a private residence," she said. "Here in this church you will find some of the sacred relics taken from the convent when Heloise and her sisters in Christ were forced to leave and go to the Paraclet. You must come and see them another day; we have service now, and they could not be shown."

Driving along the boulevard in the

glorious sunshine, the story of Heloisecame back to me, in all its force; that old story of mad love, sad suffering, and lifelong sorrow.

Heloise had been sent to the convent of Argenteuil for the rudiments of her education, by her uncle, the Canon Fulbert. She had returned to his home (now No.

11 Ouai aux Fleurs-where an inscription over the door commemorates the fact), a brilliant, beautiful young creature, who was famed for her intellect and learning, while still in the first flush of girlhood. Canon Fulbert was proud of her attainments: and prouder still when she expressed a wish to study the philosophy of the great Abelard, then in the height of his fame, and chief of the school of Paris, the nucleus of what is known today as the great Sorbonne. Abelard was thirtyseven, Heloise a little more than half that age, perhaps; and one does not even need to recall the fact that the eleventh century was an era of licentiousness, to understand how Abelard, in his intimate association with his beautiful pupil, stood in danger of falling from his pinnacle of religious power. The Canon Fulbert, believing in the prudence and wisdom of his niece (as men believe only and always in their own), and having faith in the sincerity of Abelard's ideals, permitted the philosopher to become a member of his household in order to give Heloise the full benefit of his instruction.

Not only was Abelard given the privilege of teaching the beautiful girl, but he was authorized to chastise her if she became indifferent or negligent. In his letter to a friend long afterward Abelard wrote:

"We were under one roof, and we became one heart. Under the pretext of study we gave ourselves utterly to love. We opened our books, but there were more kisses than explanations, and our eyes sought each other rather than the texts. Yet, sometimes, to still further deceive the uncle, I chastised Heloise as a bad pupil, but the blows were those of love, not of anger. As I grew more and more drunken with passion, I cared less and less for my school and my studies. It was a violent effort for me to go about my duties. I lost all inspiration. I could only speak

to my students from memory, repeating old lessons, and when I undertook to write I produced

only love verses."

Today when a priest or a monk becomes obsessed with a woman's charms he marries her, and is excommunicated from the church, and after a little time ceases to be remembered by the public. The world has grown too busy and humanity too broad, to persecute the backslider.

Father Hyacinth was but a passing figure in the court of Church vs. Cupid. But in 1119 such was the state of public sentiment that the incontinence of a great church dignitary might easily be condoned, if it was not bruited abroad; but his marriage was looked upon in the light of an everlasting disgrace, and an unpardonable sin. One familiar with the history of that period realizes the truth of this statement.

So Heloise regarded it; and so vast and overwhelming was her devotion to Abelard that she violently opposed any suggestion of a marriage, even after her flight to Brittany,

where, at the home of Abelard's sister, she gave birth to a son, Astrolabius. She replied thus to Abelard, when he came to inform her that he had promised her uncle to make her his wife:

"It is a dishonor for you to marry; think of the prejudice you will arouse in the church—what tears you will cost philosophy. How deplorable to see a man, created for the whole world, serving one woman."

Then this remarkable young woman

quoted her lover all the passages prejudicial to marriage in the Bible and other books, and cited the words of Cicero, who declared that he could not at "one time attend to a woman and philosophy."

"Think of the discomfort and annoyances of having a nurse and a child in the house when you are meditating on phil-



THE OLD CONVENT
At Argenteuil, France, where Heloise took the veil

osophy; or, when you are inspired to write, the interruptions of domestic life will destroy your work. Let us remain as we are—lovers," she said. "The world will forgive our love, but it would never forgive our marriage. It would understand how I led you to forget your vows of continence, but would not pardon me for letting you break your vow of celibacy."

Nevertheless, Abelard, held by his promise to Fulbert, made Heloise his wife. She returned to Paris with her uncle after



ABELARD, FROM THE PAINTING BY G. GREVEDON



HELOISE, FROM THE PAINTING BY G. GREVEDON

the ceremony, and Fulbert, despite his promise of keeping the marriage secret, announced it to the world. Heloise promptly denied it, knowing that public

formed of the situation, sent Heloise to the convent of Argenteuil, and there she donned the robe of the sisters, with the exception of the veil, and lived



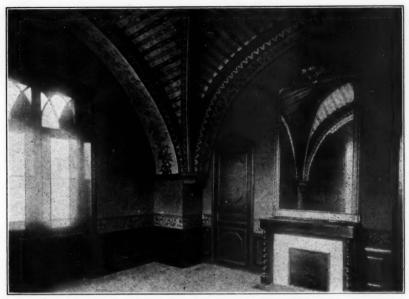
Painted by R. Cosway

ABELARD AND HELOISE

Published first, June, 1774, by W. Humphrey, Gerard Street, Soho

sentiment would condemn the legal part of his dereliction, while it would condone his amatory sin. So enraged was the uncle by her denials that he subjected the poor girl to the greatest abuses. Abelard, inostensibly the religious life of the holy sisters.

But the letters of Abelard—the unexpurgated editions—tell us that the love life of the pair was not interrupted by



REFECTORY IN THE OLD CONVENT AT ARGENTEUIL
Spoken of in Abelard's letter to Heloise

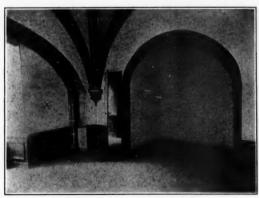
the convent or the robe. There was a secret passage to the convent, and through this passage Abelard was admitted to his wife. Sixteen years afterward he writes—in answer to her complaint of all they had been forced to suffer: "Do we not deserve our suffering? Did I not secretly visit you at Argenteuil after our marriage?

Even in the refectory, sacred to the Holy Virgin, did Inotso far forget God as to clasp you unresisting in my arms? That profanation alone merited all we have since endured."

But the love life of Abelard and Heloise at Argenteuil was of brief duration. Secret as they believed their meetings, the story reached the ears of Canon Fulbert, and roused him to fury; robbed of his niece, who in turn was robbed of her good name by Abelard, Canon Fulbert planned a horrible revenge.

Then followed the terrible tragedy, its parallel unknown in all the annals of

history. The Canon Fulbert, with his confederates. inflicted incredible mutilations upon Abelard-injuries worse than death; and shortly afterwardAbelard entered the monastery of St. Denis, and Heloise, at his wish, took the veil for life in the convent of Argenteuil.



THE SLEEPING ROOM OF HELOISE

In the old Convent at Argenteuil, France. The Confessional was formerly at the right of window, indicated by X

And now here was I approaching that very convent, no longer a convent but an ordinary Parisian house set back in a court, and bearing the placard, "A Louer." A pretty concierge walked in the garden, and when I explained my errand, her face lighted with sympathy, and taking down

it all. Here Heloise had first studied, a happy, brilliant, carefree girl. Here she had returned after her marriage to escape the cruelty of her uncle, and here had she taken her vows for life in the bloom of her youth, saying as she accepted the veil which shut her in forever from the world,



HELOISE RECEIVING THE VEIL FROM THE HANDS OF ABELARD
"Thrice happy if this veil, by hallowing thy vows
The bandage could replace which presses on thy brows!"

a bunch of keys from a nail on the inner wall, she unlocked the door of a room opening upon a small enclosed garden. "This," she said, "was the sleeping-room of Heloise. Her bed stood in that alcove. By the window was once a door which led to the confessional, and outside was her garden where she walked."

It was overwhelming-the thought of

"Criminal that I was, to bring such misfortune on thee: receive now my expiation, in this chastisement which I must forever bear." Even in that solemn hour, it was her devotion to Abelard, not to heaven, which engaged her thought. It was many years before her heart was given to God.

Later I visited the convent again with

a photographer, and was shown, by Mr. Jules Provin, its owner, the subterranean passage through which Abelard used to make his secret entrance, and the old worn stone staircase which his impatient feet trod. This passage, now partly walled up, to form a cellar, used to extend through

but could not believe that by making its history known and turning it into a goal for tourists, charging a franc entrance fee, he would soon be independent for life.

Argenteuil is only twenty minutes from Paris, and thousands of tourists would gladly journey thither and pay their franc,



ABELARD AND HELOISE SURPRISED BY FULBERT

to the Seine, which is only a short distance from the convent. Mr. Provin assured me that Abelard made his entrance by boat, and showed me in the roof of the cellar a hook, which had probably served as an anchorage for tying the bark of Cupid.

Mr. Provin did not seem to realize the fortune lying unused in his grasp. He desired to rent his property—for something less than four hundred dollars a year,

did the guide-books direct them to the old convent, where began that long martyrdom of Heloise, that terrible life of solitude and suffering for which she was so unfitted; that crucifixion of the passionate woman on the altar of the (for many years) indifferent recluse.

Sixteen years afterward she wrote to Abelard, "I took the veil to obey you—not to please God."



Overwhelmed by grief, Abelard died in the midst of the greatest suffering at the age of sixty-three years, at the priory of St. Marcel, at Chalons on the Senie. Heloise, as Abelard had always desired her to do, begged the Abbot of Chiny for the body of her flushand, in order to have it buried at reactier. The sixteenth of November it was received there with the funeral horors due the founder of that holy place. Twenty-one years after. May 17, 1164, and, like Abelard, in her sixty-third year, Heloise was placed in the same tomb, near hel husband, who, it is said, opened his arms and pressed her to his breast, so giving to posterity a striking example of the faithfulness of his conjugal love even after death

It was not from this convent that the immortal letters of Heloise were written. Just how long she remained at Argenteuil is not clearly defined.

One historian tells us that the convent brought great scandal upon itself by the misconduct of some of its inmates, and that all were driven forth one night by an infuriated abbot. This might be the truth—for there is nothing more contagious than passion—and the example of Abelard and Heloise was more conducive to the propagation of human love than re-

It was from the Paraclet the famous letters of Heloise were written. There Abelard's body was brought after his death at the Priory of St. Marcel in 1142, and there Heloise was buried beside him twenty-two years later. No stone remains of the Paraclet; it was destroyed in 1800, and the tomb and its contents conveyed to Pere Lachaise.

It is believed that Abelard and Heloise never met after she took the veil, save during the public ceremonies attending the dedication of the Paraclet to her service.



RUINS OF ABELARD'S ORATORY IN THE INTERIOR OF THE ABBEY OF PARACLET

ligious fervor, and the age was one of license.

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Abelard, himself, speaks of Abbot Suger, the abbot of St. Denis, as responsible for the violent expulsion of the nuns with Heloise as their superior, and claims that it was wholly a matter relating to the rights of a property-holder, who unduly put in force the law of eviction. At all events, Heloise and her sisters were subjected to great poverty and hardship for some time after the eviction—until Abelard came to the rescue and settled them in the Paraelet, at Nogent-sur-Seine where Heloise lived as Mother Abbess until her death in 1164.

Any other impression falls to the ground as improbable, after perusing the letters of Heloise written long years after she became a nun—letters which are reproaches for his absence and silence, during all these years—and wild petitions for his favor and affection; letters filled with burning memories of a love that would not die—and with passionate pleas for some word of recognition from the man for whom she had sacrificed honor, name, liberty and the world, in the morning of life.

Abelard traveled and gave discourses at various periods after he took the monastic vows.

2000

504 GRIEF

Heloise wrote a book of rules for the women of the convents, which was blessed by the court of Rome, and entered into the constitution of all the monasteries of the time. She was famed for her erudition and her wisdom during her era. But it is by her letters to Abelard that she is remembered, because those letters reveal the heart of a woman endowed with the rare quality of loving with absolute abandon, unselfishness and loyalty, and of consecrating her life to the memory of that love.

It proves how much greater is a lover than a philosopher, when we realize what a renowned man was Abelard in his day, yet how utterly he is forgotten save as the lover of Heloise. He was the first orator, the first philosopher, the first poet, and one of the first musicians of the twelfth century. He was so broad and so brilliant and so courageous in his ideas that he brought a revolution into the religious world and antagonized the entire tradition-bound clergy. He was persecuted in consequence, but his name grew in glory, and his school of philosophy, the first to teach the liberty of human thought, could not accommodate his vast audiences, and he was obliged to address them in the open air.

It is no wonder that this man seemed to Heloise, then seventeen years of age, a veritable god, or that she forgot the world in his love. And so great was that love, that it alone, of all Abelard's glory, is re-

membered today.

Philosophies change—religions alter—creeds die—the minds of men are revolutionized on these subjects, but love lives on, and passion endures—the same yesterday, today, and forever in the human heart. Only he who loves is immortal.

GRIEF

THE first great grief that comes into a life Falls heavy on the heart unused to pain; But when each day brings greater care and strife And life endures, we hope again.

Then, looking back to pain from which we shrank,
To stony ways we walked with bleeding feet,
So bitter now the cup, that what we drank
In other days, would now seem sweet.

-"Songs of Cy Warman."

ASTROLABIUS

(The child of Abelard and Heloise)

by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

While history gives us almost detailed accounts of the lives of Abelard and Heloise, the utmost mystery and silence enshroud the child of this remarkable pair. We know that he was born in Brittany, at the home of Abelard's sister, whither Heloise fled with her lover after her approaching maternity was known to her uncle. From that hour we have no data concerning the child until twenty years afterward, when Heloise writes to the Abbot of Cluny, "For the love of God and me, remember my son Astrolabius; if you can, procure him a living, from the bishop of Rome, or some other prelate." The Abbot answered: "For Astrolabius whom I adopt because he is your son, be assured as soon as it is in my power I will do all I can to place him in some great church. For your sake my best endeavors shall be exerted." Then a complete veil of oblivion drops over the fate of Astrolabius.

WRENCHED from a passing comet in its flight. By that great force of two mad hearts aflame, A soul incarnate, back to earth you came, To glow like star-dust for a little night. Deep shadows hide you wholly from our sight; The centuries leave nothing but your name, Tinged with the luster of a splendid shame, That blazed oblivion with rebellious light.

The mighty passion that became your cause, Still burns its lengthening path across the years; We feel its raptures, and we see its tears And ponder on its retributive laws. Time keeps that deathless story ever new; Yet finds no answer, when we ask of you.

At Argenteuil I saw the lonely cell
Where Heloise dreamed through her broken rest,
That baby lips pulled at her undried breast.
It needed but my woman's heart to tell
Of those long vigils and the tears that fell
When aching arms reached out in fruitless quest,
As after flight, wings brood an empty nest.
(So well I know that sorrow, ah, so well.)

Across the centuries there comes no sound
Of that vast anguish; not one sigh or word
Or echo of the mother loss has stirred
The sea of silence, lasting and profound.
Yet to each heart, that once has felt this grief,
Sad Memory restores Time's missing leaf.

But what of you? Who took the mother's place
When sweet expanding love its object sought?
Was there a voice to tell her tragic lot,
And did you ever look upon her face?
Was yours a cloistered seeking after grace?
Or in the flame of adolescent thought
Were Abelard's departed passions caught
To burn again in you and leave their trace?

Conceived in nature's bold, primordial way
(As in their revolutions, suns create),
You came to earth, a soul immaculate,
Baptized in fire, with some great part to play.
What was that part, and wherefore hid from us,
Immortal mystery, Astrolabius?

Why Suffrage Campaigns Fail



Ellis Meredith

The real cause of failure is

the inertia and indifference

of the women, and they are

indifferent because they do

not understand what voting



ITH the principle of Equal Suffrage gaining ground all over the civilized world, why do campaigns for that cause sometimes fail here

means.

in the United States?

There are two reasons, one of which is more apparent than real, and the other is far more real than apparent. Take the recent campaign in Ohio. It is hard to see how any more could have been done in the time given, and with the limited funds at the disposition of the suffrage

leaders. The papers were very friendly. In many cases they published suffrage matter by the column, even when the editors were themselves opposed to the amendment. The Anti-suffragists were active, but the chances are that they

helped as much as they hurt. The great organized opposition came from the liquor interests of the state, and it is stated by those who claim to know that they spent over half a million dollars to defeat the amendment.

Sooner or later, in every suffrage campaign, no matter how guarded its speakers, or what pains are taken to eliminate temperance from the discussions, the leaders find themselves saying, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" for wherever there is a campaign to extend the political influence of women there will be found the emissaries, the literature and the speakers of this particular business.

Wherever equal suffrage has been de-

feated this business has been the main cause on the face of things, and within a few years another campaign may result differently, for between women and whisky American men will not put the latter first for long. The case of California proves that conclusively.

The real cause of failure is the inertia and indifference of the women, and they are indifferent because they don't understand what voting means. The ballot box is a hazy abstraction, full of Fourth of July pink lemonade, surrounded by

pyrotechnics, and connected with the reading of the Declaration of Independence and the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner." It is remote and has to do with Washington, D. C., and state capitals, and it is located at the end of a rainbow, or

the center of the Dismal Swamp known as the Pool of Politics, according to the views of the voters of the household.

To the generation of women who have been working for the ballot a lifetime it is not strange that it seems an end, a goal. If they had not made it that, none of us would be voting now, but to the younger generation who found the ballot ready to hand when they arrived at their majority, it is simply a means to an end, a way of doing things that much need to be done.

During the last century governmental ideals changed radically, even in this country. For a good many centuries the governed have existed for the sake of their governors. Theirs not to reason why,

For a woman to say that

she doesn't want the ballot,

but she wants pure food is as

foolish as it would be for a

man to say he wanted to

raise flour, but couldn't be

bothered to plant wheat.

theirs not to make reply, when kings and conquerors made wars and levied taxes. Even in our own country there was a persistent effort to keep the governing power within a few hands, but the roots of popular government were there, striking deeper all the time, laying hold on the imagination of the people, until now the slender sapling of a century ago is growing like the fabled tree of Ygdrasil. The genius of the nineteenth century was summed up by the astute firm that made its advertising catchword the phrase, "To save time is to lengthen life." The great idea was to save time and to get things done, and as there was an enormous amount of political constructive work to be done, little by little the restric-

tions were taken away from the franchise because all men knew what few women have yet found out, that this is the simple, direct way to get things done. That we don't get more done is our own fault, for as Lavaleye has pointed out, it is a monstrous paradox that any people should be at

once supreme and miserable. Unfortunately, it cannot be denied that we have achieved the seemingly impossible in many places.

Time-saving devices reached a degree of perfection undreamed of during the century just closed, but with the dawning of the twentieth century has come a different and a more humanitarian spirit, and the world is thinking of the conditions under which these lengthened lives are to be lived. The countless changes in the realm of woman distinctively have saved her time and left her free to turn her energies to other problems, and no intelligent man who knows anything of the great national organizations of women would deny that they have been the compelling force in bringing about the new conscience that demands a different answer to the old question, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Again and again we are told that women do not want the ballot, and this is true so far as a very large per cent of them are concerned, but they want industrial, economic and moral conditions that can only be brought about by the use of the ballot, and just as soon as they realize this they will rise up in a solid phalanx in their demand for the ballot, and no business nor combination will be able to defeat them. For a woman to say that she doesn't want the ballot, but she wants pure food is as foolish as it would be for a man to say he wanted to raise flour, but couldn't be bothered to plant wheat. Whether it is a miserable Polack woman living down in a fetid alley, a country housewife marooned afar from church and school by impassable roads, or the woman of wealth whose automobile awaits

her orders, each and all of these women want good and well-kept thoroughfares, and what is more to the point, they are taxed for that purpose, but so long as noneof them can vote for a road overseer or a commissioner of highways, their wants are but little respected. Lest someone

may doubt this, let me cite a case in point. Before the women had the vote in Colorado, there was a certain bit of paving in the city of Denver that was much desired by a number of women. It was in a wealthy neighborhood, and there were only a few houses to the block, for all of them had spacious grounds, and it so happened that all of them save one belonged to widows or single women. They asked for the improvement, but the one lone voter opposed it and his wishes were more powerful than their influence. It is easy to duplicate the incident in kind in almost any large town or city.

At the meeting of the General Federation of Women's Clubs held in San Francisco last summer, the officers refused to permit a resolution endorsing equal suffrage to come before the convention. This was their privilege, but as if to make their inconsistency a burning and a shining light they proceeded to adopt a great

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number of resolutions of a purely political nature, in so far as carrying them out is concerned. They don't want to vote, but they want to unite with the Federal government in erecting a monument to mark the completion of the Panama Canal, and building a national highway that shall extend from ocean to ocean, and they call on the President to so reorganize the Department of Agriculture as to insure the better enforcement of the Pure Food and Drugs Act, and they want conservation of natural scenery and federal aid for the vocational training of children, enforcement of "white slave" laws, removal of all legal disabilities on women not imposed on men, a uniform marriage

and divorce law, and they congratulate the President on his appointment of Miss Julia Lathrop ashead of the Children's Bureau.

So much for national politics. In state politics they want various laws in connection with the school systems, training for defective children, ex-

pert instruction in sex hygiene in Normal schools, and the abolition of prison contract labor; and they desire women police in all the larger cities of the country. No wonder they protested against the comic supplement. Some enterprising cartoonist might make a picture of them playing blind man's buff and almost drowning in the pool of politics because they are unwilling, or unable, to see the ballot box afloat on the ark of safety.

Practically all the reforms in our conditions of life that women want are political in the last analysis. Public health, morals, education are in the hands of elective officers, and there are just two ways to reach them: one is the direct way and the other the indirect, and history proves that the arch enemy of this Republic has been the indirect influence that waits in lobbies, haunts back stairs and by ways that are dark and tricks that are too frequently successful corrupts or befools

the public servant. The self-respecting woman cannot afford to use these methods, and she will not when she realizes that there is a better, surer way.

The main thing is to show her the way, and this is the work the suffrage leaders should set about, yes, even before they try to convert the men of their communities. Men are lax in their use of the ballot, and the women will be also unless they are roused to a full realization of the power it bestows, and the time to arouse them is before they get the franchise, because nothing else will do half so much to make their getting it certain. Nobody thinks women haven't the necessary intelligence to vote, but in a state where

only from thirty to fifty per cent of the men care to vote, it is no wonder that they don't believe the women would be any more alive to their civic duties.

Immediately after the close of the Ohio campaign a brilliant young Australian, who never knew what it meant to be disfranchised until she

came to this great Republic, said to me, "Now we shall have to begin all over again, and take all our time and strength and money and use them in this absurd suffrage campaigning. When you think of all there is to be done, the scores of directions in which we should be busy, doesn't it seem inconceivably stupid and silly that we should have to use all our efforts in getting the means to work with, for we know that we must have the ballot in order to accomplish the great things that are before us."

"Votes for Women" are defeated by the thousands of women who would consider it "womanly" to dig the Panama Canal with an iron spoon, because they are accustomed to the spoon.

If women are to do the great and splendid work they have already undertaken, they must come to know that votes for women mean votes for better schools, cleaner streets, purer morals and higher ideals.

An Unsuspected Parallel

by Lilian Ducey

Author of "Tangles," etc.

ISS BURNETT laughed. Then she looked eloquent apology at the man, only to find that he himself was beaming from amusement.

"Why! This makes the third or fourth

time of asking!" she twinkled.

"To be exact, the fourth," said he, in no way abashed or disconcerted. "Once in this room, the evening of my return from Europe; once while waiting for our train in New York; and again the other morning, walking to the station here in Burley."

"I'm sure it is very, very kind of you."

"To ask for what I want?"

"Oh! But do you really want me? Somehow I doubt you." A charming flare of pink warmed her cheeks even while

her eyes rippled.

"Indeed I do," the man smiled to himself. "So come—be a sensible girl and say yes to a very sensible proposition to a very sensible man. Just think how ridiculous it is for a woman like you, brought up as you have been, to—to have to go to New York day after day to earn her own living. It hurts me."

A short silence overtook the conversation at this crisis. The girl broke it by smiling pleasantly into his eyes and saying:

"But I am working because I want to. And I do not have to marry to escape it either, for here is this dear old godmother of mine who insists on my living with her and who is more than willing to support me. Only I can't—I just can't accept charity! And it would be charity. I must—now that father is dead and the money gone—work for my independence and self-respect. And I'm not a very young girl, but a woman of twenty-five

who sees things in their true light. So I mean to continue working, in spite of the fondest of godmothers and the most quixotic of—"

"Don't!" The man put up a hand. "Don't apply that term to me—a plain, unromantic business man." The last was

said with quiet humor.

The girl laughed easily. Days of careless frivolling had taught her many things. And then there was something so genuinely big about this man, she felt in no way afraid of being misunderstood.

"Oh, I will acknowledge it is a temptation—your money," she admitted. "It—really it dazzles me! The wife of Mr. Blake Kern, the wealthiest man in Burley, would be a rather enviable person."

"Well, then—say yes," he urged. "Say yes,—and— Why, we'll live happily ever after, as the saying goes. And I really believe we would. I can't explain why I feel so, but I am quite sure of it."

The girl's face lit up with a sudden whimsical smile at the assurance of his tone. "If you only could communicate some of that certainty to me," she challenged. "I can't see it at all—happiness without love. And I don't love you, and you don't love me."

"Oh, but we will," he put in swiftly.

"No." It was a long drawn-out denial, but she added quickly, "Still if one could love to order, I would set about the task immediately. Because I'd really like to say yes. That is, part of me would—the materialist. The other part—the idealist—still believes, or rather wants to believe, that Prince Charmings roam the earth, each searching out his individual princess."

In laughing perplexity the man shook his head. "They don't. Believe me, they don't. So will you? Will you marry me?"

From beneath the girl's lashes shot a swift, inquiring glance. Whereas he had been laughing, the last was said with such intensity as to startle her.

"Will you?" he spoke again, and his hand capped hers as it lay in her lap.

Surprised out of her laughing humor,

the girl grew suddenly grave.

"Mr. Kern," she said after a little reflective silence, "I cannot understand your attitude toward me at all. In the first place we have never been on friendly terms. You are a man who has only traveled in a man's world. And I haven't met you socially at all. In fact we have never had more than a bowing acquaintance. Then you go to Europe. You come back. In the meantime my father has lost his money and died. And the very day you arrive you call on me and ask me to marry you. Why?"

"Why?" He repeated her question with

puzzled, laughing eyes.

"Yes-why?"

"Humph!" he mused, an eloquent monosyllable. "I—well to be honest with you, I haven't been able to answer that question satisfactorily to myself as yet. But I knew your father very well. And the very first piece of news that was offered me coming from the city—someone on the train spoke of it—was that your father had failed, and that his death had forced you into the laboring world. I never remember feeling so pained about anything in my life."

This time it was the woman's turn to look puzzled. "And do you always," she questioned, "rush to the aid of damsels

in financial distress?"

And when he made no reply she filled in the pause. "I suppose you could think

of no other way-"

"But it seemed such a good way," he flashed one of his smiles of humor at her as he interrupted. Then his eyes grew suddenly tender. "And the very minute I thought of it," he went on, "I had the most astounding feeling come over me. Truly it seemed a more brilliant idea than one which would have cornered cotton."

There was no resisting his half-laughing seriousness. With mischief in her eyes she

laughed back.

"And you know no more about women than to think you can ask a girl who barely knows you to marry you, fully expecting her to say yes?"

The man leaned nearer. This time he possessed himself of her two hands and pressed them warmly. "Now, that is the queerest part," he smiled. "I can't understand it myself. It's true I'm not used to dealing with women, but I should have thought of that. Put it down to my ignorance in affairs of the heart. It was really the business mind of a man of forty that drove me to you so precipitately." He paused.

"And then, on the other hand, it wasn't either," he went on quickly. "Because I remember distinctly, while on my way to you, of having a dozen or more memory pictures of you spring into consciousness. I remembered how you looked one winter all in fur, going to the high school. We weren't even on bowing terms then, but of course I knew you on account of your father. Next came a season or two later when I noted that you were grown up. You had a gray suit that year and wore a plain sailor hat. Another picture of you was in the lobby of a theater in New York. I happened to be there, too. And the Rollins-you had gone with themoffered me a seat in their car. I'll never forget that ride to Burley. I never had such an overwhelming desire to make friends with a girl in my life. And Rollins talked the stock market every blessed minute, until I felt like pitching him out of the car. Do you by any chance remember that night?"

He paused for her to answer.

"Yes, I do," she laughed. "I remember it very distinctly. But the impression I got was more that you saw me only because I happened to be in your line of vision. I never felt so overlooked in my life."

"And then came a summer when you had a blue dress the very color of your eyes and slippers to match," he swept her with a soft look. "And a winter when you had a set of furs—hat, coat and muff to match. They were gray."

"Last year," she interpolated.

"Well-" he smiled-"there isn't another woman in God's world of whom I



From beneath the girl's lashes shot a swift, inquiring glance. Whereas he had been laughing, the last was said with such intensity as to startle her

have such kinetoscopic views. Now isn't that queer? Isn't it? Perhaps you can

explain it all."

With a queer little smile the girl mocked him. Her eyes were bright with mischief. After a pause just long enough to give significance to her answer, she said with

low laughter: "Love."

"So you think it's that?" The flash of her eyes kindled a spark in his. "I'm inclined to believe so myself. That is, I would be, if it wasn't too utterly impossible for a man to be in love about eight years and not know it."

"Then my explanation falls to pieces and you don't love me," she gave back,

still mocking.
"But-"

"Oh, no buts," she commanded. "No buts at all. We don't either of us love—and that is reason enough why we should not marry. So now that we have threshed this subject to the bottom, let us forget all about it. Let's not ever mention it again. Besides, I mean to wait for my prince!"

Her laughing humor kept up without a break, even though her voice carried a hint of finality with it. But he continued to smile at her with frank cheerfulness.

"You don't know me," he said slowly, "if you think—" He paused and drew a long breath, then with commanding power beneath a whimsical mien said lightly: "You are going to marry me, Grace Burnett. On that one point I am decided."

She laughed. But her color rose with her laughter, and it was with a very visible show of relief that she turned to little Mrs. Withers, the godmother with whom she lived, who had just come into the

room.

She was a merry old lady, this godmother—keen of sight and keener still of tongue, with a spicy humor mellowed by age and sympathy. And now she took them in, nodding and smiling with quick understanding.

"I see I chose the wrong moment. I could shake myself. But I was quite inside the door when you said—what you said,

Mr. Kern."

"Auntie! So you heard!" The girl's voice was unsteady with laughter and

chiding. "But what do you think of a man who makes such lordly assertions?"

For a moment the withered old face fairly sparkled with humor. Then she said oracularly: "My dear, those were the very words Robert Withers used to me. I laughed at him also. But he won in the end. And—well, he made me the best husband a woman ever had."

Dead silence followed this remark. During it the old lady pattered from the room again. But when they were once more alone, the man let his smile broaden, while in accompaniment a low, tender

rumble grew in his throat. "You see-" he said softly.

"Nothing at all." Her eyes met his unfalteringly, a long level look that seemed to be trying to grasp again their previous mockery. But failing, she rose with

quick decision.

"In spite of you and Auntie—and—and everything," she went on, "I must insist that this subject be dropped, Mr. Kern. Otherwise—"

"Don't say it!" He rose also. "Just as it stands that 'otherwise' is enough. I see I've made a mistake. After all, a girl isn't the stock market. My infallible business methods don't help me in a case of this kind. Shall we call a truce? At least there isn't any reason why we shouldn't be friends. Is there?" He held out his hand. "I am going now."

Without the least hesitation, smiling once more, she shook hands warmly. "Of course we can be friends," she said heartily, and again they looked at each other with

laughing eyes.

"Of course we can be friends," he repeated after her, imitating her tone with a nicety. But underlying the words was a richness of mockery, a humor, that seemed to stir the pulse of the girl to sudden daring. She gave him a glance—just a sweep of her lashes from narrowed lids, that was the very essence of coquetry. It had the effect of making him take a swift impulsive movement toward her. "At any rate, for the present we can," he amended. The next moment he had left her.

As the sound of the closed door reverberated through the house, the old lady came into the room again. Curious as an old mother hen was she, as she beamed and twinkled—waiting. There was no resisting her, and when the girl caught the sunshine of the wrinkled smile, she gave a little, defiant toss of her head.

"Why is it, Auntie," she smiled the disarming smile of one trying to divert another's mind and lead it into less disturbing channels, "that one feels so at home with Mr. Kern, but the minute he disappears he grows formidable? I can't understand it."

The old head nodded sagely.

"It is his accomplishments one thinks of in his absence;" she answered slowly. "We all admire success and do it honor. He is a very prince among men. Everybody in Burley is proud to say that Mr. Blake Kern is of our town. But when in his presence he quite makes one forget he is so wonderful. Then he is just a man—bigger and better than most men. He will make a splendid husband, my dear."

The last was said emphatically, each word emphasized by a brisk nod. And the girl's cheeks glowed from the sudden rising warmth of her blood.

"It's too utterly ridiculous, Auntie!" was the rather pointed comment she made.

"Don't you love him—enough?" The old face bent nearer.

"I don't love him at all," was the swift retort. "Why, how could I?"

"Are you sure?"

The girl laughed—a happy laugh of derision,

"Quite sure. Quite too sure," she said, and got to her feet, walking over to the

Here, with another laugh, she stretched herself, head pillowed among the cushions. "Really, Auntie," she went on, "if I only had the tiniest, faintest spark of love within me to build with, I'd fan it into a flame. Why, just imagine what it means to have Mr. Blake Kern propose to one! Imagine what it would be like to have a husband with his wealth!"

The old lady moved nearer and seated herself so that she might see every passing emotion on the youthful face. For a minute their eyes met in a long, smiling glance. Then out of the silence the girl said gravely:

"I am ashamed, Auntie-of myself. I

—I didn't know I had that trait in me. I hadn't any idea a man with money would be such a temptation. And I have always admired Laura and Jim so for making Love give them all that they desired from life, that I thought I was made of the same unselfish quality. For it is a temptation—his money. A great one. Of course if he wasn't so pleasant, so really likable, I presume then there would be less allurement to it. As it is, its face value is actually raised by his personality."

"Eh?" It almost seemed as if the old ears pointed themselves. But the girl evidently had not realized the astounding statement she had made. Quite oblivious,

she rambled on.

"He was talking, Auntie—about remembering me as far back as when I went to the high school. Well, I can remember him also. And I remember how I always determined just how early or late I was by the place on Broad Street where I passed him. And once when a stray snowball struck me in the eye, he gave me his handkerchief. It is queer he didn't remember that. I really should have returned the handkerchief, but it's quite yellow with age now."

There was a pause, while the girl gazed remotely, eyes fixed on the ceiling. Presently she gave a low, little laugh as at

some reminiscence.

"When I graduated, Auntie," she continued, "he sent me an armful of white roses from his gardens—I never saw such roses! He and father were having business dealings at the time. And you know father! I supposed he talked so much and so boastfully about his girl being valedictorian that Mr. Kern was forced to take note. Well, I have the card yet that came with them. How perfectly silly a girl in her teens can be!"

By way of answer the old lady's face lit up with a little secret smile. "And

then?" she urged.

"Well the next time I recall him most distinctly is a time he also remembers. He came home from the theater with us—Mr. and Mrs. Rollins and he and I, in the Rollins' car. I considered myself quite a woman then and was never given so little consideration in my life. I can still feel

the sting of wounded vanity when I think of that ride. In these last few years we have met very rarely. Still, he is a person one can't know and then forget. He has such a vivid, genial personality, he impresses one. And when he swings along the street and gives you one of those quick, smiling greetings, it almost seems as if he were shouting at you: 'Isn't it a great, glorious thing to be alive?' I have never before met anyone so electrifying. No wonder he has made his way in the world! No wonder he is an acknowledged leader."

Followed this little outburst a long silence, which the old lady took no means

to break.

The girl continued to gaze ceilingward, but the sparkles on her face as she mused gave way to a waking thoughtfulness and soft perplexity. She was giving the evening past a leisurely contemplation, and out of her dreaming grew a curious wonder. How simple and pleasant the perspective of just allowing oneself to drift into a sheltered harbor? Especially when the harbor was such a friendly, cheerful and altogether likable port. What constituted love—true love? And how did people determine whether they really loved?

This last question she asked herself again and again, until with the repetition tiny furrows of irritation grew on her brow. Not even ordering it from her mind had any effect. Still it persisted. And at last she swept it all from her with

a sudden burst of gaiety.

"Auntie," she laughed—and her voice lilted and sang with the joyousness of youth, "aren't you glad sometimes that you are high and dry on the sands of Time? Life isn't a puzzle any more, for you have solved it. You've learned the relative value of the things that are and the things that count. And the things that are not don't bother you. If you've ever counted the cost of mistakes and paid in full, it doesn't show through your calm content. Truly, Auntie, I envy you."

She left for bed with that little pleasantry. But the next morning she showed again that in the labyrinths of her reasoning the question of love still went begging. Blushing a trifle, she opened the subject

without preface or preamble.

"Of course there have been others, Auntie, as you know. I mean men who have asked me to marry them. I was very positive each time that marriage with them held forth no allure. Now do you think—might it be that not being positive is equivalent to—to— Well, do you think I might be caring somewhat—all the time, and not realize it?"

"For Mr. Kern?" The old eyes twinkled.
"Mr. Kern—yes." At the teasing, a wilful, uncertain radiance flew into her face. Then as the old lady's eyes continued to search hers in raillery, she covered her face with her hands for a laughing

"Don't answer, Auntie!" Her voice fluted and sang. "At my age to be so silly! I don't care for him, and I know I don't. It is some sort of a mental and moral myopia that is keeping his wealth before me. And I'd better cure myself

immediately."

moment.

She rose as she finished laughing, hurried to the side of her godmother, and giving her a swift, tender kiss, swept away to her day's work in the city, with the firm intention of putting all nonsense from her.

And her intention was further firmly established by Mr. Blake Kern himself. As a matter of fact he left her no grounds to think of him as any different than as he had represented himself—a plain, unromantic, business man. Precipitately, he went to Europe. There he remained.

He had gone without seeing her or even sending a message, and his stay was marked with the same wordlessness. It was a curious mode of procedure. And while she would not acknowledge even to herself that she cared, it made her ponder on the self-sufficiency of men and wonder as to what the things were that really counted to them. Apparently, asking a woman's hand in marriage was not of any momentous import, but touched their lives only negligibly.

As the time went by she concluded that some business scheme had driven thoughts of her from his mind. She felt vaguely angry in consequence. When a cablegram, informing her that he was returning, reached her after three whole months, she crumpled the news and tossed it from her

with a little gesture of decision.

It was all right for her to be doubtful of caring and uncertain as to her desires, but for the case to be reversed was not to be tolerated. She was piqued over the way he had acted, and she frankly acknowledged it to herself. So after a careful investigation of the marine news, she timed herself to visit her friend Laura Carson in the city.

Laura was poor-undeniably poor. And it always filled Miss Burnett with wonder and admiration at the happy home she and her young husband with their three babies made out of five city rooms. Like children, playing at house, they seemed. And yet it was a busy little mother who, without a maid, cared for such a family. Miss Burnett appreciated this, so instead of making of herself the ordinary visitor demanding attention, she had long ago established a precedent whereby her presence was hailed as the harbinger of an evening's vacation for the young parents. And they had a little tin savings bank that was known as the Burnett vacation fund, where odd pennies, saved carfare and such, were dropped against the time when Grace should show her smiling face in their doorway. So now, as always, they greeted her with joy.

"Oh! How I've wanted to see 'A Woman's World!" exclaimed the youthful matron. "Grace, you're a darling! It's the last night for it, too. And if we can only get tickets. Jimsy, run right down town, and I'll save your dessert for you until you get back. Only don't come back without them!"

Jimsy ran, while with soft accusing hands Grace Burnett caught his wife by the shoulders. "Why didn't you send for me, Laura? Haven't I told you I would come any time at all?"

"And act as my nurse maid! You!— Grace Burnett! I'd like to catch myself," and with haughty invincibility she drew herself up, then gurgled, "but of course, since you're here!"

There was scrambling to get dressed. Even the infants assisted them, searching for collar buttons on hands and knees. Afterwards, for full five minutes before departure, kisses rained as for an ocean voyage. Not until the door closed on the two was the equilibrium restored. Then

Miss Burnett searched out her emergency wardrobe that always hung in readiness—a dainty silken negligee—and she was ready for the fray.

Some there are who might consider Miss Burnett a martyr. She wasn't. Sometimes she thought that hers was the greater lark and not the young parents. She enjoyed getting three happy babies ready for bed, cuddling them close as she undressed them. The pressure of each warm little body against her arm, the childhood scent from each silken head against her breast made her throb with a holy joy. And the kisses they had for Auntie were as nectar and ambrosia.

Not until the last pair of lashes lay drooping on rosy cheeks, and she had tucked out all draughts to her yearning satisfaction did she leave them. Even then it was a wrench, but there were dishes that waited—for the morning, as Laura always insisted, but which she invariably washed and cleared away.

She was still humming a slumber song, though ready to plunge her hands into the dish water, when the door bell pealed. The sudden ring, so unexpected, startled her. Some visitor, no doubt, although Laura and Jim had but few, except those from Burley who continued to keep up their friendship for them. She felt that she would rather have had her evening alone. The solitude, alone with the children—always these evenings seemed to give her a clearer conception of life and the things that counted in living. And then the opening door disclosed the beaming face of Mr. Blake Kern.

"Good evening!" Eager, triumphant, a laugh running through his voice, came the greeting. "Mrs. Withers told me where I would find you. How do you do?"

It was scarcely a moment for even unvoiced recriminations. Before he had entered, the room grew electrified from his vital, happy atmosphere. His wholesouled cheeriness was contagious. And she put her hand in his laughingly.

"In lieu of the fact that the present owners of this fairyland are absent," she twinkled, "will you not accept my invitation to come in?"

"I will." Laughter hid in his eyes as he tried to look solemn. "As a matter of fact, only barred doors and dragons would keep me out."

And he looked about as he entered for a place to lay his coat and hat. Whereupon, with a charming little housekeepy air that harmonized with her gingham apron and silken frippery, she took them from him.

"This is Laura Rollins' home," she explained. "She is a cousin of Jackson Rollins. But perhaps you don't remember her. She married James Carson. That was five years ago, and they left Burley immediately. In search of fortune, as

Jim said."

"Two young turtle doves, rich in love, but without a penny between them—that is the way Mrs. Withers characterized them," he put in with a laugh. "And so you play fairy nurse maid? She told me that also. And that you like the task. Won't you assign me a part in this paradise?"

She considered him for a moment, two white hands smoothing her gingham apron. There was sardonic raillery in her eyes and a wilfully teasing pucker to her brows. "The nurse maid," she offered, "has been transformed into a dishwasher. At the present moment no other position is open except that of assistant with the towel. How would that suit Mr. Blake Kern of Wall Street?"

The man laughed heartily in appreciation. But he would not allow her to withdraw her suggestion, although in all sincerity she offered him magazines and papers. Nor would he allow her to postpone the dishwashing rite until after he had gone. In the end, after much futile argument on her part, she was compelled to envelope him with an apron. Curious how stupid the most intelligent of men could act when it came to slipping an apron over his head and tying the strings behind!

With laughing quip and jest the work then proceeded. And yet, every time the girl's eyes met those of her able assistant they seemed to glow into hers with a gleam that was deeper than merriment, more significant than any surface happiness. At last, in spite of her natural poise, she began to grow disconcerted. And when a sleepy whimper sounded from a far room

she welcomed the diversion.

Quickly she flew to the call, divesting herself of her apron as she went. The man followed her, but more leisurely. He came on tiptoe, almost as if he knew the prescribed mode of locomotion for such an occasion. When he saw the three little white cribs, he paused as one stops before some shrine, and drew a deep breath.

But the girl had suddenly forgotten her diffidence in admiration of the baby. Covers partly kicked away, his little bare feet showed pink and alabaster, and with a little mute gesture she beckened the

man closer.

"They always make me think of anemones-those tiny toes," she whispered with a hushed laugh, as she tucked the covers in place again. "Isn't he a darling? See his dimpled fists, and the curling eyelashes." Then she led the way to the others. Baby Grace's clustering ringlets lay like golden filigree upon the white pillow, and as if she must call attention to all these wonders, she slipped her finger slowly through a curl. Before Jim, Jr.'s crib she paused. His sturdy four-year-old body occupied almost all of its allotted space. "And they are as dear and good as they are pretty," she went on in a confidential whisper. "Really this is a veritable fairyland, in spite of its unpretentiousness. Though the only fault to be found with it is that it is in the city. But they can't help it-the poor dears. It costs so much to live these days. But if Jimsy has his salary raised the first of the year, they will use the advance for his commutation and live somewhere else. I can't wait until those curly heads can have the freedom of a yard. And I do so hope they can come back to Burley. But of course the rents are so high there, and it costs so much to commute that I'm afraid they may not be able to manage it."

She finished with a little sigh. In her interest in the narrative she had quite forgotten the man. And suddenly, as she remembered, a flooding color washed over her. With a swift change to formality she ushered him out of that little haven of home and into the living room. And there, having seated herself, she placed before him a most approved topic of conversation—one direct question as to which of the season's dramas he preferred.

But instead of answering, he looked at her in utter silence for a moment. It was a long, steady gaze from deep eyes. "I wonder-if you have any idea-what you have been doing to me," he spoke at last, and although his voice was low and very tender, it carried a sweeping rhythm that made the little room pulsate. "After all, I have been in love—all these years, and without realizing it. Queer that such a thing could be possible! If I had seen more of you perhaps- But being so busy, somehow the warm, personal need of a woman in my life was quite eclipsed. And weighing the things that count, it is these friends of yours who are rich with the wealth of the world. I haven't anything, unless-"

He filled in the pause with such an earnest look of love and supplication that the girl's eyes grew misty from the sight. And she thought that she even beheld in them a veiled apology for the tardiness of his discovery in the matter of his affections. It gave her an indescribable feeling of wanting to make up to him for all he had missed out of life. But not loving him, how could she? And with a little sigh she crushed the longing. But the ache of it persisted and crept into her voice as she explained why she could not marry

"Then you don't think that you, too, might be loving—just as I have been—and without knowing it?" he asked gently, searching her face.

For just a moment his question seemed to take her off her guard. For just a moment, though.

"No." Her answer was positive, if a trifle hesitant. "I'm quite too sure. I—in fact I considered that very supposition—before. But it was your wealth that was blinding me to the truth. That and the fact that I really like you. But liking isn't loving."

"Sometimes it is," he persisted, and now a little sparkle shone in the eyes that held hers. "Witness myself." Then he grew sober again. "Is there anyone else—any man that you care more for?"

"No. No, indeed," she made haste to reply, as if this meager admission should serve as compensation.

"Or ever have cared more for?"

She shook her head this time—a very decided negative.

"Then perhaps if you see more of me," he offered, frank blue eyes entreating. And with a most engaging impulsiveness that was almost boylike he continued, "I'd like to show you just how good I'd be to you. I tell you, you must love me. Why, it just has to be. Because I intend to marry you, Grace Burnett."

At this last masterly assertion the girl's lips curved with a smile of memory. Seriousness dropped from her, and rippling eyes challenged his.

"You said that before—and then you went to Europe for three months." If she thought to see him taken back, her expectation passed unfulfilled.

"So I did," he answered at once. "And I didn't even write you or explain. Shall I tell you why? It was because I went to be operated upon—a slight growth in the throat. But you see it might have been a serious thing—that is the growth—only it wasn't. And until the test was made, not even the surgeon knew. Under the circumstances I thought it best to do as I did."

"Oh!" She gave him a swift scrutiny from eyes dark with thought, then suddenly the whole expression of her face changed. Quick lights ran in it that seemed to tell of some secret joy and she added contritely, "I'm so sorry."

"For me—or for having misjudged me?" he retorted with a look that seemed to meet her thought half way.

"Both," she replied promptly, though the color warmed her cheeks. And just that moment Laura's laugh sounded in the hall. On her perturbation it fell like some blessed staying hand. She was glad of the moment's respite in which mind might subjugate a heart that had begun to race rather madly. For she suddenly found herself afraid and uncertain. Somewhere in the mazes of their talk she had lost herself and the very identity of her own feelings and desires. Flushed and eager, she greeted Laura and Jim.

Mrs. Carson, as she took in the girl and her visitor in one quick glance, smiled a little. But otherwise if she felt any surprise at seeing Mr. Kern in their modest little home, it did not show above her perfect breeding. Just gracious host and hostess, she and Jimsy warmed to this visitor from their home town. And when he rose to go, they cordially invited him

to come again.

"I will. I must," the big man responded.
"I've just got to see those little tykes in there with their eyes open. And the little girl—such a curly head as she is." Then he turned to Jimsy. "I tell you, Mr. Carson, you are the very button on the cap of fortune."

"Then I suppose you'd call me the

tassel," laughed Laura.

"M—yes. Useless but ornamental," quizzed her husband with an air of large masculine indulgence that only emphasized his pride. And from the room beyond where Miss Burnett had disappeared in quest of Mr. Kern's hat and coat, came the laughing addendum:

"Be sure she will make him suffer for every letter of that 'useless' after you

have gone, Mr. Kern."

"I should hope so," returned the man, sweeping husband and wife with rippling eyes. And quickly with a mumbled apology and the remark that he did not want to trouble Miss Burnett too much, he followed that young person.

She was standing with his overcoat on her arm, ready to return. But with three swift steps he was at her side, barring the way, and as he saw the surge of color that swept into her face he smiled slightly.

"Hold it for me to put on—won't you, please?" he broke the palpitating silence. "I want to see what it's like." And as she did so: "I believe wives do that for their husbands once in a while. Don't they? And then what do husbands do?"

She did not answer him, just stood very still. And although she must have known what he meant, for what happened next she was not quite prepared. He took her in his arms, held her close. With sudden amazement she searched his face so near, so near her own. The next moment he had kissed her. And that he did again.

Just for a second then they gazed into each other's eyes. The stillness was of that static quality that waits upon great truths. And she never moved from the

curve of his shoulder.

"Why, you do—" he whispered exultantly. "You do! Bless you." And following another moment of intense stillness: "It's been a truly sleeping princess. Of all the wonderful, wonderful ways of things. And I'm the prince—in spite of all I once said. Do you remember—Grace?" His tone fluted over her name in soft caressing, and he waited.

But the girl quite suddenly remembered other things also. Clearly from the other room she heard voices—and coughs, not due to colds. She drew from him lingeringly, sweeping him with a blushing look

of appeal as she did so.

"They've-they've probably heard you

-every word," she breathed.

At that the man only laughed—a laugh of such utter happiness and joy and deep content as wanted the whole wide world to know. "And they'll understand—be sure of that," he whispered back. "lsn't this fairyland? It's we who have been a pair of unsuspecting humdrum mortals."

And opportunely in Laura's voice a whisper floated to them: "Well, I can't wish them anything better, Jimsy, than

that they'll be as happy as we."

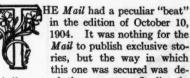
HYACINTHS

PINK and lavender and white, Cool and moist and crisply sweet, In a garden by the wall Where the warmest sunbeams fall Where the showers and soft winds meet, Pink and lavender and white; Dainty, fragile flower of Spring, Sweetest of earth's blossoming.

-Jessie Davies Willdy.

A Beat in the Mail

Fred Dennett



cidedly out of the common. It directly affected the lives of at least four people; indirectly, who can estimate? For there is the whole staff of the Mail and the constituents of the Third Congressional District. The tale really starts from the day that Carter first entered the Mail office.

"Old Man" Warren was then the managing editor. He had been trained in the rough and ready school of journalism; was a strong lover and a good hater; despised a dude, and was a little suspicious of a college education. "Made a man finicky," "The first principle for a newspaper man to follow is-get the news at all costs, and never let the other fellow get ahead of you; don't get 'scooped!' Your college man is apt to be too nice; debates on methods, while the other fellow acts. Oh! I don't like 'em."

He had a motto which he used to instill into the minds of all new-comers in the office. The boys had had it engrossed on the bottom of the large photo of the "Old Man," which hung in the editorial office-"The welfare of the paper first, that of yourself and family afterward." boys refused to accept this at first, but it had become a part of the traditions of the office, and they came to take a pride in it. The old members of the staff enjoyed a certain grim pleasure in dinning it into the ears, and occasionally pounding it into the heads of the cubs. The principle became a policy of the office. About this time Carter appeared on the horizon.

The "Old Man" was at his busiest; his blue pencil was flying with a rapidity and force calculated to strike terror into the heart of a new reporter; it was not an ordinary blue pencil, but was a sort of grease paint crayon; when he marked anything Warren liked to do it with enforcement. He had finished reading one piece of copy, "O. K.'d" it and was reaching out his left hand for another wad, when he noticed that someone was standing in front of his desk.

"What d'you want?" "I have a letter for you, sir."

"Well, throw it here." The letter was handed him respectfully; the "Old Man" paused in his work long enough to glance at the signature, and then reluctantly suspended, leaning back in his chair to read. The signature was that of one of the largest advertisers on the Mail. Though he hated to halt at that busy time of the evening, the "Old Man" realized that the letter demanded a careful perusal.

> Office of Tipton & Company, March 14, 1892.

Peter Warren, Esq.,

Mail Office, City.

My dear Warren:—This will introduce to you Bernard R. Carter, the son of a very dear friend of mine, whom I would go out of my way to oblige. Young Carter is a Harvard graduate; he wants to enter journalism. I am sending him to you as the best man in my list of friends to furnish him the means of I shall deem it a satisfying his ambition. personal favor if you will give him a chance Yours sincerely, PETER TIPTON. on the Mail.

Peter Tipton was the senior partner in the firm of Tipton and Company, who ran the largest line of advertising in the Mail. Moreover Warren knew that when Peter



"Climbed on a high stool on the top of a counter and found I could hear very well"

asked for anything—which was seldom—he wanted it. The "Old Man" growled to himself. It would never do to turn Tipton down; better temporize.

"Want a show on the Mail?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'm very busy just now; couldn't you come tomorrow about two?"

"Yes, sir."
"All right."

The "Old Man" glanced long enough at the boy to notice that he had a pair of gray eyes; a square chin, a good face and head, and an athletic frame; but his trousers were turned up the regulation London width, and his clothes were in-

clined to be dudish.

"Too bad; probably would have made a good man if this darned college craze had not got hold of him or his parents. He'd be 'Patient Penelope'-ing women; 'fidus Achates'-ing men; scribbling about Scylla and Charybdis, and Augean stables. Probably took a course in 'journalism'—pshaw—and has acquired a style of educated naturalness totally devoid of nature and individuality. Well, Tipton no doubt gave him a letter to the *Press*, and Sanders'll take him; just like Sanders. He'll probably fit in as society editor in place of Searley. I'm rid of him without offending Tipton, thanks be to the prophets."

The "Old Man" had forgotten all about the episode and when Carter turned up promptly at two, he was surprised and

disappointed.

"You're Tipton's man?"

"Yes, sir. You told me to report at two." "So I did; so I did. Do you know what it is to be a reporter or a newspaper manup at all hours, no regular time to yourself, no possibility to make engagements, darned poor pay, and lots of hard knocks? Probably have to forget all you've learnt, and acquire a lot of new knowledge. In fact, young man," and Warren grew impressive and earnest, "a newspaper man has no home save his paper, no time that he can call his own; he is the best friend the people have, and is at the same time the most abused, and he often has to sacrifice his own personal feelings in consideration of the welfare of the paper. Don't try it, young man, don't try it."

Carter had glanced around the room

while he was waiting for the "Old Man" to notice him and had seen the photo.

"Yes, sir, I know; the welfare of the paper first, that of yourself and family afterward."

The "Old Man" looked at him curiously, but the gray eyes were steady and sober, and there was not a suspicion of a smile about the firm lines of the mouth.

Perhaps he might do. Just then the turned-up pants attracted the "Old Man's" attention. No, he would not do, but he could not be turned down; that would make Tipton angry. There was need for more diplomacy. Warren concluded that he would give the boy an assignment, which he felt sure would sicken him of newspaper life. Three of the old hands had tried it; the last received rather rough usage.

"Well, there is something you might try this afternoon. Millville is about eight miles out of town. The hands in the woolen mills have been on a strike for the last four weeks; they hold meetings every Saturday night; they will have one this evening. It will be held in the old Johnson store building, second floor; there is no one occupying the store room on the first just now; believe there are some goods waiting removal; we want an account of what they do in the meeting. I might as well tell you that the strikers guard the building very closely during meeting hours. Moulder tried to hide in the store last week, but they searched the room before the meeting and found him; treated him rather rough; then they placed a guard round so that he could not get back. You can try it if you want to."

"Very well."

"That job will sicken him in good shape.

—If those pants had not been turned up—"
cogitated Warren as Carter left the room.

About twelve that night a disheveled figure slunk into the editorial room, and took a seat at a vacant table. After about half an hour's steady writing, the bunch of copy was placed on the "Old Man's" desk. Warren started to read it, working the blue pencil less and less as he became more interested.

"Is that all straight?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did you get it? Treated you

rather badly, eh?" The "Old Man" smiled rather grimly, as he glanced at the suit covered with dirt; coat dripping with wet, and saw the general absence of trimness so apparent in the early day.

"No, sir; they did not catch me."
"Well, how did you get—that way?"

Carter looked down at his suit with a surprised look; he had not noticed the disorder. He flushed.

"Excuse me, sir, I must apologize for coming in in this state."

The "Old Man" laid back and roared. "Don't apologize, boy. Tell me where the dirt comes from."

"I suspect—that it is the potatoes."

"Potatoes! What on earth were you

doing with potatoes?"

"Well, sir; you told me I had to get the news. I went to Millville directly after leaving you; found the store-room locked; I, I-sized up the lock, and came back to town for keys which I-thought would fit it. I know it was not exactly the right thing to do," this in mistaken answer to a surprised look from Warren, "but you told me that I had to get that news for the paper, and my old professor told me that I never would acquire that 'nicety of refinement generally coincident with a classical education.' I got in the store room; remembered what you said about Moulder; found the trap door to the cellar; went down and discovered a big pile of potatoes stored there, with some loose boards lying round; took the boards, and fixed up a corner in the cellar, piling the potatoes all around me; hid there; the store-room was searched, I was not discovered; later I climbed up; saw a light shining through a hole in the ceiling; it was where the stove pipe is run in the winter to the drum in the upper room; climbed on a high stool on the top of a counter, and found I could hear very well, and see enough to jot down a few shorthand notes. I got all the motions and most of the substance of what they were talking about. It's there."

"But how did you get wet?"

"Oh," ruefully, "some fool upset the bucket of drinking water; it poured through the hole and as I could not move I got most of it down my neck."

"Never mind, my boy, you won out."

This was Carter's first beat. The Mail next morning came out with a full account of the proposed move of the strikers. The latter were so astonished at the revelation that they became disconcerted. The employers took advantage of the dismay. The strike was ended, and the Mail received some handsome advertisements from the Mills, which had up to that time patronized the Daily Press.

Carter was put on the force and stayed.

11

Warren, busily and roughly engaged in his work, showed no signs of a tender side to his nature. He had his code of business principles; lived up to them, and instilled them into the minds of the youngsters growing up in the office. The domestic side of his life he kept to himself. His wife was dead; she had left him a young daughter, who by nature was the antipodes of her stern and rigorous father. It seemed as if the office repression of the gentler side of his character had the effect of causing it to be predominant in his home life. He "got rid of his meanness at the office," as Kathleen used to tell him. She knew, for if ever a spoilt daughter existed, it was the fair-haired, blue-eyed little girl of Warren. A stricter bringing up would have been better for her, but the "Old Man" could not bear to be cross to the one being left to remind him of his loved wife. So Kathleen grew up to be a wilful, spoilt beauty. She recognized that her "Daddie" had to stay at the office most of the time; it was so and had to be so; and as long as he gave her all the time he had to spare, she could not, and did not complain. That was, however, the limit of her forbearance. With everyone else she was most exacting, and like a spoilt child, could brook no opposition. The Lord made her pretty and winsome, but had not rounded out her character by making her reasonable, and, if there is anything on this earth that causes, or has caused, more trouble than a woman of this natural endowment, writers of fiction and fact, in poetry and prose, have not discovered it.

Carter had become one of the most reliable men on the staff of the Mail. He could hardly be classed as a brilliant writer, but he had a bull-dog tenacity of purpose which stood him in good stead in the pursuit of news; he rarely failed when he once started on the trail. He was a gentlemanly young fellow, and men liked and trusted him; he secured many leads owing to the knowledge which men had that he would not betray a confidence if entrusted with one. In this way he was given general outlines in business and political affairs which enabled him to forecast with precision. He knew where to strike, when he wanted to write an effective "story."

Warren liked him, and no man had imbibed the "Old Man's" code of principles more thoroughly than Carter. The paper was all in all to him; it was characteristic of his purposeful and single-minded nature to set one aim above all others; with him it was the success of the Mail; he would have given his life for it.

Of course he fell in love with Kathleen. It could not have been otherwise. Two such opposite characters, physically and mentally, had a natural attraction-the one for the other; the love was all the fiercer on account of the only characteristic which they had in common-strength of will. It does not need a soothsaver to prophesy what will happen when dark hair and gray eyes in a good-looking man are brought into frequent company with blonde hair and blue eyes in a winsome lassie; especially when the man is deliberate, forceful and single-minded, and all a man, and the girl is light-hearted, fascinating, just a little scheming and-all a woman.

Butterflies like to flit from flower to flower, when the sun is shining and the sky is blue, but a broad oak limb is a welcome shelter, when the storm gathers and rain falls.

The storm came when Warren died suddenly, and Kathleen was left without a relative to take care of her.

Carter was chosen to take Warren's place and became the "Old Man." Kathleen fled to the shelter of his strong arms.

She felt sure that her love was strong enough to stand the inconveniences attendant upon being the bride of a newspaper man on a morning paper. There are only seven evenings in the week and when the husband is busy on each one, there is bound to come a strong test in the love of the bride, who likes festivities and whose natures craves gayeties. Kathleen had had all of her father's life at home; it did not occur that there would be much difference, if she had as much of her husband's. But while Miss Warren could always command a "beau" whenever she wanted one for evening parties, it was different with Mrs. Carter. "It would not look well for a married woman, and a bride at that, to be seen out with a man who was not her husband."

At first she did not mind; her father was recently dead; Bernard gave her all his spare time and there were many and novel duties to attend to. But time brought a change, for when the little one had come-and gone-time hung most heavily on her hands. The evenings grew long and dreary. Nowhere in particular to go, for one cannot talk to women all the time! Just haunting memories of a little companion, who should have been there-but was not; a little pair of shoes rubbed smooth round the tops, where loving hands so often held them, instead of being peep-holed at the toes, where baby's kicks should have worn them.

A butterfly can give up its life and die, when its usefulness is finished, but if it has no usefulness to fulfill and its life is prolonged, it has to search out the sunshine and the flowers, and fly from the one to the other in its aimless, drifting fashion.

It was a very busy fall. There was a bitter campaign on, and the industrial world was in a generally upset condition. Carter recognized that Kathleen was listless and realized that he had not the time to take her out as much as he should. An old-time friend, with society leanings, was called into service and Kathleen was escorted to parties by a man other than her husband—"just as if I were a young girl instead of a married woman of twenty-five."

The butterfly flitted; the flower grew interesting and interested, and Kathleen and her husband drifted.

Carter was told about it, but laughed. "Kathleen—Warren's child; oh, rubbish." Why, she knew of his great love for her, and understood how things were. She was too sensible to expect him to neglect his work.

If she could have realized just when the Rubicon was being crossed, she would have flown to him and compelled his attention; made him save her; but when an unquiet thought prompted her to speak on one occasion, he happened to be very busily engaged and did not, to her sensitive mind, seem to respond as readily as he should. So she shrank away and thought herself repulsed.

There had been a rush week at the office. Carter had run down to his flat for dinner at six, prior to putting in a long night at work. He felt particularly happy; the campaign would end in a few days; he had steered the ship through many and difficult channels, and everything pointed to the success of the men and principles which the Mail championed.

"Oh, Kathleen!"

"Missus said has 'ow she wouldn't be 'ome to dinner, sur," said the latest importation, who presided over the kitchen of the Carter household.

"What time did she go out?"

"Two o'clock, sur."

Carter was sorry; the tension of the fight was relaxing; he felt as if he were just emerging from a month of clouds and mist. He had not been feeling very well of late. Dr. Morton had told him that he must take a rest. "Your nerve force is almost exhausted, Mr. Carter," the physician had said, "strain it very much more and-something will snap." He had not worried his wife by telling her.

He wanted Kathleen. There was news for her. The Mail Publishing Company was going to organize a subsidiary company to issue an evening paper. He was to be in full charge and was to have a generous quota of the stock. The new work would allow him his evenings for Kathleen, and before the change was made he would have an opportunity to take the needed vacation. They would go on a trip. She certainly had had a lonesome time of it.

He ran to his room to prepare for the evening meal. He snatched up the brush; a little note fell off the back. Ah! she had left a message, bless her.

He read it.

"H'I'm going out, sur."

"All right."

Was that his voice? Carter had an indistinct idea that he had had dinner or something or other; he had pretended to

What was it that had happened? He wanted to think. He had been married; he was sure of that! Yes; the baby had died; yes, the sorrow of it! But this note

from Kathleen-his Kathleen.

She did not love him? She had gone away? What did it mean? If she was not here, there was no home; but then he had something to do; of course; the boys expected him back at the office. There was the telephone; he would call up Rutter, and tell him to go ahead with the work.

"Hello, Central."

He wondered how many miles away Central was; sound carried at the rate of so many feet per second; it seemed to take a long time to hear from Central; there was a moaning, rolling sound in his ears; the Exchange must have been moved across the river; it was not less than fifty miles off. He commenced figuring. At last the voice reached him from Central; it took a long time.

"Main 1227."

"Hello, is that you, Rutter? This is Ben Carter-Didn't know my voice? Well, the wire is running through the water now-eh?-Oh! of course. that's a joke.-No, I'm not feeling well. Can you manage? Yes? I'll 'phone later -So 'long."

Rutter had not recognized his voice. Carter did not recognize himself. Then there was something missing-Kathleen-That could not change his voice. Yes, if this changed his life, it would change his voice. Of course; what a fool he was; but then he never had been good at algebra and finding missing quantities; classics had been his forte; though his old professor had always said that he 'never would acquire that nicety of refinement generally coincident with a classical education.' Whom had he told that to? Warren, Kathleen's father; "The welfare of the paper first, that of yourself and family afterward." Good God! There was the paper, and the Press. This trouble would get out—of course—he was well known—and the *Press* would get it. Who in thunder was doing this sort of work for the *Mail?* They were not attending to these things properly since he had left. There ought to have been someone to see the husband by this time. The husband! That was he!

It was just about a year ago that he had written up the Chambers case; he had known Chambers and his wife. But it seemed an impersonal matter then; a

newspaper story.

He remembered how Kathleen had taken issue with him when the story appeared—rather unusual for Kathleen, he had thought-but she and Olivia Chambers had been friends at school, and Kathleen dreaded the effect of newspaper publicity on her dainty, shrinking little chum. She had even begged him to suppress the story, though none knew better than "Old Man" Warren's daughter the newspaper value of the sensational Chambers case. Chambers was a politician; the campaign for Congress had kept him away from home. Carter had known, too, that he was drinking heavily-ah, that was one thing Kathleen could not say of him! She could not seek the protection of another man, as they said Olivia Chambers had done, because she feared her husband. But Kathleen had never spoken of that-"Olivia had rather be beaten," she had cried, "than be neglected!"

Neglected! Ah, that was it. And so she had gone away! "The welfare of the paper first, that of yourself and family afterward." And it was his duty to see that the Mail never got scooped. Of course! he was the "Old Man" and the responsibility was on his shoulders. Now

steady!

Was that rain? Had Kathleen taken wraps? Her face had ached last night; her pretty face! She had soothed it with laudanum—yes, laudanum soothed pain. Now he was in pain; somewhere inside him; would laudanum stop that, too?

Ah! there was the bottle! Should he apply the lotion to his pain? But that would make another item for the papers, and Rutter was awfully slow sometimes. The *Press* might hear it and the *Mail* would be scooped; then what would Warren say? Kathleen's father—he'd tell

Kathleen that Carter had failed. Kathleen! that circle again. What was it Warren taught? "The welfare of the paper first, that of yourself and family afterward." and "all men are items, merely material for newspaper stories." It was getting plainer now. His head was hot, but he saw what he must do. If he could only steady himself.

The old trick came back. He had often steadied himself in the midst of the whirl of work and excitement by putting his thoughts on paper. He commenced to write; guided by force of habit, he told the story. He was writing about an incident which did not affect him personally; he had become a "newspaper item."

He finished the story. Could he send it? The boys would keep the matter from the Mail out of regard for him, even if they learnt it, unless he directed otherwise. But the evening papers! They would tell the story; tell it brutally, sensationally, reflect on Kathleen-his story excused her-perhaps print some frightful caricature of her -conveying a wrong impression which could never be corrected-poor child! It was his fault, not hers, his neglect, not her faithlessness; and, andthe Mail would be scooped; and too the Mail always, God bless it, told the truth; it feared nothing, but it wasn't yellow. Moreover the responsibility was on him; he was the "Old Man," and there was the Mail motto.

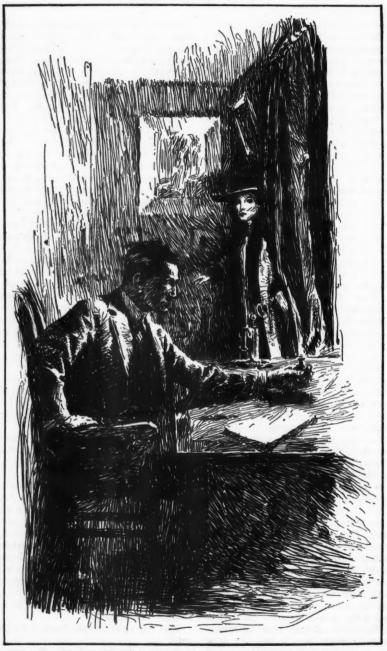
He made up his mind. He would send the story. He could not read it in print, but then—would he not escape that?

He took up the telephone.

"Is that you, Rutter? I'm on to an important piece of news. Hold last two columns on first page. Send young Thornwall up here at 1.30. Tell him I have something here that he must keep very quiet about and not tell anyone what he sees or hears until he sees you. Make that clear to him; very clear. You will find a key to the front door of my rooms in the little right hand drawer of my desk. Give it to Thornwall, and tell him to go straight to the den."

That was right; it was his duty to the

The keen tension relaxed. The spring rebounded. That shooting pain in the



Circles, running into one another; they all had hubs; and the hub was a newspaper—
the Mail. That agonizing pain in his head! Kathleen had bathed her face with
laudanum to soothe pain. He grasped for the bottle

head! "Kathleen! O Kathleen, you might have known; and never doubted my love for you." Was he going mad? Mad! There was the circle again! Circles, one running into the other; they all had hubs; and the hub was a newspaper—the Mail. That agonizing pain in his head!

Kathleen had bathed her face with laudanum to soothe pain . . He grasped for the bottle.

"Ben!"

There was the vision of a pale face, of eyes that were blanched in horror. He felt a cool hand on his forehead.

At 1.30 young Thornwall came whistling up to the door. He opened it and went straight to the den. A single light burned on the center table, and a figure in white was bent far over it, feverishly turning the pages of a manuscript.

"Oh," stammered the reporter in confusion, "I thought Mr. Carter was here! Oh, did I frighten you, Mrs. Carter?"

Kathleen dropped the sheets of manuscript. A shiver passed through her frame. The whole world had changed. She was possessed of a mad desire to shriek out. But repression came at a vital moment to the daughter of Old Man Warren.

"Good evening, Mr. Thornwall," she said. She did not know her own voice. Yes, the world—the whole world had changed. She shuddered. But here was this boy from the Mail. "Mr. Carter is asleep," she whispered, nodding toward the couch across the room. "The campaign has exhausted him."

The reporter opened his eyes. "Why," he gasped, "he telephoned Rutter he had a double-column lead and they're waiting to go to press."

Kathleen looked aghast at the manuscript before her. Could that be the double-column lead? And then the daughter of Old Man Warren did some rapid thinking.

"The story is here," she said, picking up the sheets casually. "Mr. Carter wrote it hurriedly—it's quite, quite inside information, you know, and he asked me to read it before I gave it to you. Now there is one thing that a man can't write as well as a woman, Mr. Thornwall,"—her words came slowly, but her mind worked like chain lightning—"and that's the story of a reconciliation. I want to write this one myself—if you will help me. The head must simply say "The Chambers Reconciled." She spoke the words with emphasis and turned slightly as a gasp emitted from the divan.

"The Chambers reconciled!" cried the boy. "Why, Mrs. Carter, that will mean why, you know, popular sentiment was all that was ruining Chambers, and now—"

"And now we hope," finished Kathleen, smiling, "that he and Mrs. Chambers will have their second honeymoon in Washington. Shall I give you the story, Mr. Thornwall?"

The hall clock struck two as Kathleen accompanied the reporter to the door. Quietly she slipped back into the den. Carter sat before the fireplace, head bent.

"Ben!" she whispered.

"O Kathleen!"

A belated and somewhat informal breakfast was being served in the Carter household when Carter went into the hall, in answer to a persistent jangling of the telephone bell.

"Rutter says, Kathleen," he announced a few minutes later, "that the Chambers story is the biggest beat this year. The papers all over the state have gone wild.

"And the impudent pup had the presumption to tell me," he went on, smiling, "that if my wife would write more 'live copy' like that, we'd put the *Press* out of business.

"And I told him," he crossed to her and took both her hands in his—"that neither I nor my wife cared a hang for the *Press*—no, nor for the *Mail* either, if he pleased, and that we were going to Europe by the next boat.

"But before we go, Kathleen," he finished seriously, "we are going to take down that motto in the office that says, "The welfare of the paper—"

But Kathleen put a protesting hand over his mouth.

Playing Her Part

by

Harold Strong Latham

Author of "The Broken Pinion"

HERE was a gentle tap at the door, an apologetic, hesitating tap, which, receiving no response, gave way to more determined knocking.

"It's only Ferguson, Vera. I want to see you." The voice was soft and kind and as it reached the ears of the woman who sat huddled up in the chair it produced the desired effect. She rose slowly, as if very tired, and stopping only to dab with her handkerchief at the corners of her eyes crossed to the door and opened it.

A man of striking appearance stood on the threshold, the kind of man one thinks of when one sees a vast estate of cotton fields surrounding an immense white-pillared mansion. He was tall, very tall and straight; his hair, bushy and white, his eyebrows coal black. It was not his physical characteristics which held the eye so much as the kindly expression which lit up his face, an expression which was in fact as much a part of him, as material a thing, as his high brow and square shoulders.

He bent a trifle in a somewhat stiff but very dignified manner as Vera held out her hand. Distinctly he was a gentleman of the old school.

"Ah! I knew it!" he said, when he had accepted her invitation to be seated. "You have been crying. I saw it coming on at rehearsal this afternoon."

His companion looked away, winking hard and made no attempt to deny the charge. The old man leaned forward and took her hand. "What is it?" he asked softly.

At this the woman gave way.

"It's old age," she cried out harshly. "See the wrinkles here and here and the gray in my hair and my figure—no longer girlish. That's what's the trouble. I want my youth. I'm afraid—to grow old—afraid."

"My dear Vera, you're not old—" he began mildly.

"What's the use of our pretending? Do you think I'd let them know out there how old I am? No, never, but in here, to you, Fergie, I can talk. I'm forty tomorrow. It wasn't so bad when I was in the thirties, but forty—oh, it's old—old, old for an actress who hasn't made a name." Her voice broke and she covered her face with her hands again.

"You have been fortunate as the world goes," Ferguson put in mildly. "And happy, too, haven't you?"

"As the world goes—that's good!"
There was bitterness in her words.

"As the world goes!" She swept the room with a motion of her hand. "Look at the wealth around you," she cried. "A few knickknacks, several thousand dollars in the bank." She shrugged her shoulders. "Happy? Yes, when I don't dream of what I want to be, but like the pendulum of the clock just keep swaying back and forth. Stock work in the summer, small parts in the winter, back and forth, back and forth, never a chance to show what I can do in a really big scene."

"That is the lot of the many," Ferguson ventured.

"I know, I know, of course," Vera replied, "but I had hoped, kept myself alive by hoping, and now I feel that hope is dying. Who ever heard of an actress scoring her first success after she had passed her fortieth year?"

"They don't all talk as frankly as you have," Ferguson rallied. "Who can say as to the age at which successis oftenest won by woman?"

For just a fleeting second she caught his mood, a smile hovering on her lips, but it was soon gone.

"I'm sick of it," she went on—"sick of cheap boarding-houses like this, sick of the theatre, sick of playing old woman parts when my heart longs for something bigger, and most of all, sick of life. For just two cents I'd end it."

"You have a good part in the new play. It should go well," Ferguson encouraged.

"It's an old woman's part," Vera rejoined snappishly, "and I tell you I'm tired of acting old people and tired of growing old. I hate age."

Ferguson rose and walked the length of the room and returning stopped in front of her. "I came here," he said "to ask a favor of you, a favor in the granting of which I believe you will benefit. I wont you to make a call, just a social call on a little lady friend of mine. Will you do it?"

"Since you ask me, yes."

"Thank you.

"Her name is—well, no matter what. I call her Auntie Rose, just because it

fits. You'll see why when you meet her." He stopped, and his eyes took on a far-away expression.

"When I was young I dreamed dreams-



"If to grow old is to grow like you, it isn't terrible, it's beautiful!" she whispered, forgetful of Ferguson

such dreams as vours, I imagine," he resumed in low tones. "I was going to be a writer. I had some success too, a few stories in the magazines and a book long since forgotten. These things were but forerunners of agreat disappointment. They fired my hopes and made me believe that something really worth while was in store, but it did not come. I could not make a living by my pen and finally, forced to earn money, for I was very poor, I obtained a small part in a secondrate stock company. Not that I was interested particularly in the theatre, for I had given it hardly a thought up to that time, but it seemed to me that it offered the excitement I craved. I was in the depths of despair and

ready for any sort of distraction. Deviltry—wine, women and song—was what I wanted."

Vera uttered an exclamation of surprise. Anything but the strictest propriety was out of keeping with the Ferguson she had known so long.

"That was before I met her—Auntie Rose. She was playing the leads, a jolly happy person she was then, with as much of her life behind her as she had reason

to expect was before her. From the first she took an interest in me and helped me. The years went on and she still played stock, though I, guided by her teachings, advanced to better and better positions. I never lost sight of Auntie Rose, however, for it was she who kept me out of the mire and showed me the supreme importance of living clean."

He looked squarely at the woman. "You're a good woman, Vera, you're clean, your ideas are right, but you're passing through the valley of despondency just now and that's why I want you to see Auntie Rose. She's through with paint and powder and the calcium, and she's never been nearer Broadway than Sixth Avenue and Fourteenth Street. When will you go? You must go before our opening night," he concluded decisively.

"That only leaves me tomorrow." She repressed an inclination to laugh at his insistency. "Very well. I'll go in the morning. Perhaps it will be a good tonic for the great event of the evening."

"I am glad. I hoped you would go. Here is her address." He took a card out of his pocket and gave it to her. "She'll be ready for you after eight-thirty. I—I saw her this afternoon and I told her you were coming."

He stooped over and taking the woman's hand raised it to his lips. "Please sit right still. It will do you good to think and rest. Goodbye." He passed slowly out of the room.

II

After riding for what seemed an interminable time in a car which, at first crowded had, as it neared the end of its route, become almost deserted, Vera heard her street called. She had begun to fear that the conductor had forgotten her, for unfamiliar with the outskirts of the city, she had been obliged to rely upon him for direction and the journey had taken much longer than she had supposed it would. She found herself as she followed his orders to "walk up there, and turn to the left and keep going" in what was to her the country. She drew a deep breathshe could not remember when she had last been away from the noisy roar of traffic and the hurry of many people.

"Auntie Rose," she mused. "It's the

kind of a place I should expect a person with such a name to live in." Big trees, rich with foliage beginning to be colored by the first chill of Autumn, in irregular line on the street side of the walk, were faced by houses years old, rambling in shape and surrounded by immense lawns not too well kept. There was nothing new about the locality; everything showed age and there was a soothing quality about it. The house bearing the number for which Vera was looking she found to be much like the others, a trifle smaller and more compact perhaps. A woodbine, dyed a gorgeous red, nearly covered the porch which was built around the front door and seemed to shed a wholesome cordiality by its warm and cheery look.

"I am Vera Delamour, and I came to see—" she hesitated a moment, and the girl who had answered her ring smiled

helpfully.

"Yes, I know," she said. "Please come in."

Vera followed the maid through the shadowy hall and up the broad stairs. "Miss Delamour," she announced, paus-

ing on the threshold of a sunlit chamber.

"Come right in, my dear," a pleasant

"Come right in, my dear," a pleasant voice invited. "I have been waiting for you."

Standing by a chair at the far end of the room was a little woman with rosy cheeks and white hair. Vera caught her breath at first sight of her-she was so fragile, so wistfully pretty. For a minute, entranced by the beauty of the picture, Vera remained motionless: she was almost afraid to speak for fear that her voice might scatter the illusion she thought she saw. An odor of lavender was in the air, which, with the queer old mahogany furnishings and oddly fashioned ornaments, served to set the room off by itself. Surelythe figure standing awaiting by the chair, gowned quaintly after the fashion of other times, was not of this world. With a brave effort Vera shut her eyes and opening them suddenly looked to see if anything had vanished. Just then the pleasant voice which had asked her in again broke the heavy silence.

"Miss Delamour—Vera—are you there? You must excuse me for not coming to you. I am nearly blind."



Auntie Rose laughed softly. "As you will, but that was many years ago"

With a little cry Vera ran forward.

"Oh, I did not know, Auntie Rose. I may call you that, may I not?" Indeed it seemed to her that no other name could be so appropriate—her loveliness was so like a full blown rose, pink and white with the petals just ready to fall.

"He told you that, did he? Yes, dear, you may call me Auntie Rose. I have been such to many and it pleases me. Now, my child, let me see you."

The girl knelt by the side of the softcushioned rocker. The look which was bent upon her was long and searching, and before the mild gray eyes had faltered the brown head of the younger woman was buried in the lap of Auntie Rose and she was crying.

"There, there, my dear, I had quite forgotten. My mind had gone back to the happy days when I was your age. You must pardon my rude stare.

"And now," she continued when Vera rose and, kissing the forehead of the actress of yesteryear, seated herself on a low stool by her side—"you must tell me of your new part. Ferguson says it's a fine one, and I suppose you are excited, for tonight's the premiere, isn't it?"

"Yes," Vera assented unenthusiastically, "but I'm not excited, not at all. Oh, how I wish I were. And I don't want to talk about the play—I'd much rather talk about you and Fergie and

when you two played together."

Auntie Rose laughed softly. "As you will, but that was many years ago, and Binnie, that's what we used to call Ferguson then, has since become a great actor. I remember when he couldn't read the most serious line without making you laugh."

"And he owes his success all to you, he tells me."

"Oh, pshaw! oh, pshaw!" the old lady denied, though plainly pleased. "He's a great flatterer, is Binnie. He earned his success. He's had to work hard."

"But he's never forgotten. Auntie Rose marks the turning point in his career, and he wants her to mark mine. Oh, I'm so, so unhappy—" Vera broke down completely. In a few passionate words she poured forth her tale of lost ambition. "I'm an old woman doomed to play the

part before others," she concluded.

Auntie Rose listened without saying a word, patting the bent head lightly with her hand.

"Tell me," Vera demanded almost fiercely, "what is it that makes you so happy?"

"My memories," Auntie Rose answered

quietly

"Your memories?"

"Yes, my memories. They are the friends which people this big house; they make up my life, now that I cannot leave this room."

"Oh," Vera almost gasped. "And are

you really happy?"

"I am really happy. Sometimes I am asked by exuberant young folks if I get lonesome. I can always say no, for at my will I can have around me whomever I wish, young or old, light or grave, and when I'm tired I can send them away without hurting their feelings."

"This is the woman," Vera thought to herself, "whose only triumphs were those of the so-called 'popular theatre'; who probably had never played before anything more aristocratic than a dollar audience and yet though the success she must have dreamed of had never been realized, she

was not bitter."

"Regret," Auntie Rose continued, her voice taking on a more serious tone, "is the only thing that may spoil it. I don't mean the little sorrows, the little aggravations which are the lot of everyone, but the decisive moments in life and the moments which affect the happiness of others—if we steer surely and squarely ahead, increasing years bring increasing joys, and what we thought was an unweatherable gale we see through the light of our later experience was merely a lot of playful white-caps on the surface of the waters."

"I suppose I'm passing through the whitecaps now. I—I thought it was a tempest and that I was going to be wrecked," Vera said, carrying on the meta-

phor.

"You've got the blues, plain matter-offact blues," Auntie Rose rejoined brightly, "and you're going to get over them and see how foolish it all is, and the next time anyone tells you that an old actress has nothing to live for or you feel a little bit that way yourself, just say—'you lie.' There's really a great deal of refreshment to be obtained from those two words. A person feels a lot better, ready for almost any kind of a struggle if he can only say: 'you lie!'—though of course it isn't the most lady-like expression." She laughed at her own philosophy.

"So just say it right out: 'you lie!' An old actress has everything to live for if she's abided by the motto—live so that you won't regret—for of all people in the world, her memories are the richest, the best and the most varied company."

"Thank you, Auntie Rose. You've helped a lot," Vera said simply.
"I hope I have, I like to help."

They talked on for an hour or more, bits of reminiscence, comment on current plays and actresses, confessions, intimate personal affairs, all mingling together with that delightful abandon which is noticeable where there are those who understand each other perfectly. When at last, pleading an early rehearsal, Vera rose to go, there was the look of conquest in her eyes.

III

Vera did not realize how much there was in her part until that night. She had put only a half-hearted interest into her work, vaguely classifying the role with the other thankless ones of the same kind which she had personated. She had failed to see that in Mother Appleby there were certain universal traits which, if presented with sympathy, were sure to make the character appealing. As she went through her lines at the final rehearsal it flashed upon her that she was misinterpreting their meaning. The idea persisted and finally when she had made her exit in the last act, she sought an outof-the-way corner of the stage and hurriedly turned the pages of her prompt book. When she had gone over the three acts carefully and had found no inconsistencies in her new conception she made a sudden resolution.

"I'll do it," she said aloud and with that darted across the stage toward her dressing room.

"Vera," a voice called just as she reached the door. She turned. It was Ferguson, still in his make-up of a prosperous banker.
"I have something for you." He reached into his pocket and took out a tiny gold

into his pocket and took out a tiny gold locket on a chain. Opening it he held it out to her.

"Oh!" Vera exclaimed, "Auntie Rose! How lovely. Just as dainty as she is. And it's for me?"

"Yes. I want you to wear it tonight, as a sort of charm, you know."

Vera took the miniature and looked long at the artist's work, wonderful in its soft coloring.

"Oh, I shall love to have it," she said. "How can I ever thank you enough?"

"By doing your best tonight," Ferguson answered as he walked away.

Vera checked the reply that was on her lips. Entering her room she sat down at the dresser and spreading her copy of the play out before her she began to study it feverishly.

Vera's last doubt as to the correctness of her new interpretation vanished, when, but a little while later, she began the delineation of Mother Appleby before an audience, which was unusual in size and enthusiasm. She had little to do in the first act, but as she sounded the keynote of the character-love, mother-love, deepand abiding-she felt something snap within her. A refreshing faith in herself, a faith she had not known for weeks, came over her and she knew that she was right. To make others realize the beauty of the old lady; to melt the hearts of any in that great stretch on the other side of the footlights who might be hardened by disappointment; to make them shed tears and thereby be comforted, as her heart had been comforted; to pass on some of the vision of the godliness of old age which she had seen that morning, became her passionate desire.

Her opportunity came in the last act. The scene was a short one, a mother's plea for an erring son, a theme as old as mothers and sons. There was no violent outburst, no emotional frenzy; instead a voice of musical sweetness, a mother's voice in the making of which hope, tears, joy and sorrow all had a part. Tremblingly, haltingly, briefly, she plead for her stage child as a real mother would have done. Just as Auntie Rose, despite shame

and disgrace, would have fought steadfastly for one she loved, so Vera fought in make-believe. There was none of the defiance which had marked her previous reading—a rendering as correct perhaps as the new one and which had at rehearsals passed the scrutiny of the ever-watchful but not too-discriminating stage director but in its place was love, unwavering mother love, crushed for the moment, but sure to rise stronger than ever.

When she had finished speaking she walked slowly across the room, pausing at the door before she passed out to throw upon the man in whose hands the fate of her son lay a look of entreaty which said

even more than her words.

"Great, woman! Great!" the stage manager ejaculated delightedly as he rushed up to Vera. "You certainly got the audience that time. They were deuced quiet. Your exit was tremendous—much better than that head in the air style you've given us. Why didn't you put that feeling into it before?"

"Because I didn't feel that way," Vera answered, "and I thought that defiance

was the proper interpretation."
"What's the matter? Have you fallen
in love, that you're so changed?"

"Yes, in love with an old woman," was Vera's wholly unintelligible reply.

When the curtain fell, the applause was prolonged and insistent. Again and again the star and her leading man responded to the call of the audience and finally the whole company came out and bowed, but still the noise continued.

"I believe it's Vera they want," Ferguson mildly suggested as he heard above the racket a name that sounded undeniably like Delamour. Others heard it too and several of them, seizing Vera, fairly dragged her before the footlights where they left her solitary, embarrassed, but happy, a clamor louder than before proving beyond a doubt that it was to her the hundreds of unknowns wished to pay homage. They were only quieted and willing to go away after Vera, in a few

jumbled phrases and a voice that she hardly recognized as her own, thanked them.

As she came off the stage Ferguson held out his hand.

"I'm so glad," he said simply, "I-I thought that you would understand."

"And you sent me to Auntie Rose to teach me a lesson—Binnie?"

"Yes. I was sure of its effect and I wanted you to make a go of this part."

Vera's eyes shone. "I never—never never loved before," she said, her heart too full for further words.

"But you've made a hit, girl, do you realize it? Tomorrow you'll see your name in big letters in the critic's column and there'll be a lot of praise and prophecy."

"Of course I'm happy over that, so happy I could—squeal, Fergie. I've never had anything like it happen to me before but it isn't everything, after all. There's something else happened, something which I can only guess at. I'm no longer haunted by that fearful dread of old age."

"And this change had been wrought," Ferguson spoke musingly, "by one little woman whose life is bounded by the four walls of a room. It's marvelous what a

personality can do."

"Oh, but you're wrong. True, her life is spent in one spot, but her influence goes out. She's still playing her part." Vera smiled as she spoke and her fingers sought the locket which hung from a chain around her neck. Opening it she stared hard at the miniature.

"Still playing her part," she repeated. "It's an old woman's part, too, and in the center of the stage. If to grow old is to grow like you, it isn't terrible, it's beautiful!" she whispered—forgetful of Ferguson, of the vast black auditorium, of the stage hands noisily working around her. "I'm going to try to be like you," she said almost as if uttering a prayer of consecration. She pressed the picture to her lips and there was a smile of transfiguration on her face as she kissed it.

Larger Usefulness for Our Schools by

Frank P. Walsh

It is ridiculous to expect a

government of the people

when they have no place, as

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business.

Some person or



HE schoolhouse should be the open forum for the discussion of all questions affecting the public welfare. The ballot box should be placed in the same spot, so that the people

could repair to that identical center to record the result of their deliberations.

The main objection to the direct primary wherever instituted has been that the cost is so great. The country has been scandalized lately by enormous expenditures

of certain Senatorial candidates. One of the principal items of expense is for hall rent. With the schools open to the candidates of all parties, this would be eliminated at once. Then, with a strict Corrupt Practice Act, limiting campaign expenditures, and providing for the printing of brief statements and arguments of candi-

dates at public expense, the direct primary could be tested strictly upon its merits.

Meetings in schoolhouses all over the land would mean a permanent primary. When the tariff question is under discussion in Congress next winter, our representatives would be advised over night whether the people meant revision downward or upward. By this means the business men of a community would always be in touch upon commercial and industrial conditions.

Capital and labor would have a common ground of meeting, from which would come a clearer understanding of the rights and duties of each. Workmen's Compensation Acts, Child Labor Laws, Acts Restricting Hours of Labor, and otherwise touching the industrial and social relations of the community, would thus have the prestige of an enlightened, workable and working democracy behind them.

Questions of taxation, affecting all elements of the body politic, would be

discussed and understood, and the worker and capitalist would there receive reports from their servants as to the conduct of their public affairs: how the taxes collected from them are being expended; whether or not favoritism, or worse, is practiced in the letting of public contracts. Millions of dollars are invested in school

buildings. They are occupied less than onefifth of the time. The conduct of the schools themselves would always be under scrutiny by the grown-ups in the social center.

Statistics show that school teachers, for ability required and time of preparation, are the poorest paid of all public servants. Their salaries, more than any others, have failed to keep pace with the increased cost of living. This policy would elevate the teaching profession.

An expert sociologist and teacher of civics should be a part of the staff of every The schoolhouse is the natural

home of democracy-let us

move in and begin business

right away! As a logical se-

quence, the polling places

should be in the schools.

school. He would lead in discussion; prepare a budget of business for both children and adults, and teach the old and young to look after their own business.

It is ridiculous to expect a government of the people when they have no place, as at present, to transact their business. Some person or persons have been pretending to furnish us a government for the people; the social center movement will give us a government by the people. This sort of government would be the strongest upon the earth, for it would be built upon knowledge, and begin its life in the very roots of the community.

The employer in our center could meet and become acquainted with his future employee, and so could the seeker for work meet and know the employer—a free employment agency. The laboring men could meet in a clean and wholesome atmosphere, instead of the back room

or stuffy hall over a saloon. Leave producers and laborers free to work out their own questions of organization, co-operative production and distribution, by common understanding, and they will secure more practical benefit for

themselves than could be enacted into law for them by the combined effort of all the social reformers of the world, no matter how well intentioned. It would be democracy working from all corners to a common center. In these meetings the various groups of our citizens would be getting finely drilled in the very way to best prepare them for handling the government in a true democracy. Questions of operation and control of public utilities, urban and interurban transportation, supply of light and water, all strongly bearing upon our domestic life, would be matters of everyday discussion, upon which not only men and women, but growing children as well, would be informed. As has been so well said: "There has been too much mysticism about such affairs. The perpetuity of a free state, after all, depends upon the knowledge of each independent voter."

The schoolhouse is the natural home of democracy-let us move in and begin business right away! As a logical sequence, the polling places should be in the schools whenever possible. Comptroller Metz, while approving the general plan, is quoted as saying he fears that in some way the building might be misused or harmed by the crowds incident to the ordinary polling booth. Los Angeles, a city of four hundred thousand inhabitants, one of the most cosmopolitan in the world, as typically American as New York, with proportionally the same cleanliness and filth. virtue and baseness, has tried it. distinctly raised the tone of the electing business. The people voted in the spirit of the school instead of the old surroundings. The truth is, the American people can discharge this, their loftiest public duty, in a clean, high-mannered fashion. The use of the schools in Los Angeles saves

the community \$7,500 a year. Experts have figured that a like use of the schools in New York would save the people the vast sum of \$75,000, so that truth and economy are with us.

The three leading candidates for Presi-

dent declared for the principle in this campaign. Governor Wilson, however, was the pioneer in the movement. He threw the weight of his influence for it in a masterly speech at Madison, Wisconsin, a year ago. This, too, is the first time the open school has been made a distinct part of a political propaganda, by the creation of a Social Center Bureau by one of the great political parties, following the ringing declaration of Vice-chairman William G. McAdoo, endorsing the plan, and appealing to the country for its adoption.

The fundamental character of the new crusade was found in the declaration of Governor Wilson in his Madison speech:

"What I see in the movement is a recovery of the constructive and creative genius of the American people."

A Victorious Defeat



Robert R. Updegraff

N Tuesday morning the General had come tottering up the walk leading to the office. In his left hand he was holding tightly his wrapped copy of the Ardee County Citizen and a letter from his son Charlie, who lived in New York. In his other hand he held his cane.

I could have told that he had these things without having looked out of the window. The Citizen always came on Tuesday morning. So did the letter from Charlie. And the General always carried a cane. So there you are. There was nothing strange about it. The General was simply returning from his morning visit to the post-office.

But the fact that he had turned into the walk leading to my office and printshop—the office of the *Dealsville Weekly Digest*—was what made me get up hurriedly and walk to the door to meet him. Ordinarily he never stopped at the *Digest* office in the morning.

When I opened the door the General was half-way up the walk. He looked up and smiled bravely, but there were tears in his aver

"I—I—I was just coming in to tell you that I couldn't come up this afternoon," he said, drying a tear that had trickled down his cheek.

"Why, I'm sorry, General. What is the trouble?" I asked.

"My wife is ill," he said simply. "I must stay at home with her." And then, as if fearing to trust himself with further speech, he turned and hobbled down the walk.

I went back into the office and sat for

a full minute watching the General through the open window until he turned the corner of Main Street. Then I sat and studied the big ink-spot on the top of my desk. No, that ink-spot never would be washed off. It helped me write the editorials for the Digest. It kept me human. It reminded me of devotion, of patriotism, of duty. It helped to keep my heart in tune with those of my fellows. Twice since that spot had been there had one of the townsmen stopped in to tell me that my editorials had been improving lately. that they were more gripping. Of course, they never suspected that the ink-spot had anything to do with it. No one did. I didn't myself-at first.

The General had made that spot. He had smashed my ink bottle with his cane. You see, it was the General's custom to stop in at the office every afternoon—that is, every afternoon excepting Fridaysto talk things over with me. Now you may have suspected already that talking things over with the General meant listening to the General tell about the war. It was seldom that I had a chance to say anything. But I didn't mind. Listening to the General was real missionary work, and I figured from the first that if I didn't have the money to send to home missionary societies, and such things, even if I wanted to, I could do one piece of missionary work in making that old gentleman happy in his old age.

I guess I was the only one in town who ever paid any respectful attention to the General. Everyone else spoke of him as General Bore because he insisted on talking Civil War to everyone who would

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listen to him. But I learned a lot from the General. And the General loved me. I know that because I loved the General. Why, I had slept out on the battlefield with him nights innumerable-and felt him toss around in the blanket we were sharing together, vainly trying to coax sleep when his mind was on fire with plans for the next day's battle. I had ridden on his horse with him through many a terrific encounter, with bullets whizzing around my head and bloody stains all over my hands. I had tasted the joy of victory and the bitterness of defeat. I had smelled the smell of burning powder and of roasting human flesh. I had waded Antietam Creek with him until I had felt that I must go home and put on some dry clothes. In short, I had fought the whole Civil War with the General right there in my own office, with my battered flattop desk as the battleground.

I knew just how General Burnside maneuvered his army in that memorable battle of Fredericksburg. It had all been fought out on the top of my desk. And the battle of Bull Run-that was the most realistic one of all! That was the time the General got so wrought up and so all-absorbed that he actually thought the ink-bottle, which was doing duty as the opposing General, was the General himself, and he brought his cane down on him with such force that the bottle was smashed to pieces, leaving a large black spot to mark his grave. So you see that spot represents to me the climax of human emotions and patriotism. That is why I

leave it there.

There was just one battle that the General never would fight with me. That one never was mentioned at our meetings. It seems that at that battle the General was just about to order a brilliant move, comprehending the whole army under his command, which he was sure would have crushed the enemy right there and then, and thus shortened the war by many months. You see, we are all crazy about some one thing, and that was the General's off spot. I don't believe the battle really amounted to much, but the General firmly believed it to be the most important one of the war-because he was in command, I guess. Anyway, at the height of the battle, when they were charging up a hill, a messenger brought a dispatch, it is said, ordering him to hand over his command to another general temporarily. The other general came up the next minute, and the poor fellow had to ride to the rear and see the battle lost. He had never got over the humiliation of that. It was never mentioned to anyone. What I am telling you about it I learned for the most part from the town folks. It seems that a good many years before, at a reunion of the old guard, the General had made a stirring speech in which he told about the whole battle, in an attempt to set himself right before his comrades. It was a never-to-beforgotten meeting. Those who attended said that the General's speech was the most dramatic thing to which they ever had listened. The General seemed to be on fire. He was fierce, and he was gentle, all at the same time. He brought tears to the listener's eyes at first, and then he plunged their hearts into tears. It was the most wonderful speech that ever had been made in Ardee County. After it was over the General went to his home and was confined to his bed for three weeks.

No one ever dared to refer to that meeting in the presence of the General. Gradually it was forgotten, and the General became old and forgetful. The people, poor misguided things, began to regard him as a nuisance. They avoided him.

When I first came to town and bought out the Digest I had to have some one to tell me the history of the town and all about its growth and development before I could get the real atmosphere of the place so that I could edit the paper intelligently. In the General I found a willing and dependable fund of information. No one will ever know how much he helped me in editing that paper. It makes me feel sort of good inside every time I think that the school reform propaganda, which the town hailed with delight as the progressive move of the new editor of the Digest, was a child of the General's mind. He laid out the whole campaign and I simply let him use the Digest as a speaking tube. Of course I put the thing into words, but the idea was the General's. town folks will never know it, though, for

the General said I mustn't tell because they wouldn't respect it if they knew he was behind it. I positively wept when he said that. So did the General. But later he smiled and said it was all right. He was the most forgiving old soul!

Finally it got so that the General came in every afternoon. He always brought me two or three local items, and once in a while he would write up a bit of the town history and bring it in for me to use some week when local stuff was scarce.

As time went on he fell to talking more and more about the war during his daily When the General talked you simply had to listen. It did take a good deal of my time, but I didn't mind that so much, excepting on Friday afternoons when the paper went to press and things were more or less rushed around the office. I finally had to ask the General if he wouldn't omit the Friday visit on that account. He sort of smiled kindly and said he guessed he had better. But that didn't interfere with the other days. He came every afternoon about two o'clock, and I was always-or nearly always-glad to see him.

But he never came in the morning. That, as I have said before, was the reason I was surprised when he came up the walk that Tuesday morning. I had known for some time that the General's wife was ill—she had a cancer—but the doctor had kept it from him just as long as he could. But on this morning it was evident that she was worse, and the General had had his eyes opened. The dear old fellow wanted me to know that it was duty only that kept him away, so he had come in on his way home to tell me.

He didn't come at all on Wednesday. Thursday passed and no word from him. I was simply lost afternoons without him. Once or twice I had tried to lay out and fight a battle on the top of my desk all alone. I knew well enough what position the Indiana troops occupied, and that the whole Tennessee army was right over by that glass paper weight, ready to move at a minute's notice. I could bring the Massachusetts boys on their long forced march through the woods past that copy book. But I'll be hanged if I could put any real fight into the battles. They were

flat somehow. Finally I had to give it up and simply set myself to wait for the return of the General.

He came quite unexpectedly. On Friday afternoon—the forbidden day—when I was re-writing an obituary notice that old Bill Cripps was waiting for out in the print-shop, in came the General, feebly leaning on his cane at every step. I grabbed a pile of papers from the only other chair in the place and pulled it up near the desk for him.

"How is your wife?" I asked solicitously, as he sank into the chair.

His eyes filled with tears. "She isn't any better," he said, shaking his head sadly. "The doctor says it's—it's—cancer," he whispered, drawing his chair close up to me as if he feared someone might hear. Then he seemed to forget all about it and he sat for two or three minutes in sort of an abstract reverie.

I snatched the opportunity to continue on the obituary notice. Before I could finish it the General looked at me sharply and asked abruptly, "Did I ever tell you about the battle of R——?"

"I believe not, General," I said absently, still intent on the obituary.

Then he hitched his chair around to the end of the desk and began to talk rapidly, staring out of the open window.

"You see, my command that day extended over that whole section of the army. I was at the head. When I saw that the enemy was making plans to—you're not following me," he cried, turning to me with the most appealing look in his eyes. "You're not following me," he repeated, with a suspicion of a sob.

That was too much for me. I simply dropped my pencil and followed the general.

"You see," he said, with the most peaceful expression on his face, now that he had my undivided attention, "I," and his chest swelled out with pardonable pride, "I was at the head of that whole section of the army that day. I saw just what the position of the enemy was and just what they were planning to do. I saw that—that—th—with one blow I—I could change the whole course of the war." And then he launched into a long and tremendously thrilling account of things leading up to this battle.



He held out his hand as if to take the message—the message that was to take his command away from him at the moment of victory

I couldn't begin to tell it to you as the General told it. He was simply on fire that afternoon. I never saw a man so completely alive in the past and still living in the present as was the General. His eyes were fairly flaming with the picture he was painting. His words were short and sharp, and every word was a description in itself. He was in the thick of the

battle again. He was once more mounted on his faithful old horse, now many years dead. His finger trembled pitifully as he pointed out the different positions of the infantry and artillery.

At first I didn't realize that it was the forbidden battle that he was describing, the story of which had never but once before been told. But presently it dawned

upon me. I didn't have the heart to stop him and tell him that this was publication day and that the obituary notice simply had to be finished so it could get onto the press. He was so utterly oblivious to his surroundings that I thought maybe I could pick up my pencil and go on without being noticed. I tried it. For a minute he didn't notice it. Then he turned his keen eyes on me, and oh, the look of reproach that they bore! I never shall for-

"You're not following me," he mur-

mured heartbrokenly.

"Got that 'obit' ready? The paper's way late now," called out the devil, hurrying into the room, his face covered with ink and his apron smeared with the paste he had been mixing for the wrappers. Then he caught the look in the General's eyes and he stopped. I silently waved him out of the room. I was going to see that battle through if the Dealsville Weekly Digest never came out for the week ending September 28. I learned afterward that the devil watched the battle through a crack in the door panel.

The General saw that I was going to follow him again, so once more he mounted his horse and we were again in the midst of the battle. The way the bullets flew was something frightful. You see, the enemy was entrenched on top of a hill, and the General was getting ready to storm the hill, having very cleverly thrown part of his force around to take them in the rear, and thus cut off their retreat. One company was already charging up the hill, and the General was just coming up himself with another directly behind a company of artillery.

"See! See!" cried the General, pointing out the window, "there go the Massachu-

setts artillery boys!"

I must confess it looked to me strangely like R. F. D. Wagon No. 3, with Bill Arbuckle sitting back smoking his old corncob pipe, wending its way slowly up the hill, pulled by Bill's faithful old mare That is, it did at first, for it reminded me that the Digest had lost the mail.

But when the General pointed to it with that crooked, trembling finger of his, it turned a whole company of artillery and went storming up that hill like a tornado let loose! The dust flew up from the horses' feet! The wheels of the guncarriages rumbled over the rocky hillside and creaked as they swung around in position to fire! The flag waved defiantly in the breeze! Foam streamed from the horses' mouths! Their backs were a perfect lather!

There were horrible cries of agony, terrific concussions of cannon, awful moans

of dving men!

Now we were getting right into the thick of the fight! At every step our horse's feet sank into human flesh! Ugh! Men lay dead on the ground like a carpet! It was awful! It was seventy times hell! Men cursed and swore; they prayed and blasphemed in the same breath!

On rode the General and I, right into

the thick of the fight.

The General was a young officer once more. He whispered and yelled in turn. He shook his crooked index finger at the window, as if calling for a fresh supply of courage for his men. The din was awful! We could scarcely hear-I didn't suspect at the time that it was merely the old drum cylinder running off the papers without Mrs. Baker's obituary notice. But we were winning! Just one more flank move and we would have them entirely surrounded!

Grabbing a pencil, the General made as to dash off an order to the reserve

regiments.

Then his voice began to break. "That was just the position we were in-just one more move and they would have been ours-when an aide came up and handed me a message from headquarters-" He held out his hand as if to take the message -the message that was to take his command away from him at the moment of victory.

Neither of us had noticed that while the General had been talking a little boy had come in-the little son of the General's next-door neighbor. Evidently he, too, had been transfixed by the description of the battle. But when the General held out his hand as if to take the message from the aide, the little fellow seemed to remember why he had come, for he placed a slip of paper in the General's outstretched

hand.

"A message," continued the General, speaking in a shrill voice, and at the same time opening the paper which the boy had handed him, "a message that—" he read the message on the slip of paper, just as he had done on that field of battle so many years before, only a little more laboriously, for his eyes were failing.

Then he stopped and closed his eyes very easily, as if accepting with resignation

the order of his superior.

No one moved for a minute, and then I reached down and picked up the paper

which had fluttered to the floor. It bore a simple message from his daughter. His wife had been called to report to the Great General. The General had gone, too.

Somehow, I always have been glad the General never finished that story. He was spared the humiliation of telling me of that awful message depriving him of his command. And as I sit here looking at that ink-spot I feel glad—sort of a solemn glad—that I didn't desert the General in his last battle—a defeat that ended in victory!

CONSOLATION

By RALPH M. THOMSON

POOR, dear, you say—

Ah, yes, it may be true
This Christmas finds us not so well to do
As in days past; perhaps we may not own
Quite all we did in ages long since flown,
When Life seemed kinder in her roughest way
Than she has been for many a dreary day;
We may not now be able to invest
In little things, as when we were more blest;
It may bring sorrow that we are denied;
Grief may pursue us fully panoplied;
But recollect, though deep be this distress,
That some there are who have, child, even less!

Fate is unkind-

What if the trees are bare,
And shiver in an icy atmosphere;
If stripped of all their autumn tinted leaves
Each lonely sapling in the forest grieves?
What if the daisies that on yesterday
Waltzed with the winds, have passed unsung away,
Leaving the earth that smiles when they were born
An heritage of woe, and heart forlorn?
Think of the crepe upon the rich man's door—
Of countless pilgrims gone, to come no more;
And then, remember that, despite Dame Ill,
We live, and, comrade, have each other still!

The Little War God



Lewis E. MacBrayne



HE powerful French car had traveled fifty miles since leaving Boston, without sighting an outpost of either the Blue or the Red army, and its lone occupant—not counting,

of course, the chocolatebrown chauffeur in faultless livery—was beginning to grow impatient as she consulted her road map once more. And then the automobile shot into the little town of West Boxford, and came unexpectedly upon a council of war at the crossroads.

"Peter, there they are!" she cried. "Slow down and see what they are."

"They seem to be generals, ma'am," the chauffeur replied politely. "Those with white bands on their hats are the regular army umpires."

There were gathered at the crossroads a group of men, several in brilliant dress uniform, the others in the olive drab of field service, listening to one of the umpires of the war game, who had unfolded a map. Three cars by the roadside and a half dozen horses held by colored orderlies suggested the manner by which they had met, and as Alta Lenning drew nearer she recognized the governor and his staff, one of whom she knew.

"Stop the car, Peter," she commanded. "I want to ask a question."

Her acquaintance on the staff, a very good looking bachelor colonel, hastened to help her alight. A stout, bearded man, in field uniform, but with no designating band upon his hat, looked up with a frown, which disappeared at sight of Alta Lenning. She was very good to look upon, being of the thoroughbred type of girl that he understood and appreciated.

"I'm interrupting," she said, pausing half out of the car. "I didn't suppose that we were going to run into real generals."

The colonel smiled. "You recognized him? Commander of the Department of the East. The regulars are really running the whole show this year, and we staff members are the spectators. Let me present you to the governor. He knows your brother."

The governor was politely waiting, and received her genially. He introduced her in turn to the bearded general, who indicated the little red and blue pennants on her car and remarked, "You have friends in both armies?"

"I have a brother in the Reds," she replied.

"And a cousin with the Blues?" he said, banteringly.

"I have no friends in the Blue army, and I hope it will be beaten out of its boots," she answered with spirit.

The staff smiled, and the regular who had been standing patiently with the outspread map awoke to an interest in her.

"We shall see," the General observed enigmatically, and requested the umpire with the map to proceed with his statement. The group became attentive once more as he continued:

"The problem of the Biue army for three days has been to cover the river in its rear, and thus prevent the passage of the Reds into New Hampshire. The base has been changed three times to block the Red advance. These movements have brought the two armies into closer touch, though the fighting up to date has been limited to cavalry skirmishes. This

morning the Red army moved forward from Middleton, the Blue from North Andover. [He indicated the points upon the map.] Their roads, you note, converge here. Both bodies of cavalry were sent out to feel the position of the enemy. Otherwise neither brigade commander knows the destination of his opponent."

"So we are in position for the fight here?"

inquired the Governor.

"It is a question of generalship," the umpire replied with a smile. "A number of things are possible."

"How exciting," said Alta Lenning.

"The cavalry skirmishes, from all accounts, have been one-sided," observed a staff member. "Major Burrows seems to have put it all over the Red troopers."

"Major Burrows—" Red danger signals appeared in Miss Lenning's cheeks. She looked at the speaker helplessly, but he had not addressed the words to her at all. Suppose, though, that somebody should know?

"I am going back to my car," she said hurriedly. "Thank you, your excellency, for allowing me to attend the council of war. No, colonel, it is only a step, and I don't want my machine caught on the firing line."

She smiled her adieu to the general and withdrew gracefully, but with the danger signals still flaring. The one subject that she could not endure to hear discussed

today was Major Burrows.

Peter backed the car off the highway under her direction. The colored orderlies were bringing up the horses to the group that she had just left, and a moment later the regulars went riding off in the direction of the Andover turnpike. There passed over their heads, also from that direction, a flock of crows, calling loudly in their flight. Peter noted them and said, "The advance will come from that direction, mam."

She scanned the highway eagerly, but saw nothing. The village of West Boxford, beyond the cross-roads, was still dozing through the summer forenoon. It was known there only as a remote fact that the governor had mobilized the National Guard of the state, and from last accounts the contending forces were many miles away. The men were in the

fields, the women in their gardens or occupied with household duties.

A colored orderly came riding back from the Andover turnpike and dismounting before the governor, gave a report. Was it the Blue or the Red army that he had sighted. Alta Lenning wondered: and on the impulse of the moment she tore the blue pennant from the car and crumpled it in her hand. Only a few hours before she had instructed her chauffeur to tie it on, opposite the pennant of her brother's army, just to show the world that her quarrel with Major Burrows, and the breaking of their engagement on the night before the cavalry started for the rendezvous had not made the slightest difference to her. Was that not the reason. indeed, why she had come over the road today, just to show herself to the First Corps and the Battery men whom she knew and danced with, and sometimes flirted with in town?

"They're coming, mam," said Peter.

She ceased dreaming and gave her mind to the matter before her. A single oliveclad figure was plodding cautiously up the highway, his rifle slung across his left arm, ready for action; his hat, with its conspicuous blue band, pushed back from his forehead. As he caught sight of the group at the cross-roads he raised his right hand in signal to a group of stragglers far behind him, and sprang lightly into the bushes. From there she saw him work his way cautiously until he had a better view of the men by the roadside. The sight reassured him, and with another wave of his hand he resumed the march until he gained the protection of a stone wall commanding the cross-roads.

The group that followed hurried to his support, and disclosed half a hundred similar stragglers now coming into view, marching at ease and without drumbeat.

"What an inspiring army!" she said scornfully, and to the regular army general who had come up the road to watch the proceedings behind the wall she flung the challenge, "I don't call that much of an enemy. Can't your regulars teach them how to march, general?"

He chuckled at the uncalled-for defiance of her attitude. "My dear young woman, this is only the advance of the column," he told her. "The men behind the wall there constitute the first point of contact with the enemy. We call them a 'point,' for short. This is their supporting company. They are now reconnoitering the cross-roads to protect themselves against surprise."

She watched the captain in command sending out small scouting parties to beat

up the country in two directions. The greater part of his force was held in position behind the walls; and ere she was aware of it, the highway was filled with marching men and their support--infantry, artillery, signal corps men, ambulances-all pushing forward without the martial strain of band or the cheering call of bugle; half the National Guard of the state, playing its annual war game with as much sporting spirit as at home it backed its favorite ball team.

She forgot her taunt of a few moments ago as she recognized in the dusty, sunburned figures men in the crack First and Second Corps whom she had seen under different circumstances at home. Their reputation there was largely sustained by their dances and the light operas that they presented to fashionable audiences from time to time. It had never occurred to

her that their uniform carried any greater obligation to the state or nation, or that the National Guard really constituted the second line of defence in time of war. Her quarrel with Major Burrows, indeed, had begun over his refusal to absent himself from the maneuvers for two days in accordance with other plans that she had made for him. His rather curt reply to the suggestion had seemed to her unreasonable, and she had taunted him with being a tin soldier, and

taking himself too seriously. Now she regretted the whole scene, even while recognizing the impossibility of marrying a man who did not understand a woman better.

The marching column had halted under arms. A scout on a motorcycle shot like a meteor from the Middleton road, and was seeking the brigade commander.



She watched the captain in command sending out small scouting parties to beat up the country in two directions

The latter had paused to exchange greetings with the governor, and turned to receive the scout's report.

She became curious to know what it was about, and sent Peter to make inquiries. He had a politic way of gaining information that she had turned to practical use ere this. Now he consorted with men in authority and returned with the statement that the Red cavalry had been whipped again and ruled out of action for the day, and that the Blue troopers

had gone forth to attempt to check the Red infantry advance until their own army was safely through West Boxford.

"I don't believe a word of it," she declared hotly. "And as for Major Burrows being able to stop the infantry—"

"He may not stop them, mam," Peter suggested hopefully.

"He may be defeated, you mean?"

"It might be possible."

"I want to see it done!" she declared.

"Go down that road, Peter."

They sped along the highway for a mile or more, through a thinly settled but friendly country. Here and there were farmhouses set in front of corn fields; orchards of ancient planting but still bearing fruit; meadows in which the cattle grazed lazily near the brooks. The road showed the signs of innumerable hoof-prints, but only the man at the wheel, able to read such signs, observed them. It was he who discovered a solitary horseman near the junction of the roads ahead, and he dropped to half speed when the trooper held up a warning hand, like a traffic policeman.

The road by which they had come continued on to Middleton; a second deflected to the left but ran nearly parallel to it; while a third turned sharply to the left and was lost in a wooded hollow. A stone wall, screened by flaming sumacs, faced all three highways, on rising land. Peter held the car, irresolute.

"I must ask you to turn back," said a

voice from behind the bushes.

Alta recognized it with fluttering heart. "You will go on, Peter, straight ahead," she ordered.

"I regret the necessity of informing you that we have temporarily discontinued traffic over that road," the voice continued in even tones.

"And suppose you have," she fairly screamed. "I go wherever it pleases me."

"We are expecting an advance up the road at any moment. It is important not to warn the enemy. You must take your car back from the cross-roads."

She faced him, the screen of red bushes between them. He was upon the other side of the wall, a pair of field glasses in his hands, and he looked very tall and commanding in his close-fitting service uniform, but his face was white and drawn, and his whole attitude suggested that he was holding himself in with an effort.

"Do you mean to insinuate that I would carry news to the Red army?" She knew in her heart that she must fight him or capitulate, and she did not intend to surrender.

"Your car carries the Red flag," Major

Burrows replied briefly.

She looked at the pennant aghast. Had she not removed its companion the situation would have enabled her to make a quick retort. Now, in desperation she stammered. "Peter—Peter—"

"You will take the car back at once, Peter," said the major in a tone of authority. "If the lady is interested in seeing the fight there is a good point of observation on the knoll over there to the right, in our rear."

He no longer regarded her. It was much as though she had been a disobedient child, to be spoken to only over the head of her nurse. "Oh, I hate you," she flung at him. "You make me think of Chantecler, crowing there all alone because the sun is up!"

Every sumac bush seemed to titter at this, while the old stone wall shook with suppressed merriment. She had really believed him all alone, but now she discovered, to her consternation, that the place was alive with armed men, cleverly concealed behind wall and bushes. There was no sound of protest from her when Peter backed the car away from the dreadful spot of her humiliation.

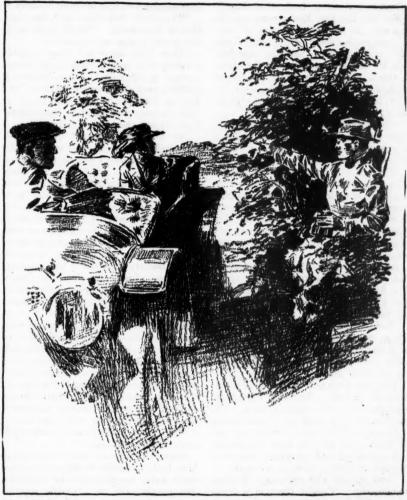
But once back on the highway by which they had come, out of sight of Major Burrows and his men, she was possessed with a compelling curiosity to await what was about to happen; to witness, if possible, the discomfiture of the Blue cavalry.

"Peter, you—you would like to see the fight," she said, seeking an excuse. "Weren't you a regular once?"

"Until Brownsville, mam," he replied, with a terse note in his voice.

"Do you think that we could see anything from here?"

"The major spoke of the knoll over there, mam. It commands a view of all three roads."



"You will take the car back at once, Peter," said the major in a tone of authority. "If the lady is interested in seeing the fight there is a good point of observation on the knoll over there to the right"

"Run the car into the field, then, and we will watch them."

They were silent observers of the scene for several minutes. Once a farm wagon clattered along to the angle of country roads, where it was halted and sent back, to the open amazement of the drowsy driver. Birds ran in and out of the thickets, bees hummed over the clover in the meadows, a little dog from a red

farmhouse chased a butterfly up the road past the sumac bushes and did not scent danger there.

"And is real war like this, Peter?" she asked at length. "On such a day as this do men really lie in wait to kill as though they were shooting ducks?"

"In Luzon they shot two of our men as we were kneeling at a brook to drink," said Peter. "There had been no water in twenty-five miles. Look there, mam!"
She saw the first Red coming up the highway, an infantryman, the advance of a supporting detail behind him. They were pushing along jauntily, confident that the enemy was in retreat far ahead of them. They were within a hundred yards of the flaming sumac bushes when the clear, incisive command rang out, "Make ready. Fire!"

The volley belched out from behind the stone wall—a ripping, smokeless challenge as unexpected as the springing of a hidden

trap would have been.

Alta Lenning forgot for the moment that the cartridges were blanks, or that the men who dropped by the roadside were merely following tactic instructions. It seemed to her that they had been shot down without warning, and her face blanched as a second and third volley followed the first.

An officer with a white band about his hat came riding hurriedly to the front. The Red advance disappeared from view. For a moment there was the serenity of

the countryside again.

"See them over there, behind the farmhouse, Peter," she cried excitedly. "There is a whole company crossing over to the other road. They will catch the Blues on the other side."

The Reds were now beyond their cover, crossing the field. They sought the other highway and their enemy's flank. The harmless-looking stone wall commanding their approach suddenly screamed and spit at them, and did not cease its menace until, confused and uncertain, they were ordered to retreat under cover again.

Peter grinned with enjoyment, his face reminiscent. "Caught them in a cross-fire, ma'am," he explained. "The major had a platoon down there to support his main position. He has them bothered now. They can't see the horses and think they have walked into the infantry."

The advance was checked, awaiting its reinforcements. A whole regiment was brought up, its mounted staff scanning the country ahead with field glasses. Skirmish lines began to spread out in extended order, and to work forward cautiously, and under cover of them, companies began to defile to the right and the left,

disappearing behind a screen of woodland "Why don't they come on," she complained impatiently. "They might rush the cavalry if they only knew it."

"They don't know it," Peter replied, standing erect now, his lean figure unconsciously at attention. "There might be artillery over the brow of the next hill. Any of these walls may hide trenches. That is why the regulars are making them support their attack in force."

The firing was renewed from behind both walls, so rapidly and continuously that again she forgot that it was only a war in play. A rush down the main highway was checked, and again the umpires ordered the Red infantry back

to their support.

"If only we could tell them what to do," she said aloud. "If they could get up here and see what we see." No partisan college man could have wished his rival beaten more earnestly than she at that moment longed to witness the defeat of Major Burrows and his troopers. She would have led the cheering at a successful charge.

And slowly but surely the flanking companies that had been sent out began to envelop the Blue position. The half troop that had delivered the cross-fire earlier in the fight was withdrawn hastily, as a strong force came creeping up through the fields on the other side of that highway. A whole semicircle of meadows and woodland was now barking with rifle fire.

"Here they come," she cried exult-

antly. "Here they come!"

Firing and cheering, the Reds came on. Men broke from the thickets, leaped the stone walls, swept across the highways. The piercing call of a whistle sounded again and again from behind the red sumac bushes as Major Burrows sought to convey to his men the order to cease firing.

Peter turned a grinning face. "There they go," he said, indicating the woodland road that wound around to the left of the

cavalry position.

The dip in the road, visible from the knoll, but screened from observation of the attacking party, was filled with horses, and as she looked, Major Burrows' troopers, who had withdrawn under cover of the

wall and bushes, swung into their saddles, and the picture dissolved into an empty highway again.

in the meadows, a little dok from a row

The Reds captured an empty position and scrambled on in search of a retreat not to be overtaken on any turnpike by which the cavalry had originally come.

The main column, in heavy marching order, came up to the angle of roads and halted until another attack should develop ahead. Majors chafed at the delay and wondered why somebody hadn't better ordered the campaign. Recruits, serving their first year of enlistment, who had not yet been allowed to fire their first blank cartridge, panted in the dust and pondered how many miles it was to the wagon train. And a commanding general bit his moustache angrily because his own cavalry had not kept him better informed.

Alta Lenning returned to her car, and Peter steered for West Boxford, at leisurely speed and with an eye open for signs of the Blue cavalry. The marching column had vanished when they reached the crossroads again, and an excited farmer told them that it was back in the hills, and gave them the wrong directions for finding it. She did not offer a protest when the chauffeur took his own course; he was her father's trusted man, and it was her hobby to take the car out on long runs into unexplored country. Lovers' quarrels are quite likely to impress the parties most concerned with the belief that the world has been shaken to its foundation. had been shaken for her, and she was waiting to see it fall. Any road that led away from Major Burrows was to be desired now, and one was as good as another. It would do no harm to continue on until they came to the boulevard that ran to the sea, and so return to Boston by another route.

In the Georgetown hills they found the Blue army already in camp. The last shelter tents were going up in the company streets. The smoke was rising from many cooking fires. The signal corps had rigged its wireless pole. Bales of hay had been broken open for the feeding of the artillery horses. All this on a hillside, with corn fields above and a green orchard in the valley below.

They were by no means the only camp

followers. News that the Blue army had reached its new base had brought from an unseen city beyond a score of cars, which now blocked the highway, though nobody knew the cause of the congestion ahead.

Near where her own automobile was forced to stop, a staff officer had reined in his horse beside a touring car that she had seen earlier in the morning at the cross roads. In a moment she became conscious that their conversation was distinctly audible, and that they were not aware of her near presence.

"And Burrows had no support?"

"No; only his two cavalry troops. They had a whole regiment in action against him, and were going to bring up their guns. He held them long enough to allow the Blue army to get into position up here, and the Reds have been forced to seek a camp site in the valley."

A hearty laugh followed the recital. "Good old Burrows," said one of the men from division headquarters. "What has galvanized him this week? He has taken the whole campaign as seriously as grim war."

The mounted staff officer spoke in a lower voice, not audible to her. The division headquarters man responded heartily:

"What? Cupid turned into a little war god? Believe me, the days of romance are not over when a man who has been jilted by his sweetheart goes tearing through the countryside like a tornado, ready to fight with anything that innocently gets in his way. Somebody ought to give this story to the General."

"The old man has it already. He was immensely pleased and is going down the road to meet Burrows. He says that if the major wants to go into the regular army as a cavalry lieutenant, he may be able to accommodate him. They are short of officers in the Philippines, and the West Point supply isn't equal to the demand."

An overloaded transport truck in the road ahead pulled itself out of the way, and the waiting cars began to climb the hill. Alta Lenning sat dumb and chilled, half frozen in the gay sunshine.

"Peter," she whispered at length, "do they ever do that; take men from the militia into the regular service?"

"Sometimes, mam."

She hesitated a moment longer. "Could we get there ahead of the general, Peter?"

"We can try, mam," the chauffeur responded.

At an infantry outpost of the Blues they came upon a steel blue car in which sat the bearded general in olive drab uniform. He was making inquiries, and the officer in command was giving him the desired information. Far ahead of them, the highway being straight and the view unobstructed, Peter caught sight of the cavalry returning to camp, the troop pennants fluttering above the compact mass of horsemen. He let the car out to the speed of an express train.

The advancing column changed its formation, opening a lane with a double line of horsemen on either side. Through it the French car passed at suddenly lowered speed, Peter alert for further

orders.

Alta Lenning had caught one glimpse of Major Burrows, turning a white and wistful face to him; then for mile after mile the highway seemed filled with curious cavalrymen, whose sabres clanked like bells out of tune, and whose bodies undulated gently with their horses in an unending sea of drab billows. It seemed an interminable time when she was finally free of them and caught sight of the green meadows once more.

She closed her eyes and her mind seemed to be swaying in a world of mocking troopers. This was the parting of the ways; the final lane that would have no turning. Tears welled against her closed lids, while her ears seemed to deceive her with the haunting sound of a pursuing, clanging saber. The very car seemed to be slipping from beneath her.

She opened her eyes to find that Peter had dismounted. "Dropped the drip pan, mam," he said contritely, and ran back on the highway.

The hard breathing of a horse was just behind her, and somebody swung himself out of the saddle and threw an impulsive arm about her.

"Jack!" she cried, and their quarrel was ended.

"I couldn't stand that look in your face, dear girl," he told her. "I want you to forgive me."

"I want to be forgiven myself," she pleaded. "I've been following you around all the morning—but—but you were too

busy."

He laughed happily. "I was somewhat occupied," he admitted. "It was my thoughts, though, that chiefly harassed me. You can't imagine how much good it did me to buck up against that Red infantry."

"And I was hoping all the time that you would be beaten, I was so angry; and if you had been, I should have gone back to Boston without seeing you again."

A warning horn sounded; the steel blue car was approaching. Alta Lenning went into a sudden panic. "Oh, Jack, the general is coming—"

Major Burrows came stiffly to salute as the general's car stopped by the roadside. Miss Lenning's cheeks were as crimson as the leaves of the sumach.

"Very well handled, major," said the general. "Your side has scored the points for day. I came down to congratulate you."
"Thank you, sir," the major responded

heartily.

The general looked beyond him. "Friends in both armies now?" he inquired with a quiet note of humor in his voice.

"Yes, indeed, general," Miss Lenning replied.

"No disappointment over the discomfiture of the Reds?"

"None at all. You see, I have just surrendered to the major here." She looked at the general searchingly, relying on his intuition.

His face betrayed nothing, but he gave a signal to his driver, and the steel blue car sped swiftly on its way.



By John Micholas Beffel

LUMVILLE is patriotic. is why it felt so badly over what happened to Grid Patton's dog. For Grid was one of Plumville's pioneers and the oldest Kickapoo County veteran of the Civil War, and he had a cousin in Kansas who used to know Bill Taft and James Whitcomb Riley when they were knee-high to a centipede. And with the same hands that had carried a musket in the Rebellion, Grid had trained the dog to do more tricks than one could reasonably expect to see this side of the bungalow in which Herrmann, the great magician, lives or did reside when he was alive.

Grid's dog was named Star Boarder. He wasn't a collie nor a spaniel nor a bloodhound nor a poodle nor any of the breeds that take blue ribbons at the bench shows, but he was a kind of variegated dog. Lyman Quill, Plumville's philosopher-in-chief, used to say that Star Boarder knew more than the candy-butcher on the four-o'clock train.

Grid spent most of his time, when he wasn't acting as postmaster of Plumville, in teaching his dog new tricks. He had acquired Star Boarder in exchange for a Waterbury watch and a Sumner's History of the Civil War and some gold mining stock.

Maybe if Grid's cousin had never known Bill Taft and if Grid had never been made postmaster and if the United States government hadn't been so particular about its cash balances, this story might never have been told. If all of these things were not cold facts, it might be that Star Boarder would be living today and would be doing tricks to amuse the psychological students who make their headquarters in the editorial rooms of the Weekly Bumble Bee and play solitaire on the molasses barrels in Archie Marshall's store. But I guess it had to be.

Long before tragedy came to Plumville, and caused the flag on the fire-engine house to be hung at half-mast, Lyman Quill warned Grid that he'd better not teach Star Boarder too many things, or some day he'd get to know too much and something serious would happen to him, just as Steve Craven got his chin bent when he came home from college and thought he knew enough to box six rounds with California Frank, who conducts the soup-house upstairs over McCoy's jewelry store.

But Grid had protested that the postmaster of Plumville knew what he was about, or William Howard Taft wouldn't have given him the job. And Grid kept on teaching the playful canine to do feats that were forty ways better than those performed in Signor Sorrento's Great and Unparalleled Dog and Pony Shows, which raised canvas in Marty McGettrick's lot east of the ice house the summer before.

When Star Boarder was three months old.

Grid had succeeded in teaching him to eat meat, and before a year had passed the dog could jump through paper-covered hoops and potato barrels and mirrors and the glass windows in the basement of the Baptist Church. And Star Boarder could stand on his head and bark in tune with Joe Hogan when Ice played the Gymnasium March on a mouth organ. Two months before the tragedy Grid held a stop watch on the dog while Star Boarder hung for seventeen minutes straight to the coattails of an effigy of an itinerant gentleman who absconded with Bill Westcott's watch after representing himself to be a brother of Shorty McNamara, of Muscatine, Iowa, who played second base for the Twentieth Century baseball team when they walloped all the courage out of the Remorsetown Reds in the post-season series.

But the best thing that Star Boarder did was to carry things. He had wonderful teeth, and when he got a grip on anything or anybody he'd never loosen it until Grid or some other member of the Patton family said "Let go!" With infinite patience and with never a harsh word Grid had taught the dog to carry his newspaper from Devaney's store to his residence on Remorsetown Road. And, too, Star Boarder would carry home to Mrs. Patton a basket containing the pork sausage for Grid's dinner, without

so much as displaying signs of envy if the faithful canine himself was awarded merely with a vegetarian diet and homemade dog-biscuits.

When Independence Day loomed up on July Fourth, Star Boarder played a leading part in the seventeenth annual

exhibition drill of the George Washington Volunteer Fire Company, of which Grid was captain. It was a heroic life-saying act in which Star Boarder participated. The Volunteers set fire to Henry Nusbaum's old house over on Crotty avenue, which wasn't any good any more because some unknown parties had stolen all the windows and doors out of it on the night of May A beautiful girl was imprisoned on the top floor of the housethe beautiful girl was really Mart Stevens, the grocer, in disguise-and when the flames seemed about to envelop the fair prisoner "she" leaned out of the window and screamed for help in a shrill and desperate falsetto voice.

Grid Patton was the hero designed to rescue the beautiful one. Here is where Star Boarder came in. He was down below tugging at a leash

held by Charlie Broderick and waiting impatiently for his cue. As previously planned, Grid dashed up a ladder and climbed into the window. But before he could get out again with the fainting person in his arms, the smoke had become so thick that it blinded and choked him. This, too, had been planned beforehand.

The sight of Grid lurching heavily against the side of the window and groping feebly for a hold on the quaking walls was the signal for Star Boarder to act. A small case containing stimulants was



Star Boarder hung for seventeen minutes straight to the coat tails of an effigy of an itinerant gentleman

attached to the dog's collar, and the animal fastened his teeth into the end of the rope which had been suspended by a pulley from the roof of the burning house. Then the gallant fireman on the ground quickly hoisted the wonderful dog up to the window where Grid was fighting for air. The stimulants were delivered to Grid, as planned, just in time to enable him to resuscitate himself, and he climbed down the ladder with his charge amid cheers from fourteen hundred lusty throats. A moment later Star Boarder was let down to earth.

Plumville went wild over Star Boarder that day. Nothing was too good for him. The Dennis Heaton Indoor Yacht Club put Grid and the dog in Johnny Higgins' finest open-air carriage, and held a parade in honor of the postmaster and Star Boarder. The Plumville Cornet Band, directed by Attorney Tim Kelly, led the parade, with Grid's carriage immediately in its wake, and the musical organization

played a march called "Every Dog Has its Day," which Mr. Kelly had composed especially for the occasion.

That night a banquet was held in honor of Grid and Star Boarder by the East Side Driving Park Association, and addresses were delivered by M. Joseph MacEvoy, the druggist, and Hon. Steve Comegys, a Southern planter, who had come clear from East Liverpool, Georgia, to attend the firemen's festivities. The Hon. Mr. Comegys spoke on "The Value of Trained Dogs of War." and recited some of his own narrow escapes from being scalped by the Indians who occasionally interrupted the Mexican war back in the forties. Mr. MacEvoy gave a glowing discourse on "Man's Best Friend," and strongly advocated

a reduction in the tariff on dog-biscuits. A collection was taken up, the proceeds of which were sent by the treasurer to Chicago to purchase a hand-engraved silver dollar for Star Boarder.

The next day the newspapers at Lottawan, the county seat, published pictures of the dog and Grid, accompanied by three column interviews in which the postmaster of Plumville recited the methods he had employed in educating "the most wonderful dog in the world." The Ladies' Aid Society held a sewing bee to provide funds for a sterling silver medal for Star Boarder and passed resolutions of commendation which were sent to President Taft marked "Personal." Lydia Vanderpool Scaggs took occasion to read a poem written by herself on "The Dazzling Destiny of the Dog."

A week went by with no diminution of the glory that hovered over Star Boarder and Grid, and the postmaster bought a new straw hat with a monogram inside



Star Boarder was down below, tugging at a leash held by Charlie Broderick

and had Hank Wilson paint the front steps of his residence. Mrs. Patton, too, came forth with a new gown she had bought in the city and was proud of the fact that Star Boarder had carried the package containing the dress home from

the post-office.

No one suspected that within ten days after the great Independence Day celebration would fall the blow that was to be the death warrant for Grid Patton's dog. Grid himself went home on the eve of the tragedy feeling at peace with the world. He remembered afterward that Star Boarder was a bit restless on the way home, but he saw nothing significant in that. And at nine o'clock, when he said "good-night" to the dog, he was answered by the good-natured bark that always came from the summer kitchen, where a barricaded door and barred windows kept the dog secure from molestation by a designing and untrustworthy world.

How Star Boarder got out of the summer kitchen is a mystery that the best detectives in Kickapoo County, including J. Bert Rood, never were able to fathom.

In the investigation that followed the tragedy, the bars and the barricade were found undisturbed. Apparently no human hand had invaded the stoutly guarded night - quarters of the greatest dog on earth. It seemed as if some supernatural power had spirited Star Boarder awaythrough a solid wall of brick.

But the details of the tragedy—which are brief—are yet to be told. Pat Budge, the night chief of police, walked past the post-office at 2:37 a.m. on the twelfth of July. He heard a faint noise within, and, peering through the window, saw a flicker of light in the rear of the office, near Grid Patton's desk. He watched for a moment, and observed two safe-blowers drilling a hole into the United States government's safe. And what did Budge see two feet away? Star Boarder, and tightly clenched between the teeth of the dog was the handle of the lantern that illuminated the scene!

High-class legal counsel got the safeblowers off with five years each in the penitentiary, but the powers-that-be in Washington were merciless. They ordered that Star Boarder be shot at sunrise on

the first sunny day.

That is why there is a black wreath over the head barber's chair in each of the tonsorial parlors in Plumville, and that is why Grid Patton says if he ever loses his government job he'll start up a rival post-office and inaugurate a vigorous price-cutting campaign to get the entire Kickapoo County's trade in postage stamps.



Tightly clenched between the teeth of the dog was the handle of the lantern that illuminated the scenel

THE GRUDGE

by Jennie Harris Oliver, author of "Cherries"

BRUCE AMBERLY clattered down the long, rickety stairway of his gin. Dodging into the engine room, he took a peep at the furnace, and dodging out again, slammed to the seedhouse door; then stepping into the office he straightened his tie and slipped into his best coat.

Across the deep red sand of the road, his boarding-place—a blaze of light—was hilarious with a "play-party"; one of those occasions when grownups divide their age in half and caper in a manner they blush to remember. Ordinarily Amberly would not have left his gin on a night-run, but Lorena Thurston was at the party. Amberly had just seen her come up the road with her twin brother, Loren, and he could not miss this chance to get some inkling of the strange wall of silence looming between himself and the girl who had promised to marry him.

At the last moment Amberly was panicstricken for fear she would leave before he could get there. Not that it was like him-such hilarity, and with mountains of cotton on the yard; but someone might drop a word. He flushed hotly, remembering how she had turned him down publicly twenty-four hours after their engage-How he had called repeatedly without being able to see her; how she had returned, unopened, his letters. Somebody or something had conspired against All Bear Creek was watching; Amberly knew that, and his pride was up. He had listened, unobserved, to the planning of the party. The argument in favor of it had been crude but friendly.

"At a dance, nobody can't tell nothin' about nobody. If a girl don't want to dance, can't nobody make her; but a play-party's different. It's a cinch some-

thin' crooked's happened. Two weeks straight she comes to revival meetin' with him and takes his arm goin' home. Then, all of a sudden she done what we seen—come to meetin' with her brother, and cuts Amberly dead on the way out. 'Nd he don't know what's up, no more'n we do. Goes around lookin' like a little boy that's worked all night on a sum and has to rub it all out in the morning.

"Now what's the matter with Amberly? He's darnation good lookin'. He's well off. Hain't no man ever give a fairer price for cotton. What's Lory Thurston of a sudden got ag'in him?"

That was what Amberly wanted to know. That was why for two mortal hours, while his gin hummed reproachfully across the sandy way, he pranced about in the rollicking games, without getting any closer to the mystery than a stiffly-extended arm's length. Feeling more like a fool than ever before in his life, he finally found himself "redeeming a forfeit" by kneeling before each girl in the room, and with raised, bent fingers, repeating this doggerel:

"Down on my bend-aws, Up with my scratch-claws—"

Provoking a girl to laughter, it was his privilege to kiss her.

Notwithstanding his heart was doing tragic duty when at last he reached Lorena, so ridiculous were his claw-like fingers, so droll his voice, that she promptly laughed—a contagious ripple of pure amusement. That is, she laughed with the scarlet lips that nature had kinked in a merry mood. Her eyes—blue, lustrous and silkily-fringed—protested, commanded Amberly not to exact the penalty.

"Tell me what I want to know, then," said Amberly.

The girl looked away in a swift appeal around the room. It was of no use—she was alone. It was the game. Fear of weakening made her frantic. Springing under Amberly's suddenly-extended arm, and eluding the clutch of those who sought to interfere, she fled from the room and from the house—the enemy in pursuit.

It was an Indian summer night—starlit. The scent of alfalfa clover mingled with the honeyed wine of blackhaw and persimmon, distilled in the mist wavering up from the nearby Branch. A whippoorwill gave short-breathed commands from a shadowy tangle of plum-trees. Amberly, tingling with the whisper of triumph, doubled among the shrubbery and along the orchard aisles; seeing just beyond the tantalizing flutter of light drapery.

Against a just-built and not-reckonedwith barbed wire fence, Lorena brought up at last, stubbornly white, breathless, her dress torn jaggedly. Seizing her upflung arm, Amberly caught full the flash of her eyes in the dimness. There was no pleading now—there was straight battle. He spoke quietly:

"Miss Thurston, this acting the harlequin is not to my taste, but it was the only way to get near you. I've got to know why you turned me down."

"And I refuse to tell you."

"You were not in earnest any time?"

"Whatever I was, I despise you now, and that's final."

Amberly studied her uncompromisinglittle face. "Then why did you laugh?" he said.

The girl's red lips twitched. "If you could have seen yourself—" she paused,

angrily suppressing the smile.

"Well," continued Amberly, goaded by despair, "you should play fair if at all. If I'm only the clown in your game, you got to play it through. I'm going to make you!"

Lorena trembled. She lifted a swift palm against Amberly's breast, but thrilling at the loved contact, snatched it away. She looked uneasily about the orchard, and beyond, at the suddenly silent house where the throng of conspirators awaited the fruits of the chase. Beyond that was the gin high against the fringy cottonwoods, teeming with life, throbbing in its

steam-filled arteries, bright with a sudden explosion and burst of crimson flame. Three sharp whistles shivered the air, and the girl's dark-eyes flashed back to Amberly.

"Your gin is on fire," she told him with what sounded like triumph. "Now will

you go?"

II

By the time Amberly could reach his plant, the flames, originating in the saws that chew the lint from the seed, were bursting from the mouth of the packer and zithering up the lint-lining of the walls—encircling, flash after flash, the entire room in a belt of fine fire. The machinery had ground to a standstill, and workmen fought from open barrels of water, steam in the lint-flue, wet sacking—any way that could be devised. It was soon over and not much damage done, other than the snapping of the owner's last chance for reconciliation with the girl he loved.

Throughout the memorable season that followed, he and all Bear Creek continued to speculate on the mystery of Lorena Thurston's sudden hostility. Sometimes Bear Creek sounded the girl's brother, gaining nothing but a guileless look and the drawling denial of any knowledge in

the matter.

Of course it were useless to ask Loren Thurston anything. He was too indolent to see what went on under his very nose. He was too lazy to comb his own hair. He was like his sister only in the lavish beauty of snowy skin, pink cheeks, blueblack hair, and eyes so azure they were

purple.

Lorena taught school. Lorena planted, "chopped" and picked cotton to pay doctor bills and defray the funeral expenses of "Old Jim," their father. Loren curled his giant frame in a quiet corner like a luxurious young hound dog, and dreamed his way through stacks of paperbacked poison; or needing slight exercise, faded around among the frequenters of the joint store and postoffice, where lazy negroes slouched, incipient bootleggers plied their wares, and really-hardened sinners listened for the rattle of the sheriff's buggy on the bridge over the Branch.

When not there, occasionally he was fishing on a big lightning-felled tree back of the gin. People seeing him there opined grinningly that some day he would fall into the Branch and never know it until

he waked up, drowned.

Loren Thurston was like his father—he would never amount to anything; but Lorena—proud, hard-working Lorena—it was with her best interest at heart that the neighbors hoped to see her married to the new cotton king, Bruce Amberly.

Failing in this, they fell back blankly, and finally told each other that "Lory" must have had some good reason for quitting him as she did. There must be something sly and mean about him. What did they really know about the man,

Bruce Amberly?

Bear Creek gradually cooled toward the one whose cause they had at first gone out of their way to espouse. He was not invited out so much, and when he was, it was with the certainty that Lorena Thurston would be protected from him.

Added to this was a series of accidents, originating, as had the first one, in the gin-saws. Hardly a day passed without delay; a burned hand or scorched eyelashes and the blackening of someone's cotton. Within a month of the party, there grew a deep furrow down the middle of Amberly's smooth brow, and his nice brown eyes acquired a baffled, hunted expression. Always, now, when not prodding into loads of cotton before his office scales, he was upstairs alertly watching the fated product on its way to the outgoing tramway.

Drift after drift it eddied up the suction pipe, released its seed in the iron teeth of the ginstands, whirled down the mouth of the packer and out upon the revolving platform—huge cakes that went tumbling down the tram to make room for other cakes behind. At any minute flame might leap up. Sooner or later the gin itself would go, and with it the plausibility of erecting the new plant of corrugated iron that had been his plan when locating in Bear Creek "Bottoms." Even now workmen were becoming rebellious, and patrons speculating upon longer roads over which

to haul their raw cotton.

There was no denying it—an invisible, unaccountable something dogged the plant of Lorena's discarded suitor. At last came a day when Bruce had to ride many miles

to raise a crew, and that day the gin stood idle, while a sulky recruit, at double pay, weighed cotton and tended the office.

About dark the boss rode back, figuring on an all-night run, and crossing the bridge, his alert eye, looking for trouble, caught a faint glimmer of light in the supposedly-deserted workroom. Leaping from



As the lithe figure suddenly strained back the slouch hat slipped rakishly, revealing Lorena Thurston; and, leveled along the length of his arm, the defiance of cool, splendid eyes

his horse, Amberly trod softly the long, rickety stairway, and pausing in the doorway, stood blinking—straining his vision forward through the dimness.

The scene was dismal with the eerie creak of the wind-tortured dome, the pat-pat of bloated, beady-eyed rats in the fine dust, the circling whisper of bat wings over his head. A tumbled mass of cotton

was under that overflow, and a figure in slicker and slouch hat stooped there—

doing what?

In a bound Amberly had the prowler by the arm and had yanked it upright. "Steady here, you young limb of Satan," he gritted, "I've caught you right at it. Oh, no—you don't!"

As the lithe figure, feigning compliance, suddenly strained back, the slouch hat slipped rakishly, revealing Lorena Thurston; and, leveled along the length of his arm, the defiance of cool, splendid eyes!

"My God!" cried Amberly, and let her

go.

For some time after her rapid retreat, the man stood gazing vacantly down. Then hearing the tramp of workmen, filing across the bridge, and the engineer getting up steam below, he siezed a scoopshovel and pitched the cotton with what else he had discovered, out of the window.

For besides cotton, there had been a heap of cartridges, flints and matches—enough to have blown the plant into atoms. A half hour later the run was on.

III

During the prosperous days that now dawned, Amberly met Lorena Thurston but once, and that was on the narrow bridge over the Branch. Under the cover and surprise of dusk, neither could avoid the awkward moment.

The girl's face was thin, but it flaunted the vivid flag of enmity, and her eyes held defiance rather than guilt. Her right arm, Amberly noticed with a start, was in a sling. He wondered if that fact had to do with the broken stair he had found upon the night she had tried to

complete his ruin.

It seemed to Amberly he grew old struggling with the problem. He had prided himself that he knew blue blood, even in the daughter of "that worthless old cuss," that sly, incomprehensible emigrant from the mountains, James Thurston! Some men, after such evidence of heredity, would have dismissed the whole thing and turned their attention elsewhere. Amberly wished that he could be that sensible.

The cotton season drew to a close with the merging of a pleasant, open winter into balmy spring. The Branch widened, and the scent of burning brush haunted the air. One evening as Amberly pottered alone about the yard, he came upon Loren Thurston, hunched upon a bale of cotton, elbows on his knees, his inscrutable face clamped by his hands.

Usually too indolent to reply when spoken to, the boy broke the record by calling across the top of intervening bales:

"O Amberly!"

Bruce hesitated, frowning, then moved around, and the speaker did not stand on ceremony, now that he had opened his mouth.

"Lory's going away," he said.

The pulse in Amberly's throat leaped; but he replied coldly, "Well!"

The younger man devoured his companion with narrowed eyes. "She's never coming back," he said.

Amberly rested his thin, capable hand on the bale of cotton. "Speak out!" His voice was hard.

"I will!" Loren's reply was low, but furious. "I hate you, Amberly. I've always hated you. 'Twa'n't Lory had a grudge against you—'twas me. You stand for what I've always feared—work; hard, bone work!"

He sat up and rested his two hands on his knees, closing them tight. A moment he gazed down at them and then back at Amberly. "I've laid awake nights and sweat, thinking what it must be to get up before daylight and hike out to the screech of a whistle. To be prodded and prodded all day long by someone behind. My father never did a hard day's work in his life and I'm the same breed, only worse. Lory's like mother.

"I hung around and saw you kiss her that last night you brought her home, and I told her you bragged about it at the store

next day."

He paused, apparently fascinated by the hand that had gripped deep into the cotton near his own. He had seen that same hand and its mate unaided, load a six-hundred pound bale of cotton. He trembled at the indomitable energy of a man with such hands.

"Lory wouldn't agree not to ask you about it," he went on, at last, "and we've squabbled ever since. I didn't see any way to get rid of you but to drive you out,



"I wouldn't have struck you after you were down," said Amberly, "had you fought like a man. It was the beast I was after"

I put that junk in the cotton. I slipped away the night of that party, and did the first trick. I knew what you had come there for. I knew that sometime you would get Lory cornered and make her tell, and so I studied it all out on that tree behind the suction pipe. You know its only about ten feet away. It came to me how I'd hoodooed school-teachers by flipping chalk the length of the schoolhouse while I was studying like fury. It was plumb easy. I used match-heads and they stuck like glue to the cotton. One out of four or five always made a ruction up there. I could fish and look stupid and watch it.

"You hung on and Lory and I squabbled. The day you rode out for a crew I climbed over the engine-room roof and doctored the overflow right. I noticed you ginned the overflow first. Then Lory made me so furious I told her about it. You found her. She meant to get out enough of the junk to catch your eye, and leave the lantern for a signal. Of course she wouldn't tell on me when you sneaked up on her.

"She fell through your blamed old rickety gin steps that night, and broke her arm. It was so bad she couldn't finish her school, and she couldn't pick cotton. She couldn't do anything but mope around.

"I've held out against her as long as I can. Rather than drive her away-" he paused, with a gulp, but ended furiously:

"I've give in, Amberly. You can take Lory and pay the bills; but you don't need to expect to run me. I'll go to the pen first. I've thought it all out, and I'll take my medicine-that way!"

"You young devil!" Amberly spoke huskily. "You knew she came to the gin that night! You let her-do that!"

"Because I couldn't help myself. She had me locked in the smokehouse. Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"I'll show you," flashed Amberly, and struck him a flat-handed blow across the

smooth pink of his cheek.

It was a signal to the primitive. Almost before the young giant realized what had happened, he was fighting back with all his ferocious strength: lunging his untried bulk upon Amberly and feeling the enemy's slenderness slip from his grasp like water.

Back and forth among the cotton bales

they swayed and writhed, fighting tooth and nail; coats torn, heads bare, their hair plastered to their damp foreheads-Amberly's game to tire out the mountain of unskilled flesh that hated him; the other's to get his opponent in a great bear hug and crush him into submission.

Time after time the boy's huge arms shot around, and their captive wriggled like an eel from the circle, baffling brute strength with litheness. A sharp blow on the lip, from Amberly, hastened the end. Flinging up an incautious, shielding arm, Loren felt it seized grippingly, stumbled backward, and fell sprawling, Amberly

on top.

Even in falling, he had grasped for the other man's neck-to strangle him; to snap the life out of him; but he missed, and under the rain of blows that fell without mercy upon his bulging muscles, the young coward presently muttered that it was enough.

"I wouldn't have struck you after you were down," said Amberly, "had you fought like a man. It was the beast I

was after. Whipped?"

"Looks like it." "I'm now and for all time, the best

"I told you I was whipped."

"All right. So much for your insolence. For the old score—you've got to pay and it won't be in the pen either. You and Lory and the mother—our home will be the same; but you'll do your share! Is it a bargain?"

Loren did not reply immediately, and the boss bided his time, his knee resting heavily. From his length upon the ground the fallen giant's awakened gaze wandered past the bending face to the dimming sky, where the spirit of evening trailed its violet robes. In that moment of moments. it was as if he saw his idle past, in visible

form bidding him farewell.

Tears-his first-over-ran his swollen cheeks; but they were redeeming waters; the emotion that separates the man from the animal. His eyes turned again to Amberly, softened at the friendly look that met them, and his lips formed one word. It was enough. Ten minutes later they were walking down the road toward the new life-and Lorena.

Two and a Pocket Handkerchief

(A Serial)

by Josephine Page Wright

SYNOPSIS—Wayne Harding, a wealthy young New Yorker, who loses his fortune and the hand of the society woman who was to be his wife, seeks refuge on a California ranch, the legacy of his mother. He finds there the care taker and his pretty, self-possessed daughter Marian. Shortly after Wayne's arrival the caretaker dies, and rather than see Marian homeless, Wayne makes a quixotic offer of marriage. Reluctantly he takes up the ranch work previously performed by Marian's father. A letter comes from the father of his former fiancee, saking him to return to New York, but Marian is injured by a Mexican fugitive. Danny, an old neighbor, summons Dr. Ord, who commands Wayne to take the greatest care of Marian.

CHAPTER VII

O you think," ventured Marian, a few days later at the breakfast table, "that I am quite well again?"

"I should like to think so," Harding replied, "inasmuch as you are doing the work of several men and women."

"When I was ill," she continued, "I promised not to bother about the letter. But now I want to talk about it."

"What letter?" he asked, puzzled.

"The letter from New York. The letter from her," timidly.

Wayne laughed. "It wasn't from her and it wasn't worth talking about. I haven't thought of it for weeks."

Marian looked disappointed. "I felt sure it was an opportunity for you to return East. My illness held you here. Is it too late?"

"It is too late, but not in the way you guess. Do you want me to go back?"

"If you are happier there," she answered, as though that were a matter of course. "You are hungry for New York and the old life. I see it in your daily life, not because of what you say but in spite of it."

Wayne buttered a muffin and sought an answer to the charge that would be at once honest and satisfying to her.

"I believe," he said finally, "that I am

not hungry for New York or for the old life. But there are games we played there, childish games that bored me prodigiously then. They appeal to memory sometimes."

Marian's eyes brightened. "I know," she nodded, "the opera, dinner parties, carriages and pretty clothes."

"I am not altogether exiled now from pretty clothes," he smiled, as he bestowed a look of frank admiration upon her house gown. "But to be perfectly honest I should like to ride over a paved street in a limousine to an opera dinner party."

Late that afternoon Wayne, coming up the canyon from the settlement on the bay, overtook Danny, a new and resplendent Danny.

"I'm going to a New York dinner party at Mrs. Harding's. Didn't have a swallowtail. But this ain't so bad."

He paused and revolved slowly in the middle of the road for Wayne's benefit. He was certainly less picturesque in his black suit, stiff white linen and low tan shoes. Nevertheless, Danny was himself and evidently having a good time.

When they reached the house there were evidences everywhere of unusual happenings. The rooms were gorgeous with flowers, the dining room table was screened from view. In the kitchen was

a bewildering array of cut glass and china.

Marian called from her room a welcome
to her guest and directions to Wayne.

"Danny, I told you not to come so early. But wait in the living room until your hostess comes to receive you." And then to Wayne, "Your bath is ready, and your evening clothes are on your bed

ready for you."

At six there swept into the living room a type of woman the little bungalow had never known. She was the definition of a society woman. The cut of her low dinner gown, the poise of her magnificent body, the tilt of her aristocratic head, the curve of her bare white arm seemed attributes of character rather than affectations of dress and manner.

Danny, for the first time in his loquacious life was dumb. Standing on the threshold, Wayne studied this woman who was his wife and who was, nevertheless, a stranger to him, with the eyes of impartial criticism. And he found no flaw. He entered the room gravely and greeted Marian with formal courtesy. But it was to Danny that he directed his first remark.

"Mr. Moore, someone has told me that your California chameleons do not change their color."

Well Color.

"Mr. Harding," returned Danny stiffly, "it's a damn lie."

The little Japanese boy who had helped Wayne during Marian's illness, was in the kitchen putting on the starched linen coat of service. Marian lighted the hooded candles on the dining table and slipped back to the gentlemen of her party.

She tucked her hand into Danny's arm and led the way to the dining room. "I'm afraid," she called over her shoulder to her husband, "that the Countess is going

to disappoint us."

Wayne looked inquiringly at the fourth place. And she continued, "I had hoped that Danny would be equal to the creation of a partner, but for some reason his faculties seem benumbed."

Perhaps it was for Danny's sake that she dropped her pose and began the dinner with jovial informality. She was Marian, an approachable Marian but very wonderful and brilliant and alluring.

As the fish was set before them there

arose from the canyon a cry of blended distress and indignation. "Wayne Harding, Wayne Harding."

Wayne rose from the table and hurried to the cypress hedge. He could see nothing, but the calls continued and into them there was creeping the suggestion of anger. It was not difficult to locate them now and Wayne walked to the edge of a crevasse that paralleled the canyon road. Wedged between the walls was a young man, very dirty, very breathless and very much excited.

Harding extricated the unfortunate and brought him to the level of the ground.

"Well, Jack the Giant Killer, have you got these confounded traps dug all around your precious ranch?" spluttered Billy Hariston as he emerged. "What kind of greeting do you call this for an old friend who has come across the continent to hunt you up and deliver a message from your sweetheart?"

"Billy?" asked Wayne, a little startled at the identity of his visitor. He led the newcomer, who limped slightly and continued to take an inventory of his bones, up the gravel path. As they entered the circle of light that came from the windows of the bungalow, Billy drew back in amazement.

"In the name of Cabrillo," he gasped, "what are you doing among the cliff dwellings in the habiliments of civilization?"

"My wife," replied Wayne with unassumed dignity, "is giving a dinner party." And he led his guest, protesting, dazed and dirty, into the presence of Marian.

After Billy had brushed from his clothes, and washed his face and hands from the marks of his accident, after Marian had pinned up the rent in the legs of his trousers and, by her remarkable tact, put him at his ease, Billy took the Countess' place at the table and entered at once into the spirit of the feast.

"Well, Wayne," he announced cheerfully, "New York is all there but you and me. Father wondered why you never answered his letter. When he sent me out here to grow up a bit before I settle down he told me to look you up. We all missed you back there, father and I and—"

"And what about your sister?" inquired

Wayne politely, seeing that Billy hesitated.

The boy nodded an assent and began an attack on his salad, glad to dismiss the subject.

"Great country, this out here. Rather disappointed, you know, not to find you on the plains. Hoped you were cow-boying."

Wayne laughed. "I haven't been on a horse's back since I came west. Plow horses are not exactly polo ponies."

"You don't plough?" his incredulous guest asked. "You know I can't quite fancy you anything of a farmer."

"He isn't anything of a farmer," interpolated Danny. "He isn't a speck more of a farmer than I am a New York business man. I lived there once seven months and then I came back west because I felt a mask sprouting on my temples and I was afraid I'd have to wear the damn thing all my life. They're fashionable back there, but it's hard to learn to breathe through them unless you're raised to it."

"It's hard to breathe through them sometimes, when you are raised to it," supplemented Billy. "I chucked mine the other side of Raton Pass."

Wayne shook his head. "Don't flatter yourself, Billy, that you've changed. You were always in cap and bells."

Marian gave the signal to withdraw. They went out into the moonlight. Billy appropriated the hammock and rolled a cigarette. Danny filled the old briar he carried in his pocket and stared at the stars. Wayne forgot the cigar in his fingers, in study of the beautiful woman at his side.

To him she was a tantalizing enigma, from the rapid changes on her expressive face to the elusive dimple on her bare white arm. That arm was about the pillar at his side. He sat on the railing of the steps and his eyes were very near the teasing dimple. Suddenly he stooped and kissed the firm, warm flesh. He felt it stiffen at his touch and he felt the rebuke.

"Danny, must you go? Haven't we had a splendid time?" Marian was saying. "Danny isn't a night hawk like you, Mr. Harding and Billy."

After she had shaken hands with Danny she begged permission to withdraw and prepare for the entertainment of their unexpected guest. Wayne, who knew that the guest chamber was always in readiness, realized that it was a pretense and that in offering his wife the first caress, he had deeply offended her.

Billy chattered on of the changes of scenes and peoples and conditions in New York. Wayne's thoughts had never been farther from the eastern metropolis. The boy in the hammock could evoke no sigh of enthusiasm or even interest from his silent host.

"Oh, I say, Wayne," accused Billy, "You're not the same man when Mrs. Harding is gone. Awfully devoted? All that sort of thing? Eh?"

"Perhaps, Billy, I shine in a reflected glory."

"Well, something like that," agreed the boy, returning to his cigarette.

Around the corner of the bungalow crept a girlish figure in a gingham house frock. The neck was high and the sleeves long with severe little bands of white at the collar and cuffs.

"I slipped off my finery," announced Marian, "to feed the chickens."

"Chickens? At this time of night?" asked Wayne, who was a little dazed at the rebuke of the apron gown.

"They'll find the grain when they come out in the morning and no unpleasant duty need call you from your bed until your sleep is out. Tomorrow is Sunday."

"Hope I'll get a wife who thinks as much of me," said Billy.

"Nonsense," Marian laughed. "I was thinking of the chickens."

"If you get a wife who thinks as much of you as Marian thinks of her chickens, you will be in luck," commented Wayne.

Marian, as if to atone for coldness, seated herself on the doorstep at the feet of her husband and began to hum the little slumber song that always rose to her lips when she was contented. Wayne wondered if she had forgiven him for a fault, the nature of which he did not understand. He was genuinely sorry that he had offended her.

"Billy," he said, suddenly remembering his duty to his guest, "Billy, when you go back to New York—"

"Do you suppose," interrupted the indignant Billy, "that I am going back to New York? Forget it."

CHAPTER VIII

"If you will go to the city to look up the luggage," announced Marian to Wayne the next morning, "Billy will stay with me and learn to hoe potatoes."

"Perhaps," suggested her husband, "he would like to run about a little, Coronado Islands, or an invasion of Old Mexico."

"What," exclaimed Billy, "do tourist stunts when I can learn something useful? Not me. 'Tisn't in my nature."

"It will be very useful to you on Wall Street," mocked Wayne, "the knowledge

of potato culture."

"It will indeed," confirmed Marian gravely. "Because Wall Street knows nothing and cares less about the actual cost and process of production, it remains as unstable as the house built upon sands."

"Billy," confided Wayne, "you think that you are going to hoe potatoes, but you are really going to listen to a lecture on social and political economy."

As a matter of fact, Harding was a trifle piqued at being sent away. He wanted to visit with his young New York friend, and he was always interested in Marian when she was in a philosophical mood. Moreover, he knew that Billy, in spite of his eastern training, was guileless and that Marian in her present mood was adroit in methods of extraction. Just what harm it would have done for Marian to make discoveries, Wayne could not have told, but since the moment of the swift, offending kiss in the moonlight, Billy's sister had appeared to him, when she appeared at all, in the light of an interloper.

Billy read the discomfiture and added insult to injury. "Going to be hot in the city today," he murmured, "This ocean breeze out here on the point is great. We'll be cooler digging than you will be tramping the streets and taking care of

my boxes."

The young man from the East robed himself in white silk shirt and blue serge trousers and fancied that he looked rather picturesque and appropriate. When, however, he saw Marian in short, coarse linen dress and heavy high boots he felt inadequate.

"Never mind," she counseled, "you're not going to work really, Billy. I have

brought you out here to talk about your sister."

The boy was disappointed. He had regarded Marian as a new type of woman, bigger and broader than any he had known before. That she could stoop to a petty woman's jealousy by prying into an old love affair of her husband, seemed incredible.

She read the distrust in his face and hastened to reassure him. "Don't misjudge me," she pleaded. "I'm not doing this for my sake but for his. I must know about things back east. My relationship with Mr. Harding is not what you suppose. It is very different, indeed, from anything that you imagine. I want to tell you, Billy, all about it and if your sister is worthy of Mr. Harding, I want you to tell her some things so that she will understand."

She was earnest and, to the honest boy at her side, very pathetic as she told him the story of her father's death and of the hasty marriage of convenience. She made him understand how great her trust had been in the manliness of her husband and how grateful she was that this trust had

never been betrayed.

"I felt," she continued, "that when he came west he could never go back. I supposed that his love affair with your sister was a closed episode. But when the letter came I realized that I had acted too hastily for his own good, and when you came I knew that you brought messages of reconciliation. Now I am going to give Mr. Harding his freedom and you, Billy, must help me make him accept it."

"Hold on," begged the boy, "let's call things by their right names. You're getting me confused. You want me to persuade Wayne to cut and run, to divorce you and go back East to take up father's offer and marry my sister."

Marian nodded. "I know it would be a hard thing for her, but if she knew that our marriage had been merely a formal one, perhaps she could overlook the wrong

I had done her."

"Oh, New York society women aren't squeamish on the subject of legal separation. That isn't the point. But look here, Mrs. Harding, suppose my sister isn't worthy? It's his happiness you're seeking, isn't it?"

She assured him that it was.

"Then, as a matter of fact, she isn't. Nothing wrong with Sis, of course. Good woman, handsome, brilliant, all that. But Harding could no more be happy with her now than a man could live day in and day out on mince pie and ice cream soda."

"He must go back with you," insisted Marian slowly. "Let him seek his right to love where he will. No normal man can deprive himself of that right with

impunity."

"I'm sure, Mrs. Harding, I don't know what you want," grumbled Billy. "I come out here, find Wayne looking like a prince, proud and happy on his own estate, married to a charming woman. Now I must step in and, to reward his hospitality, persuade him to come back to New York where he will grow fat and flabby and dyspeptic. If he is lucky he may get a five thousand a year job and it will take at least six thousand of that to live. You don't know New York, you've never been there."

"Oh, but I have," protested Marian gravely, "many times during my college days. You and Mr. Harding and Danny to the contrary, human nature is the same the world over. Mr. Harding needed the tonic of the west, perhaps, but now that he has been restored to normalcy, he is strong enough to live anywhere."

"Let's hoe potatoes," suggested Billy

briefly.

Although Marian felt that he was unconvinced, she was too wise to pursue the subject. They worked among the vegetables, they visited the orchard and poultry yards. Marian deliberately attempted to tire her guest, to make him see the unpleasant side of ranch work, the necessity of tireless effort to produce results. With grim satisfaction, she watched him pant and perspire and grow weary.

"Promise me," she pleaded, as they

were returning to the house, "promise me, that you will help me to secure his happiness."

"I promise," he said heartily, and

Marian felt that she had won.

They entered the house at the rear and Billy stood looking around the little white kitchen with interested eyes. The old-fashioned wood stove was set up in one corner. On it was a tiny blue tea kettle. Encircling the room was a broad shelf upon which rested rows of blue pans and dishes. The scoured kitchen table held one blue bowl. In the wall above it hung a bewildering array of working spoons, and forks and knives.

"Do you know, Mrs. Harding," he asked, "how hungry a city fellow gets for a good old-fashioned kitchen? If he has never known one, the hunger is there just the same, an honest heritage. To the boys of the tenements the kitchen is an unheard-of thing, to the boys of the middle west, a comfortless kitchenette in a crowded flat must answer the longing, to the boys of the rich, the stately kitchen of their palace has no more charm than the kitchen of a hotel. What American boys need more than they do anything else is to stand at a kitchen table occasionally and watch their mother bake ginger cookies."

"Why, Billy," gasped Marian, "you're

a philosopher."

"It's the West," he beamed, "it's

getting into my blood."

They laughed together like two children. Wayne, returning tired from the city, paused on the threshold and regarded them with unsmiling face.

"You didn't seem to miss me much," he accused. "What have you been doing?"

"I've been learning things," said Billy.
"It is surprising," he added, enigmatically, "how much I have found out. I've been here less than twenty-four hours, and I've discovered things that neither of you know."

(To be concluded in next month's National)

The Financial Democracy

bu S. W. Straus

President of S. W. Straus & Co., Mortgage and Bond Bankers, Chicago



OME years since a leader of American thought declared that the true solution of the problem of great corporations and great concentration of wealth would be found in the "peopleization,"

as he called it, of the nation's industries. He declared that when the people owned the great corporations, and ownership was spread out widely through stock distribution, we would be nearing an end of the

period of corporate abuses.

As a matter of fact, this era is already dawning, and in spite of concentrations of credit and great combinations of capital, the basis of the financial world today is really a democratic one. The foundations of the whole financial structure rest on the shoulders of the people. Banks may centralize, and to a certain extent control credit; huge syndicates may be formed to underwrite huge bond issues; international loans may be made, reaching into the hundreds of millions of dollars, yet, after all, the true source of credit is the people, and the money furnished is the people's money.

Our tremendous industrial expansion of the last forty years is due, more than any one thing, to the fact that ways were found of tapping the credit reservoir of wealth, owned in the aggregate by the people, of concentrating the funds of a thousand or a million loaners, and of bringing the people into active participa-

tion in great financial operations.

One hundred years ago the Rothschilds were the only great international bankers. They were able to finance the need of nations, but the money they loaned was chiefly the money representing their colossal family fortune. Today there are a dozen great international banking firms. each of which is larger than the Rothschilds were a century ago, and whose aggregate loaning power reaches an amount which would then have been almost inconceivable. There are now a thousand banks where then there was one, each representing the concentrated loaning power of perhaps thousands of people. They offer vast credit because the funds of the people, loaned through them, reach vast sums.

No one knows who invented bonds, but whoever he was, he was one of the great benefactors of the human race. He made it possible for great loans, aggregating perhaps hundreds of millions of dollars. to be split up into bonds that could be sold to individual investors all over the world, furnishing the money to finance the needs of nations, to found great new industries, and to open up vast tracts of

territory.

We may read in the newspapers that \$100,000,000 has been loaned to Japan by an international banking syndicate, but at the same time comes the announcement of a \$100,000,000 bond issue, the obligation of the Japanese government, secured, perhaps, by customs revenues. and offered to investors in the financial capitals of three or four nations. The \$100,000,000, as a matter of fact, has not been loaned by the bankers-it is loaned by the reople.

The banking syndicate purchases the bonds of the oriental nation and immediately sells them at a slightly higher price than it paid for them. If the bonds are offered to investors at par, the bankers have purchased them at a small discount. If they are offered at a premium, the

bankers may have paid par or more for them. The difference between the purchase price and the selling price of the bonds represents the profit of the banking syndicate, a profit to which it is entitled, since it has performed a service both to the borrower (the Japanese government) and to the lenders (the various purchasers of the bonds).

The banking syndicate possesses the confidence of the financial world and is entitled to a profit from the Japanese government by placing this confidence at its disposal. At the same time it has rendered an important office to the investor, since it has carefully investigated

and safeguarded the loan.

Yet, the money loaned, as has been said, is not the bankers' money; it is the money supplied by the people. The banking syndicate has simply concentrated the loaning power of a thousand or hundred thousand individuals to meet the need of the Japanese government. As soon as the bonds are sold, it has made its profit, and again has on its hands a large sum of money, ready to be loaned once more.

Were it not possible to market great loans of this character, in the form of bond issues, a banking house could make only two or three loans, when it would be at the end of its working capital. Its money would be all tied up and it would have to stop loaning money until the loans were sold. The co-operation of the people, therefore, is a necessity to all financial operations of this character.

The people give their confidence only to those who have earned it, and when a banking house has a record of having made many loans and sold these loans to investors, with no loss, it has justly earned the confidence reposed in it. One investor contributes \$1,000, another \$10,000, and another \$100,000—each according to his resources and his wishes, but not one would contribute a penny were he not satisfied that his money was safe and would earn for him a legitimate interest yield.

Contrast this modern system with conditions fifty years ago. Then safe investments were limited to local mortgages and government bonds. Even government bonds were yielding seven per cent interest and were held in doubt by many conservative people. Railroad bonds were a new form of security. Municipal issues were little known and were almost purely local in their distribution. The great international machinery of credit and of confidence was something undreamt of.

A generation ago only the wealthy owned bonds. Investment knowledge was something confined to the few. Now, safe securities are generally distributed. Bonds are issued in denominations as low as \$100, so that even the small salaried man, who has a few hundred dollars in the savings bank, may purchase a portion of a great loan from a great banking house.

Even real estate mortgages have undergone something of a revolution, and real estate mortgages, as a matter of fact, are the truly conservative investment. Not many years ago the practice was adopted of splitting up a large first mortgage loan on improved city real estate into an issue of first mortgage real estate bonds. The bond issue has all the proverbial safety of the straight first mortgage, while it is convenient and available to investors generally, since the bonds are in denomination of \$1,000, \$500, and even in some cases \$100. We thus find the carpenter in Galveston, Texas, the physician in Toronto and the Panama Canal engineer helping to finance the erection of a Chicago skyscraper by purchasing its first mortgage bonds.

Ownership of the great corporations is becoming more and more widely disseminated, and the number of small stock holdings is constantly growing. More than ten thousand people are owners of the greatest American corporation, or have loaned it money by purchase of its securities.

When a politician arises and tells the people that the "trusts must be smashed," it is well to remember that the people themselves are the owners of these "trusts," that the owners can remedy any misdeds these corporations may have committed, and that the destruction of these great enterprises would mean the destruction of the people's property.

As a matter of fact, the people can control conditions in any one industry by

giving or withholding credit to it. Just at present the railroads are seriously embarrassed because railroad bonds, with their low interest yield, have become unpopular. One large investment house, which used to specialize in railroad securities and had constantly on hand the bonds of scores of lines, offered only one railroad bond issue in its July investment circular, and this at a price to net six per cent.

The Japanese government was able to finance its war with Russia because there was a widespread popular belief in the United States and Europe that it would meet its obligations promptly. No amount of banking support would have been of great use to the Japanese in that crisis had the people wished to withhold credit from the island empire.

No matter how much talk there may be of a money "trust," no matter how much credit may be centralized, no matter what great combinations of capital there may be, democracy is the Twentieth Century basis of finance. The nation or the enterprise that wishes to borrow money must borrow it, in the final analysis, from the people. The banking house is only a "middle man." It concentrates credit and gives the people an opportunity for safe and profitable employment of their money through legitimate investment.

MY SAMPLER

By EDITH MINITER

I SIT me down to write of one and all she wrought for fame—
A faded picture done in silk, in a quaint old-fashioned frame—
I mind me where it used to hang behind the clothes-press door,
A sampler, made by Creusa Shield, who died in '44.

Perchance she once dreamed of a prince to fetch her love and wealth,
He never came. She died, I've heard, through caring for her health.

While foolish girls, in giddy silks, embroidered "A, B, C,"
Did Creusa—so I like to think—determine wise to be;
Her canvas cut and stretched with care upon the tambour frame,
She wrought in cross-stitch, day by day, each well-loved family name,
So now, though records be at fault, for doubt there is no room,
Since dates and flowers in satin-stitch upon that sampler bloom.

In hue, (I guess) of real true blue began the tale of life, Where "David S." took "Miriam C." to be his wedded wife; And then (tradition says) bright pink records each girl and boy, She meant, did Creusa, thus to show, her loving parents' joy; But now the blue and eke the pink, oh, once so fair and bright, Are brought by Time to look alike—and that alike is white.

A vine-leaf border hung with grapes meanders all around, And such her crafty skill no two may quite alike be found; Anon the deaths, in solemn black, with weeping willows dressed So jauntily, I cannot think that she was much depressed. One riddle still the sampler asks, I ponder o'er and o'er, What hand embroidered "Creusa Shield, who died in '44"?

In the Walker Art Gallery

by the Editor

UT of the noise and rattle of busy Minneapolis, I love to find my way to the Walker Art Gallery and enter a veritable cloister of art. Streams of visitors going and coming enjoy the beauty and inspiration of this remarkable gallery founded and established by Mr. T. B. Walker. The gallery was first visited on a honeymoon trip years ago, and each time I visit it I feel as if returning to some art home and finding some magnificent examples of ancient or modern art that are new to me. Especially is the pleasure enhanced when Mr. Walker himself can be found to give his visitors his personal expressions of notable features and histories of these rare treasures, with all the geniality of a host, for he not only loves his work as a collector, but he loves to have others enjoy it. Whether standing before the great piece of jade, with its romantic history, reaching back to the ancient days of China, or before any of the great masterpieces of ancient or modern painters, or in the galleries of ancient porcelains, glass, carved or cut stones and gems, or the rare and beautiful collection of bronzes, he is but pointing out the special features of what he has brought into this gallery, the wonders of all time, and imbued it with the atmosphere of many ages. Napoleon brought art treasures to France and Paris as a part of the plunder of conquest; and Americans are buying them, trophies of the supremacy of American business genius, paying prices that show square dealing.

The gallery seems a replica of the universe in itself, for China, Persia, Japan, Greece and the greatest factories of Europe are being represented in its Keramic treasures, and many glorious old masters,

including three stately Van Dycks, three Rubens, three Murillos, a Botticelli, a noted Paul Veronese, fourteen magnificent Turners, three Claude Lorains, five fine Constables, five portraits and two important figure pieces by Rembrandt, including the Adultress before Christ and Potiphar's Wife Accusing Joseph; with ten fine Corots, twelve beautiful Cazins, eight fine Ziems, the two finest of Jules Breton's paintings, five important Troyons, five Rousseaus, four Jules Dupres, four of Joshua Reynolds' portraits. There is also a collection of over two hundred fine original ivory miniatures of noted persons of Europe, and painted by wellknown miniature painters of the times; and over three hundred in all of the finest examples of ancient mediaeval and modern paintings, all selected with unexampled care and appreciation of highest art.

Altogether, the galaxy of artists give dignity to the many charms of the gallery, which Joseph Jefferson complimented by saying, "Every picture on these walls is genuine and of the highest order of merit." One cannot "gallop" through this collection as in abbreviated European tours. In fact, at this art gallery you feel at home, and the impulse is to sit down and visit and enjoy the fruits of the many years spent in choosing this collection.

Edwin B. Child of New York City, an artist chiefly famous for the wonderful living fidelity of his portraiture, and assistant to John La Farge in the decorating of the St. Paul state house was frankly enthusiastic when he said:

"It is a most wonderful collection of beautiful things, selected with marvelous patience and discrimination. There were groups of 'objets d'art,' any one item of which would be considered ordinarily of inestimable value. And yet here they are assembled with absolute prodigality. The marvelously wide range of search indicated in those enchanting galleries impresses one forcibly, and my great regret was the inexorable limit of time that prevented my giving myself up to a long and close study of this art Golconda that opens its magic doors so hospitably to the people of Minneapolis and to the stranger within their gates.'"

A CORNER OF THE PORCELAIN ROOM Fine old Chinese, Japanese, Corean, Persian and other porcelains

Mr. James Hunieker, whom A. G. Hetherington of the Arts Club, Philadelphia, considers probably the best critic in America, says:

"Two well-known connoisseurs, John H. McFadden and Albert Hetherington, of the Philadelphia Art Club, happened to find themselves in Minneapolis, Minnesota, some time ago. Among the sights of the city is the art gallery of Thomas B. Walker, a man of great wealth and one who believes in pictures. To the amazement of the two Philadelphians, instead of the usual local gallery filled with copies or indifferent specimens bearing great names,

they found a gallery literally crammed with distinguished pictures and fine old Chinese porcelains. The catalogue of the paintings numbers over three hundred, among which are examples by Holbein—his portrait of Henry VIII—Rubens, Van Dyck, Murillo, Veronese, Botticelli, Raphael—a portrait of Pope Julius II, from the Sir Cecil Miles collection, indorsed by Dr. Waagen, of Berlin; no less than eleven Turners of

quality; eight Rembrandts, one of Saskia; Ferdinand Bol. the Breghes, twelve Diaz; a dozen fine Corots; four Troyons; Clouet; three Daubigny; five Rousseaus; Hobbema; one Hals, Ghirlandaio; three Gainsboroughs; a Francia, Mignard, Michelangelo, Millet, Morland, Del Piombo, the Poussins, Raeburn, three by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Romney, Teniers, Tiepolo, San-chez-Coello, Vanden Neer, chez-Coello, Vanden Neer, Tintoretto, Richard Wilson, and nearly three hundred others. Truly an amazing gathering, one that reflects high and varied tastes. Yet how many know of the Walker gallery?"

Canon H. Hensley Hanson, Chairman of Westminster Abbey, said during a recent visit to the gallery, to Mr. Hudson, the jeweler: "This is the finest and most magnificent collection of art that I have ever seen. My greatest regret is that this collection is in America

and not in England."

One reason for this regret as expressed by Mr. Hanson was because he saw in the catalogue and on the tablets that a very large proportion of the greatest paintings were the finest examples from the many prominent private galleries of England.

There is no limitation or restriction at the Walker Art Gallery. It is a home gallery in every sense of the word. Here one can study Rembrandt as well as in any European gallery. There is Rubens' "Madonna" with "eyes lit by heaven's own love" and all through the gallery the visitor is met by surprises.

Here is the largest collection of Turner's gorgeous color schemes to be found outside of the Wallace or Tait, or the National Gallery of London, and considered by many to be more attractive than either of these. The expressions of surprise and admiration from those who have visited European galleries must have been gratifying to Mr. Walker as he heard the comments of the visitors that day, all the more that many of them little knew that the quiet man walking among them was the collector and owner of that famous collection.

those which my father used to mention as one of his best; it had, besides, a very great success at the Salon, and it is certainly one of my father's works in which he has allied, in the happiest manner, human feelings and family love, with the general impression of Nature which envelopes a peasant's life. It is impossible to imagine a gentler scene, a calmer hour, a purer and more poetical joy. All the stages of life are represented there. The emotion of the old couple, the strong and healthy happiness of the young couple, and the joyful rush of the child toward them in the last rays of the Sunset. All that is rendered with the charms and expressive intensity which make the everlasting masterpieces. My father has written on the



"THE LAST RAY," A MASTERPIECE BY JULES BRETON

Every time I enter the Gallery something impels me to stop and ponder over Mme. Demont-Breton's masterly painting, "Her Man is on the Sea." There is a tender heart touch in the expression of the faces, a feeling in the atmosphere, a gentleness pervading it all that is irresistible. The letter from the artist, Mme. Demont-Breton, to Mr. Walker indicates how universal is art and how closely it lies near the generous emotions of the heart. The letter gleams with the poesy that pervades the pictures of Jules Breton and his daughter and granddaughter:

We have heard, my husband and myself, with great pleasure, that my father's superb painting "The Last Ray" has just entered into your collection. This picture was among

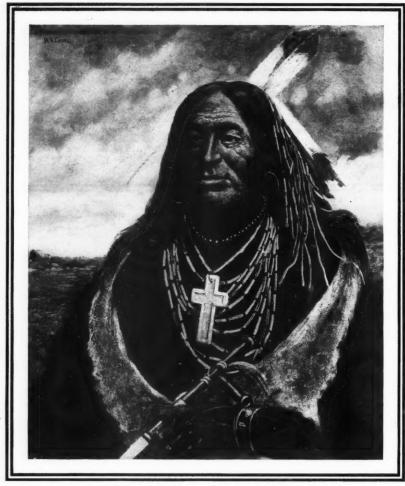
same subject and under the same title, a sonnet which was published in his book "A Peasant Painter"—I presume you know it.

"A Peasant Painter"—I presume you know it. And now, dear Mr. Walker, let me tell you what a pleasant remembrance we have of your visit to Montgeron in 1889, at the time when you purchased my own picture of that year's Salon, "The Man is Out at Sea." It was my second daughter Adrienne (she was then one year old) who was my model for that baby in the picture; she has been married now four years; she has two beautiful children, and is a painter. She got an "Honorable Mention" last year at the Salon.

Time glides away, children grow up; and happy remembrances are mingled with the dreams of the future.

Please accept, dear Sir, for yourself and your family, our most affectionate feelings.
Signed:

VIRGINIA DEMONT-BRETON.



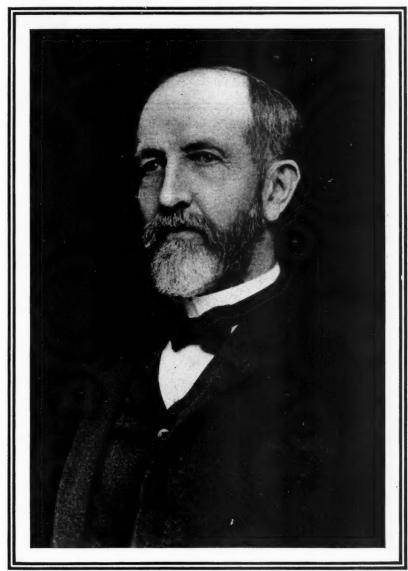
SPOTTED TAIL, HEAD CHIEF OF THE BRULE SIOUX

The whole ensemble of pictures at the Walker Art Gallery have a setting and harmony that cannot be excelled. There is a Rosa Bonheur collection, including the "palette" which she presented to her godson, Georges Cain, on which she painted a deer in the forest and added her autograph, leaving the paints just as she distributed them, dried around the edge of the palette, a rare glimpse of the personality of the great French artist.

In this gallery one is vividly transported

to scenes not only in all parts of the world, but far back in the centuries of time. Queen Josephine and Napoleon are seen in stately coronation robes, with three other original portraits of Napoleon, one of them by Robert Lefebvre, the most authentic and highly-prized portrait of him.

I just felt as if I had visited with all the celebrities of history that afternoon. The descriptive catalogue of this art collection is astonishing in its range, for every picture has its history and its story



MR. THOMAS BARLOW WALKER, THE FOUNDER OF THE WALKER ART GALLERY

plainly told, without mystic catalogue numbers. Here also is the H. H. Cross collection of one hundred and fifty famous Indian chiefs, scouts, frontiersmen and the principal military men, who were leading actors in the last fifty years of our Indian wars and the opening up of the great west. Foreign visitors in particular have expressed a great appreciation of Mr. Cross' "Spotted Tail," head chief

Lieutenant Grattan's detachment in the year 1854. After General Harney had inflicted severe punishment on the Brules at Ash Hollow, Spotted Tail and two other Indians who had been responsible for the massacre of Grattan's command, boldly marched into Fort Laramie, each arrayed in war dress and chanting their death songs. This heroic surrender was for the purpose of sacrificing themselves



ONE OF THE MAIN ROOMS OF THE GALLERY

of the Brule Sioux. The pictures of the American school seem to fit in with foreign masterpieces.

This most celebrated Indian was born near Fort Laramie, Wyoming, about 1833. He won his chieftainship by dint of his fighting qualities, not by inheritance. He won his wife in a duel with a sub-chief, and in many ways proved his prowess in battle, so that when the head chief died, Spotted Tail was chosen his successor in place of the hereditary claimant. He was one of the leaders in the destruction of

that their people might be spared further punishment. His bravery was applauded by the garrison, and he was freed and still remained the head chief of the Brule Sioux, but he was ever after an arbiter for peace, and strove to save so much of the patrimony of his people through peace that in time they, through the unavoidable changes which he clearly foresaw, might become rich indeed. In 1872, when Duke Alexis of Russia was the guest of the United States, it was determined in order to give his Highness

some idea of the magnitude and wealth of the country, as well as to "show him a good time," to arrange a great hunt. The first thing necessary, therefore, was to arrange a truce with the hostile Indians. and this task was assigned to General Phil Sheridan and Colonel William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill). Knowing the sovereign power and influence of Spotted Tail, they at once prepared for a trip into his domains. After getting his approval and promise to co-operate, they "fixed" the balance of the Indians by distributing several hundred wagon loads of provisions Spotted Tail kept his among them. promise with his usual fidelity, and thus was arranged what will ever live in history as the greatest and grandest hunt of all times. Spotted Tail, with over two hundred of his warriors, joined the expedition, and added a picturesque coloring to the great representative conclave, composed of the flower of the United States Army. with Generals Sheridan and Custer in the lead, which with the resplendent accoutered staff of the Royal Russian Huntsman, and the plainsmen, hunters, trappers, scouts and Indians, each in their own peculiar garb, led by Buffalo Bill, formed an assembly exceeding in grandeur and spectacular effect anything of the kind ever undertaken.

Upon her death bed Spotted Tail's daughter implored him to "bury the hatchet," and ever after live in peace, and he made the promise, which to him was the same as an oath.

Therefore when the government induced the people to cede large tracts of their lands, the old chief, after all the others had affixed their signature, drew his arrow and wrote his name in the sand where the winds or water would obliterate it, thus showing his faith in the white man's pledge. His advocacy of peace, however, aroused some of the more radical of his people, and eventually resulted in his cowardly assassination by Crow Dog.

Thomas Barlow Walker was born in Xenia, Greene County, Ohio, and his life career reads like a romance. He came to Minnesota quite by accident and began his work with a well-defined and unrelenting purpose. An incessant worker and always busy, he has exemplified how much one man can accomplish by keeping busy, and concentrating his energy on things that count for results. A useful life is exemplified as one sees Mr. Walker among his art collections, amid his books and at his business. The whole story is that he does things his own way just as he did when a village boy at the game of checkers or playing ball. His busy life as business man and lumberman has never weaned him away from the scholarly instincts of his youth. Every proposition that comes before him, whether it is a painting or an economical, political, social or philosophic discussion, is taken up with the thoroughness characteristic of his life career. He was the founder of the Minneapolis Public Library, and the books and pamphlets which have come from his pen on the current subjects in economic and social problems of public life, indicate the breadth of his activities and show what can be done with the extra available time so often frittered away.



In the Star's Dressing-Room

by Ann Randolph

IRST, of course, before you get there, there is the manager to see. A Star always has a manager, who makes life livable for her in the theater. protects her from the curious, and arranges appointments for the press, whose curiosity is forgiven, or considered a necessary evil. sounds very formidable, the Star's manager, but usually he isn't, and if it is your good fortune to be duly introduced to him by the manager of the house, who knows that you are only a well-meaning journalist looking for a "story," he is -and he was-kindly and approachable. Very well, we have passed the Star's manager.

Now comes the stage entrance, always down a narrow little street, and you are glad that the manager has offered to pilot you along, for "No admittance" signs glare at you, and if it happens to be in the middle of an act, half the chorus may be gathered about the doorway "taking the air." They step deferentially to one side for the manager (you are following meekly behind), and before you know it you have

passed stepladders, scenes not in use and various ropes and riggings, up a narrow flight of iron stairs, inside an ugly, inartistic looking door, and are

being introduced.
And while your
hand is being
clasped and you
are seating
yourself in a
chair which has
been cleared especially for

you, the manager whisks out and leaves you—alone with the Star. There she sits—the success of a continent, feted and beloved on Broadway, talked about, written about, laughed over and cried over—there she sits not two feet from

you-for dressing rooms are small-telling you, with her most winsome smile, that she is glad to see you! And you really believe it. On the stage you thought she was beautiful, but you see now that you did not half appreciate her lithe young form, her perfectly moulded face, with its appealing brown eyes, straight little nose, expressive mouth-and dimples. If you were a man you would be tempted to pick up this lovely maiden and bear her away in your arms, as in the old fairy tales. Your particular infatuation for Miss Gertrude



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Bryan dates back to her appearance in "The Merry Widow," which, as Mr. Savage says, "she fell in by accident." She was frightfully young then, but Henry W. Savage has an abiding faith in young people. So in the hands of this little New York girl who had swooped almost out of the schoolroom into the

theatrical world, he placed the title role of "Little Boy Blue," his most pretentious musi-

cal opera.

Swooped out of the schoolroom? The verb, on second thought, is a poor choice, for Gertrude Bryan came from the Friends' Seminary. She was only four years old when she was entrusted to the Ouakers: and one cannot but agree with her mother that this early environment has influenced her whole life. Did she come of stage stock? She did not; in fact, her mother declares that Miss Gertrude's father had very decided objections to the stage. But as Will Levington Comfort remarks, "Great men are the dreams of great women become militant," so Miss Bryan's histrionic leanings are but natural, for her mother has long been a student of the drama, and has successfully dramatized a number of works. Miss Bryan herself did very creditable essays in school, has composed a number of delightful little verses which she is too shy to put on paper, and has her own ideas as to how lines should be rendered to suit an occasion. She has never taken a lesson

in dancing. Her voice was trained by Miss Florence Wessel, to whom she pays most appreciative tribute.

But here you are thinking of all these things when "Little Boy Blue" herself is talking to you, informally, gaily, like a friend. She is shyly turning the tables on

your awe. "I used to be dreadfully afraid of interviewers," she is saying. Her eyes are dancing. She is taking off her Prince Albert, having asked your permission, "since I'm a boy." You want to add that she makes the prettiest boy you ever saw, surpassing even your first beau; but she is telling you about her first interviewer. "He was a man, you see-oh, so pompous -and I was scared half to death. I think he asked for my history. And then before I could begin he" (very indignantly) "asked me if it was my first interview!" And Gertrude Bryan righteously declared that it wasn't!

Now the ice is broken. The Star once stood aghast at interviewers. so you are quits. You venture a word about her part and you have her word for it that she. loves it. Her whole heart is in it; and why shouldn't it be, for she has made it-she is the original "Little Boy Blue."

Incidently and by adroit questioning, you learn something of her preparation for a stellar role. This is only her third season on the stage. "Little Boy Blue" is also





her third play; she made her bow to Broadway in "The Wife Tamers," in which she was given a lead in two weeks, and followed with an instantaneous success in "The Merry Widow." But ah, dear old query without which no interview is complete, "How did you happen to go on the stage?" You must learn that from her mother, a charming, intellectual lady whose dignified bearing suggests her noble Scotch ancestry. It seems that little Miss Gertrude prepared an entertainment for some charitable society, and engineered it with such remarkable success that Mr. Corey, Mr. Savage's associate, sent for her and persuaded her to become a real actress.

She talks entertainingly about the play and her hopes of the stage. She would like, sometime, to go into serious drama, and you need only look into her deep, appealing eyes to know that she has the soul to succeed in it. So she talks to you of plays, and of people and of children, whom she loves, but of herself, individually—"Oh, I don't want to talk about myself! I have a horror of anything egotistical, and anyway"—eyes turned upon you quite seriously— "I'm a very ordinary person."

Gertrude Bryan does not set herself apart from the multitude by small talk of what she has done—indeed, she seems even to have no theories, though you always thought actresses and theories went hand in hand. It is almost too good a secret to whisper that she had spent her morning looking at the "character dolls" in the toy shops. "I was almost afraid she would insist on buying one," said her mother.

If she has a hobby, it is art. She

has studied it in New York and in Paris and she wants to study it again. The Metropolitan Art Gallery in New York claims much of her time when at home. She admits to making some "little sketches" herself, and you are about to beg just a glimpse of one when—

"Miss Bryan!" It is the prompter downstairs. The Star is due on the stage. Yes, there is the orchestra in the distance, and the sound of moving scenery. You

come back to the present with a start. The best you can do is to join the audience again, and to share the Star with a thousand individuals scattered in boxes and balconies. But hold—"Do come back again!" the Star is urging, with a hand on your arm. And then in a whsper, as she flies down the stairs, "I've a long time after the waltz."

What wonder that you wear a superior air when you finally get back to your seat



"out front"? Little Boy Blue is already on the stage. You consult your program

to catch the thread of the play.

"Little Boy Blue" has more of a plot than the average musical comedy. The story surrounds the famous Gainsborough portrait of "Boy Blue," which is exhibited in Scene II of the last act. The Earl of Goberdeen is in Paris searching for his brother's son, the lost heir of Goberdeen. At the Bal Tabarin he meets Dupont, a detective, to whom he confides his mission, and promises five hundred pounds if the missing Oliver is produced in three days. The Earl also meets the handsome but impecunious Marquis de la Tour, to whom he would marry his ward, Kittie. Meantime Daisy, the pretty barmaid at the Bal Tabarin, shows Dupont the birth certificate of her half brother Oliver, who is indeed the missing viscount. The boy cannot reach Scotland in the allotted time, and persuaded by Dupont and Amaranth, a seeress (effectively presented by Miss Maud Odell), Daisy dons boy's clothing and goes to Scotland. Perhaps her willingness to do this was brought about by a desire for a change of scene following a quarrel with the Marquis, whom she loves, and has parted with that he may wed a wealthy lady, in reality her cousin Kittie. All goes well in Scotland, where Daisy as "Little Boy Blue" is cordially received. until the clans assemble for the "test" that is to prove the heir a true Goberdeen. Here is the crucial moment. "Little Boy Blue" refuses to bare her shoulder even to the Marquis, who has all along doubted her make-up. Her jacket is torn from her shoulder, while she breaks down, crying, "Can't you see that I'm a not a boy. I'm a girl?"

Another act. Now comes "Little Boy Blue" as herself—what a beautiful girl she is!—and there is a waltz, a wonderfully artistic waltz, with the Marquis. "I'll have a long time," the Star said, "after the waltz."

You pin on your hat and hurry out, leaving the audience in the hands of Dupont and Amaranth. This time you make the dressing-room even before the Star. You are looking at a photograph on her dressing table when she dances in.

"Don't you think that's a cute pose of mother?" she asks and looks on the picture lovingly. There is a reminiscent little laugh. Meantime her mother sits in the wings and watches the performance; she has never missed a night when her daughter played. Was there ever a more beautiful devotion?

The Star turns to the other side of the dressing-table and nods toward a framed cabinet photograph. The laugh has died away and the eyes take on a faraway look. She does not speak for a moment, but you can trace the resemblance between the clear eyes, the straight nose, the determined mouth and chin. "That's my daddy," she says softly, "don't you think I look like him?" and you know that the love between Gertrude Bryan and her "daddy" was one of the vital things of her life.

There is another picture on the dressing table, and you are also permitted—you were audacious enough to insist—to look upon it. But that, as Kipling says, is

another story.

And now there is another skip downstairs for the finale, in which the rightful heir to Goberdeen is brought to the front by his half-sister, and all are united-Daisy and the Marquis, Kittie and Captain Graham-yes, and even Dupont and Amaranth. The orchestra is playing the final chords of "Little Boy Blue" when the Star comes back to you. The play is over. You must go. This time you keep the Star's hand in yours. You fumble with the door knob. Finally you realize that you must go, for the Star is catching a train. You murmur a hurried "Goodbye" and regretfully close the door behind you. And then as you are going down the narrow iron stairs-"Do come down again!" calls the Star.

You pass a dozen of the chorus quite coolly on your way out. You find the street without the aid of the manager, and though you become only a part of the matinee throng, yet you have no interest in their remarks. You have been in the Star's dressing-room. And you have been asked to come again.

In his productions Mr. Henry W. Savage has always sought the unique. In Gertrude Bryan he has given us a unique Star.



CYNICS may wag their heads and declare that a humorist can seldom repeat a success, but "Sunshine

Sketches,"* the new book by Stephen Leacock, is a strong addition to his former writings. In "Literary Lapses" and "Nonsense Tales" he proved his right to a position among the foremost humorists of today, and "Sunshine Sketches" is conclusive evidence of the fact. The sketches are not bromidic enlargements of some other fellow's work, but are delightfully original in their delineation. It is the story of the old home townbody's town, anywhere in the United States and Canada. All you have to do is

substitute the names of familiar characters, and there you have it, a clear-cut, human picture of a small country town. With a breadth of sympathy and understanding that sweeps aside ridicule and leaves in its place a feeling that the more you laugh the more you love it—that is the answer to Leacock's success as a humorist.

THERE are all kinds of stories, especially love stories, but perhaps the sweetest of these are told by women, who can paint the beautiful, wayward, loving, impulsive traits of girlhood, and their burgeoning

and blossoming into helpful and dainty womanhood, crowned with the sweetest chaplet of life, a worthy and happy love.

Such a story is Miss Augusta Kortrecht's "A Dixie Rose in Bloom," which portrays pretty Jean Rose Spencer's arrival at a German boarding school, and her haps and mishaps, as the only American girl in the severely disciplined and ultraconventional finishing school. The strong contrast between the unconventional American and her German and Russian associates is exquisitely drawn and artistically maintained. There are, of course, quarrels and reconciliations, misunderstandings and even a duello "a l'outrance," with sponges soaked in ice water; but all are friends at last,

fortune smiles to make up for earlier misfortunes, and of course Prince Charming comes upon the stage and all are happy ever after.

MINING engineer, soldier of fortune, cowboy, book agent—Wyndham Martyn developed a few years ago into a writer of more than average fiction, besides more scholarly and enduring literature. His first novel, "The Man Outside," has been followed by "All the World to Nothing," whose plot, if not altogether unique, is



your town, my town, anybody's town, anywhere in the United States and Can-WYNDHAM MARTYN A writer who has led an adventurous career. His new book, "All the World to Nothing", follows "The Man Outside"

^{*&}quot;Sunshine Sketches." By Stephen Leacock. New York: John Lane Company.

^{*&}quot;A Dixie Rose in Bloom." By Augusta Kortrecht.
Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price \$1.25

^{†&}quot;All the World to Nothing." By Wyndham Martyn. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

relatively striking and original. Its hero loses a fortune in prodigal but not licentious idleness, pays all his debts, refuses to call upon his friends even to secure work, and by a mistake finds himself confronted with a lady who takes him for a thief. She requires him to marry her at once to save her from the loss of a large bequest, which lapses if she fails to marry someone that very night. He complies, but meets her under another name, "makes good" in business, is reconciled to his millionaire brother, saves his wife's fortune from a merciless speculator and rival, and reveals himself at last to his true



LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
The popular author of "The Brass
Bowl," "The Bronze Bell," "The
Band-box," etc. His latest book is
"The Destroying Angel"

friend and loving betrothed as her legal and undivorced husband.

BOOKS written on subjects of current interest will always be popular. "Julia France and Her Times"* by Gertrude Atherton is essentially a novel dealing with the question of woman suffrage. The heroine, brought up in strict seclusion by an eccentric mother, who has read in the stars a great future for her daughter, is forced by her into a loveless marriage with a dissolute lieutenant, who has prospects of a dukedom. She is at last released from her unhappy married life by his proven insanity. From this time forward Julia

becomes an ardent supporter of the suffrage cause, and by her loyalty and devotion is made one of its leaders. But even woman suffragists have hearts, and Daniel Tay discovers Julia's. His is a love of long standing, and finally, after many misgivings and much questioning of herself and heartache, Julia, knowing that there will be no happiness for her without him, surrenders, believing that in linking her future with that of the progressive young American, they can together work toward the solution of the problems that confront the race.

THE latest novel by John Gore will be greatly enjoyed by those sufficiently au fait in following the thread of English social satire to comprehend its delicate and somewhat hermetic wit and recondite allusions to contemporary persons and events. "The Barmecide's Feast" is further made humorous by the singularly appropriate illustrations of Arthur Penn.

The plot deals with the haps and mishaps of Rupert Barmyside, who succeeded to a fortune, got into society and was duly "plucked" as far as possible, eventually married to an old maid and at last became an unhappy outcast in Australia.

A DECIDEDLY strenuous tale of "battle, murder and sudden death" certainly describes "The Destroying Angel"† by Louis Joseph Vance.

A strong man, driven to suicide by an expert's verdict that he has not six months to live, meets a girl, who, after being deserted by a lover who has taken her from the care of a tyrannical father, has been promptly robbed and abandoned by him. Like the desperate man, the girl seeks to end her life. The man, wealthy and generous, induces her to marry him, gives her money and credits to live on for years, and at once sails for the Pacific isles, where under another name he recovers his health, makes a great fortune and returns to New York to find his wife a great actress and his partner a morphine degenerate, an

^{*&}quot;Julia France and Her Times." By Gertrude Atherton. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price \$1.35 net.

^{*&}quot;The Barmecide's Feast." By John Gore. New York: John Lane Company. Price \$0.80 net. †"The Destroying Angel." By Louis Joseph Vance. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.25.

embezzler, a rival in love and a mortal enemy. After many escapes from assassination and other lethal perils, he saves his wife from captivity; rescues her from drowning, and after another escape, due to the bad marksmanship of a disappointed manager who has slain several lovers of the great actress to prevent her from leaving the stage, induces his wife at last to yield to her own somewhat morbid ideal of self-sacrificing affection and to become in fact as well as in name the wife of the Australian millionaire.

HERE are novels in which the plot is promising, the location interesting, the descriptions of scenery, dress, characters and other important elements more than ordinarily good, and yet the results, the climaxes of the main and minor propositions constituting the story are by no means commensurate with the machinery and settings of the stage.

In "A Jewel of the Seas" by Jessie Kauffman, an accomplished crook and adventurer poses as "The Commodore" of a handsome vacht in the port of Honolulu, and as gambler, thief and pseudolover secures many thousands of dollars, valuable gems and other desirable things from the "smart set" of the Hawaiian metropolis, incidentally creating jealousy and more or less estrangement between an engaged young couple of elevated social position.

Finally the worried young fiance manages to secure complete information that the "Commodore" is a noted swindler and crook, but simply uses his knowledge to compass the return of a solitary diamond brooch, and allows the thief to sail away to "fresh fields and pastures new," unwhipped of justice. A couple of chapters of very mild explanation, reconciliation and expressions of mutual esteem close a story of so many excellencies that one regrets its comparatively tame conclusion.

POOR Scottish ploughboy rises by A degrees from a life of misery and squalor to a responsible position and in

*"A Jewel of the Seas." By Jessie Kauffman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price \$1.25

his turn becomes a part of the social system under which he has suffered.

Later he relinquishes his advantages and accepting socialistic ideas devotes his best efforts to an attempt to equalize in some degree the condition of landlord and tenant, master and servant, capitalist and pauper.

These features and minor incidents make up the plot of "The Story of a Ploughboy," * by Ambassador James Bryce, with an introduction by Edwin Markham. It may not inspire conviction in all the conclusions of the author, but it is certain to awaken a sense of per-



A DOMESTIC*CLIMAX The star on the stage recognizes in a box her husband, supposed to be dead. From "The Destroying Angel"

sonal responsibility and a desire "to make foundations on the earth for that holy city of fraternity revealed in the apocalyptic vision of St. John."

INREQUITED love is the basis of "The Snake," a weird, mystical, psychical story of India of a period contemporaneous with the Sepoy rebellion of 1857. An English child grows up under the care of an Indian avah, who instills in her all of the mysticism, superstition and passion of the Orient. A young Englishman comes into her life, spurns her love

^{*&}quot;The Story of a Ploughboy." By James Bryce. New York: John Lane Company. Price, \$1.25 net. †"The Snake." By F. Ingles Powell. New York: John Lane Company. Price \$1.25.

for that of a cousin and as a result she sells herself to a Holy Fakir who makes her believe that at times she lives in the Holy Cobra. Death and destruction follow in her wake.

The style of the author, F. Ingles Powell, is so realistic that one would hesitate to read the book before retiring.

MANY readers are familiar with the sweet Harpeth Valley stories from the pen of Maria Thompson Daviess.



MISS MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS
The southern author who leaped into fame with
the publication of "Miss Selina Sue and the
Soap Babies"

There is still further refreshment in her new dainty little volume, "The Melting of Molly."* It is the story of a girl who could not tell which man she loved. Molly was the principal in a marriage of convenience to a man many years her senior, but death had relieved her obligation when she was in her early twenties. Now the pretty young widow had one awful fear—that was of growing stout, so she sought the advice of one Dr. Moore, a young widower with a charming little son. Billy,

*"The Melting of Molly." By Maria Thompson Daviess. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

the son, and Molly became inseparable. It was really the old hymn "Blessed be the Tie that Binds" adapted by Dan Cupid. Little Billy was the tie, and the result was that Mrs. Molly became Mrs. Moore. It is a breezy love story, bubbling over with humorous situations and quite in keeping with Miss Daviess' style.

DEALING with the fortunes of certain young cavaliers and maidens of the court and times of "The Merry Monarch," Charles II of England, "The Touchstone of Fortune" * reflects more vividly, perhaps, the dissoluteness and depravity of the reigning monarch and his associates than any especially noble and enthralling qualities.

On the whole, the book is interesting and will delight that large class of readers who, in the mental survey of more picturesque and unsettled ages, find compensation for the monotonous grind of modern city life.

CALLING trumpet-tongued to every man and woman against the white slave traffic, Miss Jane Addams in "A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil"† presents her subject in notable force, purity and discretion. The changed order of things in these days, since the enormous increase in young girls and women who have entered into competition with men in almost all gainful occupations, is taken into consideration, and a matter of vital interest to the whole world is forcefully covered by one whose philanthropic work has brought her in close touch with the conditions of which she writes.

IN "The Knightly Years" Mr. M. W. Ardagh, the author of "The Magada," portrays early Spanish rule in the Canary Islands, when its aboriginal races were but newly under the cruel Spanish yoke.

†"The Knightly Years." By W. M. Ardagh. New York: John Lane Company. Price \$1.25.

^{*&}quot;The Touchstone of Fortune." By Charles Major. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.25

^{†&}quot;A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil." By Jane Addams. New York: Macmillan Company. Price \$1.00 net.

Cruelty, intrigue, greed, revenge, only half redeemed by racial pride and courage, fill the tale, and little of peace or beauty relieves its sombre, tragical record, and yet it has a strange charm of its own, like the slaughter of a mutual charge, or a combat of gladiators, most of whom must inevitably perish. The life and customs of the guanches, now utterly extinct as a race, are interestingly brought into the story.

TEMPTATION is the dominant strain in "Joseph in Jeopardy."* Married to a wealthy but matter-of-fact woman, Dennis Passifal, a famous art critic, finds the paths of conjugal bliss diverging. His wife's apparent lack of sympathy with his work causes him to turn where sympathy and understanding are to be found. How Passifal is tried and not found wanting in moral integrity, and how the faithfulness of his wife is brought home to him is the story.

Amos Juxton, the father-in-law, a millionaire of the bourgeois class, gives opportunity for a subtle humor that relieves the serious background. The story has a particular mission to perform and is written with the strength and decisiveness that have marked Frank Danby's former efforts.

A NOTHER wholesome and genuinely refreshing book is "The Pleasuring of Susan Smith"† by Helen M. Winslow. Susan Smith had spent all her life in a little ierkwater town in Maine. She unblushingly acknowledged thirty-five, but dressed and looked like sixty-five, although she was naturally bright and keenly alive to all that went on about her. The death of a relative gives her a fortune of \$200,000. This is hers as long as she lives, and at her death is to go to a New York cousin, John James Smith, provided that Susan approves of the cousin's wife. decides to go to Boston and to New York. Her visit to the Hub results in uproarious situations, and she finally journeys to

*"Joseph in Jeopardy." By Frank Danby. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.35 net. †"The Pleasuring of Susan Smith." By Helen M. Winslow. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price \$1.00. New York. Here she imbibes the metropolitan air and her metamorphosis is so rapid and the change so charming that she fairly takes her cousin and society by storm. She tries acting, match-making and wooing with equal success. The author has a keen sense of humor that she has passed on to her characters.

THOSE readers who enjoy a novel of social life and foreign travel, free from modern slang, French equivoke, sensational situations and impossible develop-



SUSAN SMITH SCORNS WINE
But later decides that after all it is "no more nor
less than sweet cider." From "The Pleasuring
of Susan Smith"

ments will find in Nannie Deaderick Betts'
"The Flower of the Season"* an interesting
and simply-told story.

IN "Pansy Meares" the trials, temptations and fall of a beautiful English country girl, who, driven from home, goes to the city to seek her fortune, are depicted by the author with more fidelity than will be appreciated by many readers, to whom the London atmosphere of the demi-

^{*&}quot;The Flower of the Season." By Nannie Deaderick Betts. New York: Broadway Publishing Company, Price \$1.50.

^{†&}quot;Pansy Meares." By Horace W. C. Newte. New York: John Lane Company. Price \$1.30 net.

monde always seems especially sordid and lacking in even the pseudo-romance of fast life.

There is perhaps good reason for this, since it seems to have been the object of the writer in some degree to ventilate the "white slave traffic," the evils of which have stirred to action the greatest men and women of both England and America.

THE nickname of its hero, whose Indian descent on the maternal side had not greatly lessened the respect of the ranchmen of Idaho or procured him the entire confidence of his mother's relatives, forms



VIVID FRONTIER FICTION Continues to come from the publishers. There is plenty of action in "Good Indian"

the title of "Good Indian,"* a novel by the author of "Lonesome Land." Grant Imsen, left an orphan, but not penniless, to the gentle care of Phoebe Hart of the Peaceful Home Ranch, had grown up with a sincere affection for his foster parents and their harum-scarum boys. An orphaned niece of Mrs. Hart, Miss Evadna Smith, comes out to Idaho to live with her aunt, and "Good Indian" falls in love with her, although she has all the weaknesses and prejudices of an Eastern and rather narrow training.

Meanwhile Baumberger, a scheming

*"Good Indian." By B. M. Bower. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.25. land shark, plans to steal the Peaceful Home Ranch through alleged mining claims located by armed "claim jumpers," and tries to inveigle Hart into surrendering his patent which alone protects his rights. Follows an attempt upon "Good Indian's" life, and a rapid fire of events that brings about an unexpected culmination.

The story is not a great novel, but a very fair sample of the frontier fiction that reflects the sharp, savage, lawless happenings of a period barely passed away.

In most books there is an underlying current of optimism, a general hopefulness, which is perhaps indicative of the American spirit. The writers of other languages appall us with their sordid pictures of life, shorn of romance. The translation of Rene Bazin's "The Children of Alsace" reveals a master hand at character drawing, although the story itself is full of misery and suffering and is saved only by the unmistakable evidence of charity and heroic self-sacrifice.

The tale has to do with the contention and suffering brought to the inhabitants of Alsace with the clash of two civilizations, the Latin and the Teuton, which for forty years have been waging war on the soil of conquered Alsace. Mr. Bazin is one of the greatest of contemporary French writers, and this book, with "The Penitent," may be ranked among his most powerful works.

CAVIARE to the multitude of American readers who do not understand certain phases of London and English life, "The Dewpond"† presents a long and involved study of character, emotions, restrained passions and final matrimonial shipwreck, without any of the tragedy which is characteristic of less refined, more virile, and comparatively unconventional people.

It is not a pleasant nor a wholesome book, although it is told with some force and undoubtedly "points a moral."

"The Children of Alsace." By Rene Bazin. New York: John Lane Company. Price \$1.30 net. †"The Dewpond." By Charles Marriott. New York: The John Lane Company. Price \$1.30 net. LIFE among Americans in Parisian art circles is splendidly described in "Fame Seekers." As the Romans used to say of the Christian, "How they love their

God," so one can say of the students in Paris, "How they love their work," either art, music or literature. No sacrifice is too great, no privation too exact-

ing.

"Fame Seekers"* is a real American story, although the scenes are laid in Paris. Two American girls are denizens of the Latin quarter-one a "slumming woman" of means, the other a student of music. Their finer sensibilities become more or less dormant from mingling with unconventional men and women, and it is only after a struggle with failure that knowledge and understanding and love restore them to normal condition.

The story depicts in a very human manner the gayety, indolence, loves and passions of the Latin quarter "fame seekers." Illustrated by May Wilson Preston.

FROM the brain of an anonymous author comes "The Prophet,"† a novel

Prophet,"† a novel by "N," in which bitter denunciations of existing evils are uttered by "Weyland," a character depicted as seer, prophet and martyr, and the organizing force of a movement which brings a true millennium to and among men. Many will enjoy



AMERICAN STUDENTS IN PARIS

The Bohemian atmosphere among the young people of the "Latin quarter" is well
depicted in "Fame Seekers"

reading the book and many others will have none of it, yet it does picture characters and spiritual conflicts, which ever underlie the conventional attitude of indifference affected by many thousands today.

*"Fame Seekers." By Alice Woods. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price \$1.20 net. 4"The Prophet." By "N." New York: Broadway Publishing Company. Price \$1.50.

FIFTY-SIX years ago, in 1856, the Free-Soil party, then deemed apostates from the great but doomed Whig party. and the divided Democratic host, fought their one great fight for the presidency under the leadership of John Charles Fremont, the great explorer of his day and eulogized as the "Pathfinder" of the inner mountain lands, and what was then known as the "Great American Desert." Associated with him in three great expeditions in 1842, '43 and '44, Kit Carson, one of the bravest and most skilful, modest and loyal of the great frontiersmen, made himself a record little less widespread and probably more enduring than the really great and noble soldier who employed him and his gallant band of Taos scouts.

Among the latter, the youngest was Oliver Wiggins, today the last survivor of that gallant fellowship from whose recollections and from the archives and literature of that now remote period Mr. Edwin L. Sabin has added a fourth volume* to Lippincott's "Trail Blazers Series," in which Mr. Wiggins is made the boy-

adventurer of the tale.

Except for the details of description, character and conversation supplied by Mr. Wiggins and some little license of fancy and coloring on the part of the author, the book is rather reliable history than true fiction, but all the more valuable and none the less interesting for that. It is sure to find a place in the home and school library, not to speak of the shelves of the younger journalist and litterateur who has come into the onward march of the republic with the third generation from these demi-gods of its past.

A METRICAL translation of the first book of Homer's Iliad and parts of the succeeding books of that immortal poem in which women are prominent characters, constitutes the charm of "The Women of the Iliad,"† by Hugh Woodruff Taylor.

The return of Chryseis to her father Chryses, the priest of Apollo, by the unwilling Agamemnon; the wrongful seiz-

*"With: Carson and Fremont." By Edwin L. Sabin, Philadciphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price \$1.25 †"The Women of the Iliad." By Hugh Woodruff Taylor. New York: Broadway Publishing Company. Price, \$1.00.

ure of Briseis from Achilles, her captorlover; the shame and the beauty of Helen; the wifely love and sorrows of Andromache, wife of the manly Hector, and of Hecuba, the aged queen of Priam, are all described in the metrical translation, whose *motif* is embodied in the following lines:

"Through all the din of war, the shout, the groan,

Of vanquisher and vanquished, 'round beleaguered Troy,

Through all the wild turmoil of men's employ,
In every pause is heard a woman's moan."

NEXT to practical business, reading is recognized as the most important educational factor in life, and to use it properly one must read discriminately in order to get the cream of the immense volume of modern literature. "What Book to Read and How to Read"*by David Pryde, M.A., LL.D., is an inexpensive little textbook that will prove of great value to all who love to read.

Among many facts stated in the volume we gather that America publishes 10,000 books yearly, and England as many more (a total of 20,000 volumes in the English tongue); Italy ten years ago 9,500; France, 10,000; Germany, 23,000, and other countries to an extent from which a great French authority aggregated an assumed output of 70,500 volumes per annum. In 1900 "The American Catalog" recorded in print in the United States alone 150,000 books.

In addition to Dr. Pryde's very interesting suggestions and his discussion of great books and authors, he gives a list of 1,700 works from which any reader, however fastidious and versatile, can draw satisfactory reading for many years.

BIBLE stories have always had a charm of their own for hearers of every race and tongue, men, women, and children, the wise and the simple, and there have been many attempts to improve upon the simple, terse and effective language of Moses the law-giver, the later Jewish

^{*&}quot;What Books to Read and How to Read." By David Prydé, M.A., LL.D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Price \$0.75 net.

sages and the apostles of the new dispensation.

One of these lies before us in the "Stories of the Old, Old Bible," * by L. T. Meade, an English writer who has evidently approached the subject in an honest and reverential way, and in full faith and orthodox belief in the intrinsic truth of the Inspired Word.

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The story of Eden, the fall and the death of Abel is told by Eve; of Abraham by the self-exiled Prince of Ur and husband of Sarah; of Isaac by his beloved Rebecca; and of Jacob, Esau and Rachel by the father of the gigantic progenitors of the Twelve Tribes. Joseph tells of his captivity and rise to almost kingly power in Egypt, and so on through the ages.

There is much of vivid description and faithful adherence to the best traditions and authorities, a thread of vivid human interest, and an absence of cant and pretentious sermonizing. In press work, bindings and liberal illustration it constitutes a desirable gift book.

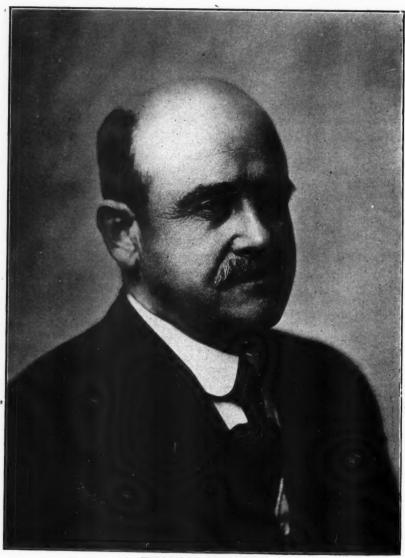
ARCHIE BUTT

A RCHIBALD WILLINGHAM BUTT visited Texas, and the newspapers made him a target for many of their jokes. After his death on the Titanic the Editor of the Houston Post published the following poem:

ARCHIBALD, ARCHIBALD, WILLINGHAM BUTT You have somehow made us feel like a mutt; Always we've made you the butt of our jokes, Always we've handed you giggles and pokes, Gibed at you, jeered at you, laughed at you, took A joy in just reaching for you with the hook; Now when we think of you language is weak, Now we sit here and with tears on our cheek, And a lump in our throat, and a hurt in our breast— It was good-natured raillery—naught but a jest-But we'd give the world could we only recall The gibes and the jeers and the giggles and all! We shall see you forever till life shall grow pale As you stood hat in hand with a smile, at the rail Of the ship as she sunk, with a cheery good-bye To those you had helped to the boats. In your eye There was nothing to fear. Yours to strive and to plan For the week there to go you had helped to the boats. For the weak, then to go to your death like a man, With a smile on your lips and a call o'er the foam: "Remember me, please, to the people back home."
Oh, the years of the world have been many and wide, In each age of the world have been heroes who've died For their fellows-whose deaths were impressive and grand, But you-facing death with your hat in your hand And a smile on your lips-oh, all language is weak! There's a hurt in our heart, and a tear on our cheek! God rest you, brave knight, in your sleep 'neath the foam, You're enshrined in the hearts of us "people back home."

-Judd Mortimer Lewis in the Houston Post.

^{* &}quot;Stories from the Old. Old Bible." By L. T. Meade. Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers, Limited. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.



WILLIAM B. McKINLEY
PRESIDENT AND FOUNDER OF THE ILLINOIS, TRACTION SYSTEM

The Story of a Modern Traction System

by Mitchell Mannering



IX miles of trolley lines between Danville and Westville, Illinois, have been developed in a little over ten years into the Illinois Traction System which today stands out an exponent

of the tremendous advance made in utilizing electro-motor power on long distance railways. From these six miles of street railway and several other small systems, a wonderful traction freight railroad has been built under the direction of William B. Mc-Kinley of Illinois. The best modern ideas and appliances have been utilized, but more than all that the system comes into closer touch with its patrons in a more modern way, perhaps, than any other railroad in

the country. The line now extends from Peoria on the north to St. Louis on the south, reaching to Danville on the east, with numerous branches.

The opening of the McKinley Electric Bridge across the Mississippi at St. Louis put in commission the largest bridge ever built by an electric railroad and with a greater carrying capacity than any that spans the Father of Waters. It is one and a quarter miles in length, sixty-five feet wide, and has an eighty-five foot clearance above low water. Dissolving a monopoly of bridge transportation, the new bridge opened to St. Louis a splendid trade territory and welded together the commerce of two great commonwealths. At two o'clock P. M., November 10, 1911, William B. McKinley uttered in one terse sentence of five brief words the simple phrase, "I declare the bridge open."

This occasion, soon followed by the completion of the great St. Louis terminal, recalled the remarkable strides made by the Illinois Traction System in a few short years. There are now over five hundred miles of unexcelled trackage, with an immense freight and passenger service between ten thriving cities of Illi-

nois—working with city service seven hundred miles of electric way as skilfully engineered and carefully built as any railroad system in the country.

From the beginning, the directors of the road believed that the best policy was first to serve the people faithfully, and to keep in mind the interests of each individual community, maintaining at all costs a broad policy of fair dealing of honest and reasonable rates and profits. never destroying, but building up local and individual pros-



H. E. CHUBBUCK Vice-President Executive and General Manager of the Illinois Traction System

perity as the work was pushed from one section to another.

Think of a sleeping car on an electric railway-and a real sleeping car, too-with sixinch springs under the mattress, windows

in all the upper berths, and a cleanliness and sweetness about everything that is refreshing. I had not been in Peoria long before I was emphatically informed that the only sensible way to go to St. Louis was to

take an Illinois Traction

sleeper. At 9.30 P.M.

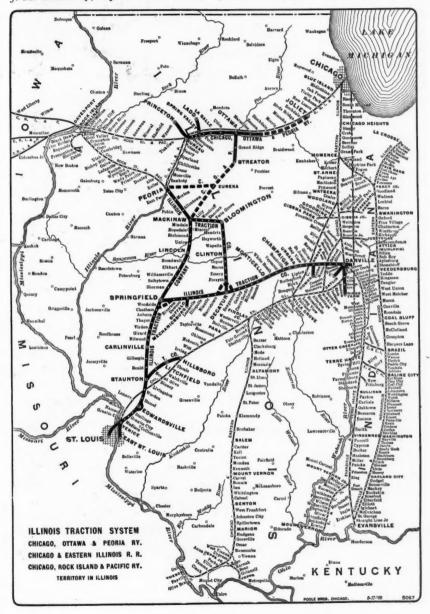
miles, sharp, a palatial sleepa quarter r ing car was found standing in the square, and the passengers were gopue ing to their comfortable is one s berths, retiring early to iver. Its total length is one th each. Structural steel Ralph Modjeski. wake up in St. Louis at seven o'clock the next morning. The berths are so arranged that they can be put up, while one each. is dressing behind the River. curtain; the solid conlength struction of the car heaviest in carrying capacity that crosses the Mississippi loove low water. The three large spans are 523 feet in ler makes each berth compartment almost a bulkhead, and it seemed as spans are 523 f if the trolley kept the car from the usual jostle characteristic of steam railways. Every morning this train of sleepers enters St. Louis from Springfield and Peoria, and you can see in the faces of the departing passengers a refreshed look as they go their several ways from the station. The Illinois above lo Bridge Traction is the only interurban in the world and the y an electric railroad, and the n eighty-five-foot clearance is side is 2,700 feet in length. operating sleeping cars. These run between Springfield and St. Louis, a distance of one hundred miles, and Peoria and St Louis, a distance of one hundred and seventy-five miles. built by The cars were designed by the officials of the company and have often been pronounced an improvement over the latest Pullmans.

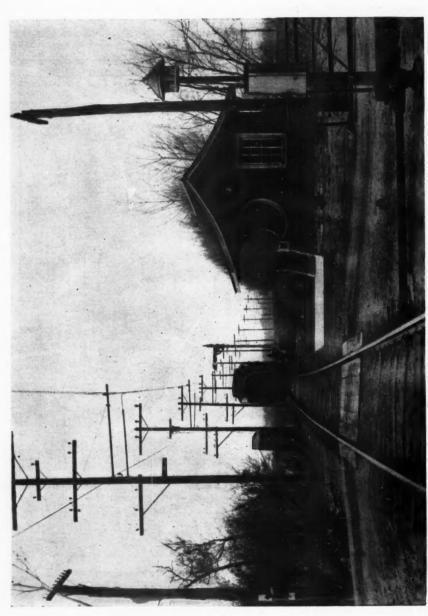
Should you visit the shops at Decatur, or at any other point along



McKINLEY ELECTRIC BRIDGE The largest bridge ever beixtv-five feet wide, and the way, you will find that the settled policy of the Illinois Traction Company is to maintain its rolling stock at highest efficiency, and under the supervision of J. M. Bosenbury, superintendent of mo-

tive power and equipment, who drew the plans for these sleepers, with their newly designed roofs and cars built upon lines that have the grace of a yacht, embodying beauty and symmetry





CROSSING BELL, SHELTER STATION, TELEPHONE BOOTH, AUTOMATIC SIGNAL AND LIMITED CAR ON ILLINOIS TRACTION SYSTEM

as well as the substantial comforts of a home, you will recognize another reason of this system's popularity. The Interurban coaches are substantial but easy-riding, with the idea of safety and comfort. Fifty to sixty miles an hour these cars

spin over the country with their hundred horsepower motors, with an economical consumption of current.

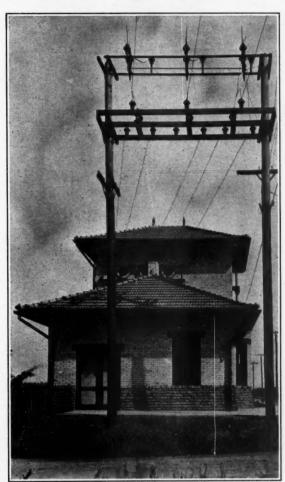
While traveling over this line you realize that it has indeed been the pioneer and most successful demonstration of the electrification of railroads. Neither parlor cars, excursion trailers, observation cars, willing service, nor in fact, anything that is found on any modern railroad system is lacking on the lines of the Illinois Traction Company.

All along the line I was struck with the number and appearance of the young men employed; bright, energetic and alert, they have a loyal and enthusiastic appreciation of their chief, William B. McKinley. Everywhere appeared the results of a carefully selected and drilled organization. There are no traditions or usages of older days to interfere with the clarion order of "Forward."

Long trains of fifty-ton coal cars go rolling by, alternating with limited passenger trains running at frequent intervals, safeguarded by automatic block signals, and the combined rules of the

dispatching trains under steam and electric service have been perfected so that any train crew can be stopped at any siding and given orders at the dispatcher's office in clear, unmistakable English transmitted over the telephone. The

long trains of standard box cars marked "I. T. S." sweeping over the prairies, suggest to the few remaining pioneers of sixty years ago, the changes of time since the slow-moving ox teams carried the corn, wheat and pork to distant market centers.



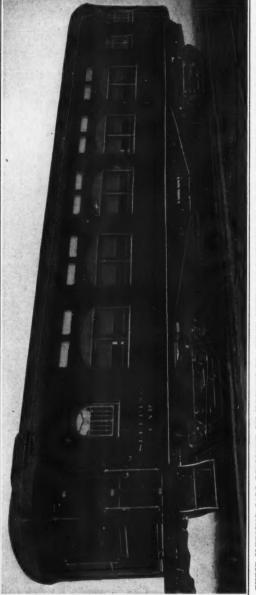
END VIEW, STANDARD SUBSTATION

In short, the lines of the Illinois Traction furnish an express service at minimum freight rates, for even with its large mileage any freight received at five o'clock in the afternoon is delivered at any point on the system at sunrise the following morning. Most of the freight business is the immense equipment and expenditure handled at night during the hours of reduced passenger traffic. Few realize these cars flying across Illinois.

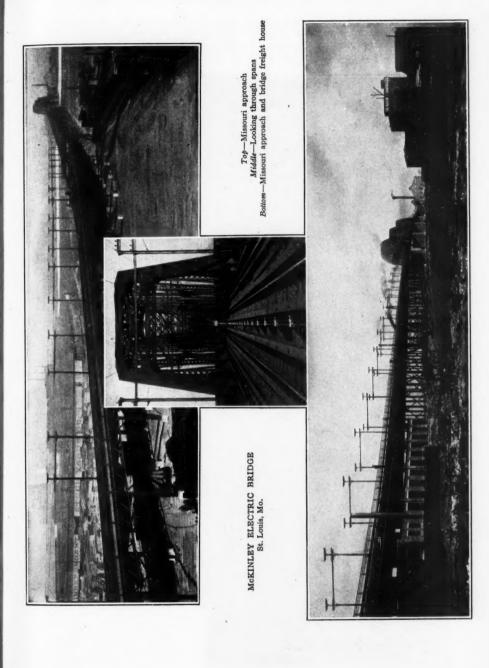
needed to furnish the current that sends

large central stations furnish the power of the traction system, at Peoria, Danville, Riverton and Venice, and three great copper wires carry this current at a voltage of 33,000. At intervals along the road are located forty substations equipped with transformers and converters, which take this lighting current of 33,000 volts and reduce it to 650. This great network of lines EXTRA LONG threads its way through cities like Springfield, Peoria, Decatur, Champaign, Urbana, Bloomington and numerous beautiful little towns. VALUABLES, tapping the heart of the richest farming community in the nation, with trains running at frequent intervals. One can scarce-POR ly realize that this is a BOXES country known a few generations ago as part of the great "wild West."

At the head of the Illinois Traction organization, located in the offices at Peoria, is H. E. Chubbuck, vice-president, executive and general manager of the Illinois Traction System and the Western Railway and Light Company, known to financiers and railway men as the McKinley properties. Mr. Chubbuck is also president of the Illinois Electric Railways Association, and is a leader who commands the enthusiasm and loyalty of the greatest electric organization in the country. He has a genial, hearty way that



HAVE WINDOWS THEY I MANY INNOVATIONS. OFFICIALS, EMBODY ILLINOIS TRACTION DEPOSIT SAFETY IGNED BY I BERTHS, SA CARS, DESIGNED UPPER BERTH SLEEPING



indicates at once one cause of the success were absorbed in solving the great probamid the charm of electrical development, for his father and grandfather before him S. W. Chubbuck, living at Utica, New

of his strong executive work. He was born lems of what were then almost unsolvable mysteries of nature. His grandfather,

> York, was recognized as a great inventive genius when electricity was in its infancy. He made many working models for electric appliances, actuated rather by innate love of investigation, and by the same spirit with which Franklin watched his flying kites, than by any desire of gain. He was a pioneer in a new field and was recognized throughout the country as an authority on the subject.

> It is stated that at one of Mr. Chubbuck's lectures at Lima, Ohio, young Thomas A. Edison, then but a boy, remained with his father after the address to investigate more closely the model of a motor-propelled car. This model, running on a circular track, had been used by Mr. Chubbuck to illustrate his lecture, and was of deep interest to Edison. About this time, Samuel F. B. Morse, who was working on the telegraph, heard that Mr. Chubbuck was investigating on similar lines, and invited him to collaborate. This Mr. Chubbuck did, and many of his ideas were later incorporated in the invention of the telegraph.

His father, A.S. Chubbuck, invented the present pony sounder and key and established at Utica the first factory for the manufacture of telegraph instruments in the United States.

Small wonder, then, that a man coming of such a family should find himself well

equipped for developing the greatest electric traction company in the world. With a record for management of



TRAIN, SHOWING NEW LOCOMOTIVE

electric light companies in almost all parts of the country, even as far west as Pueblo, Colorado, H. E. Chubbuck joined the McKinley Syndicate thirteen years ago, to manage the Quincy, Illinois, properties. His genius soon asserted itself, and today,

with an electric railway trackage of seven hundred and thirtyfive miles, and with public utilities of electric light, gas and steam heating properties in many cities touched by this line, one ceases to wonder at the splendid development which has followed.

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The Illinois Traction System will eventually reach from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi River and touch the heart of the great farm land area, valued at more than two billion dollars. This of itself tells the story, especially when the gigantic figures of nearly 370,-000,000 bushels of corn, and 37,000 square miles underlaid with vast deposits of bituminous coal, are among the resources of the state. Illinois is third in population, third in agriculture, third in manufacturing, second in the production of coal and second in the yearly output of oil among the states of the Union. The farm products are valued at \$350,-000,000. Covering as

it does such a widely diversified area, there is never a time when the hundred towns and cities in the fourteen counties which comprise the belt across the entire state, could possibly suffer from a reaction in business. A continuous growth, keeping

pace with normal development of the territory, tells the story of the wonderful work of this great traction system, which had its beginning in the six miles of track built from Danville to the mining suburb of Westville.



TAKING TRAIN ORDERS

Every year since 1901 the state of Illinois has witnessed with pride the progressive development of the McKinley system, a development more substantial and rapid than that of any other similar system in the country. Think that from



GROUP OF I. T. S. TRAINMEN

its small beginning in 1901, this road operated in the past year nearly a quarter of a million passenger trains and nearly twenty-two thousand freight trains, with a steadily increasing traffic. All of the mileage in the system is on a private right-of-way, equipped with steel rails weighing seventy pounds to the lineal yard, ballasted with gravel, crushed stone chats—a perfectly standardized, up-to-date railway system. The equipment of the "I. T. S." from road-bed to block signals, from shelter station shed to

terminal depot, embodies the latest and best provisions for effectiveness, safety and personal comfort. With a total number of passengers carried annually, exceeding fifty million—fully half the population of the United States—one can appreciate what this development will be with a well-established terminal in the fourth largest city in America. In an area unexcelled for industrial and agricultural products, this Illinois Traction Company has certainly won the right to the slogan, "The road of good service."



STANDARD TYPE OF SUBSTATION, PASSENGER, FREIGHT AND EXPRESS STATION



MANUFACTURING PLANT, UNITED SHOE MACHINERY COMPANY, BEVERLY, MASS.

A Perpetual Exposition

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

VERY national and international gathering in Boston or visitors in any way interested in industrial matters would count their itinerary incomplete without a visit to Beverly. A caravan of automobiles on the old Puritan road to Beverly has in mind not only a visit to the summer capital where the President enjoys his playdays on the golf links, but a sojourn at the plant of the United Shoe Machinery Company.

The gigantic proportions of the enterprise are almost as impressive as the wonders of Niagara, and yet with all its magnitude the smallest detail is taken into account, suggesting the old quotation that "every hair of the head is numbered." The plant typifies the industrial genius of the age. It is a perpetual exposition, and the visitors go about through the forest of lathes and through the labyrinth of machines looking at the myriad of operations, with varying impressions. They carry with them the "Directory for Visitors," which is consulted with all the faithfulness of the tourist with his guide-book, and with the buildings lettered and the floors numbered and the further information given on the attractive leaflet, it is an easy matter for every one to understand almost at a glance what is being done in each department.

In contemplating, for instance, the view of one floor over eleven hundred feet long and sixty feet wide with hundreds of machines performing similar operations, one has a specific illustration of the magnitude of an industrial plant whose daily output runs up into hundreds and hundreds of thousands of separate parts and machines annually. No perusal of figures, no matter how attractively presented in contrast or illustration, could ever furnish an adequate comprehension of the plant.

Heretofore it has been sufficient for visitors to Boston to go to Bunker Hill Monument, walk across the Common, visit the various historical shrines and feel they had really "seen Boston." But today the tourist who neglects the opportunity to see in operation the plant of the United Shoe Machinery Company at Beverly misses one of the most significant sights of Boston. Aside from a technical or mechanical interest, every individual who wears shoes finds in a visit to this plant an absorbing object lesson in the practical problem of shoes for the family.

The shoes worn today by all the American people practically paraphrase the basic sentence of the Declaration of Independence. "All shoes are created free and equal" as far as the machinery is con-

cerned. What a contrast there is between American footwear and that of other countries; between the peon with sandals, the peasant with wooden shoes, and the American with his fine footwear; the barefooted urchins of Europe and the comfortably clad children of the American workman who often wear shoes of the same style and price as the sons of the millionaire.

There is a practical democracy embodied in the United Shoe Machinery plant, and the word "United" has a new industrial significance in the connection. Once inside the well-lighted factories at Beverly, Massachusetts, amid a myriad of machines occupying many acres of floor space, their operators enjoying the fresh air and light of woods and fields, and amid the whirring of ingeniously devised mechanisms, the story of a great American industry is being told in the eloquent action of activity. This plant, conducted on the simple proportions of distribution of the benefits of mechanical progress, has standardized a product of general use among the people; and consumer, retailer, manufacturer and jobber benefit from the concentrated merit of machinery.

The story of the industrial achievements of today records great changes even in the methods of the great inventors. In the old days individuals struggled to solve great evolutionary propositions. Now that every industry is thoroughly saturated with the inventive spirit, the revolutionary innovations for the making of shoes have passed away with the introduction of Goodyear Welt and McKay machines. The perfection of details and the working out of efficient plans by a series of long and expensive experiments make the appeal for economy and still more economy from manufacturers of shoes and keep the inventive genius at a fever heat.

Another invention has appeared in the spirit of organization. Inventors in their experiments and discussions confer together and focus the co-operative spirit that has made a marvelous development in the perfection of small details instead of furtively watching their secrets like hoarded gold. The United Shoe Machinery Company "inventors unlimited" has

brought together inventions and inventors in the shoe trade and made a science of invention in shoe machinery for the use and benefit of all. The pathetic and tragic romances of early inventors, and their struggles, are history. The first proposition in this age of business is to utilize in every possible way the efficiency of what has gone before—to make the waste places bloom with products and then more products.

Stories of still-born inventions are too many and well known to be repeated, for many have been lost to the world because they lacked just such exploitation and perfection in experiments as the United Shoe Machinery alone of all the corpora-

tions in the world can furnish.

More than \$350,000,000 are spent every year by American people in buying shoes, and the shoe question is an important one to the American family of today. Little Johnnie and Nellie must have shoes. and they are destructive of footwear. The United Shoe Machinery Company is a great reservoir of invention and manufacture which helps to furnish shoe machinery for the more than two hundred thousand workers who are making a quarter of a billion pairs of shoes every year. No other industry has so taxed the wit and ingenuity of the inventor as the shoe machinery business which, within much less than a century, has witnessed a great evolution from the hand worker at the cobbler's bench to the perfected machine-equipped plant of today. And legislators should guard against any drastic revision of the patent laws that would diminish the incentive to invention capable of such results.

As long as Americans wear shoes that fit properly and do not look clumsy, the misfits and corns of the old cobbler shop and the high prices then paid for handmade boots and shoes are happily forgotten. Fortunes were lost and lives shattered in the building up of this business before the simple and sound plan of co-operation and co-ordination was put into effect through the United Shoe Machinery Company. The old method of the old-time cobbler with apron, awl and thread working away painstakingly on a pair of shoes would be impossible today.

Little more than half a century ago the sewing machine was invented, then came the McKay machine, and finally the Goodyear welting and stitching machines appeared, so named for Charles Goodyear, a son of the man who taught the world the use of rubber. All of these early machines have a romantic history, tragic or otherwise.

One by one new machines were invented and companies were organized to make and introduce them until there were many small concerns, some of which did a prematters, and the shoe factory work continues without interruption. The hitherto uncertain conditions of uncertain royalties and the intricate and conflicting obligations incurred with many companies to deal with, have been adjusted and simplified in the policy and operation of this one concern.

The Company adopted the royalty system inaugurated by Colonel McKay, whereby the manufacturer and owner of the machine receives a certain amount per pair from the shoe manufacturer who



CLUBHOUSE OF UNITED SHOE MACHINERY ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

carious business and conducted a cannibal warfare of eating each other up. By degrees many of the smaller concerns went out of business, until in 1899 the United Shoe Machinery Company was organized by the consolidation of three companies, not competitive, which manufactured the machines necessary in that part of the shoe factory known as the bottoming room-where soles and heels are attached to the uppers. Machines are furnished to manufacturers at a low and uniform rental. No preference is ever shown, absolute impartiality is the rule, and consequently the smallest manufacturer can obtain such machines as he needs on precisely the same terms as his largest competitor. When machinery breaks down, as machinery often does, manufacturers are insured ample protection, for if one machine is disabled, a telephone message soon brings another or a man to remedy

leases the machine, the latter thus being able to use his capital in other departments of the business. Many machines, of course, can be purchased outright, but under the royalty system the shoe manufacturer pays an average of less than two and twothirds cents per pair of shoes for all machines required in the manufacture of all types and grades, which is less than one onehundredth of the total manufacturing cost. The highest royalty on the most expensive Goodyear Welt shoe is less than five and one-quarter cents per pair, and less than one and one-third cents for the lower grades which comprise two-thirds of the shoes made in the United States. It is worthy of mention that the machinery cost is the only cost item in shoe manufacture that has not increased in recent

The large fireproof factory buildings of the United Shoe Machinery Company at

Beverly, Massachusetts, cover over twentyone acres of floor space, with over five thousand employes, shipping twenty-four thousand machines a year. There were at the time of my visit over one hundred thousand catalogued parts of machines kept constantly on hand ready for shipment within a few minutes' notice from the thoroughly organized business office, the number actually shipped from the stock room amounting to twenty-one millions annually. The business of this Company extends all over the world. It is the American inventive and business genius of the men and women of this corporation, working under a continuous strain to secure results, that makes it possible for the smallest manufacturer in the country to have the benefit of the best machinery in the largest factory at a minimum cost; and, the machinery once installed, a force of five hundred experts is ready at a moment's notice to go here, there and everywhere, without charge, to keep the millions of machinery details in action all over the country, speaking volumes for the liberal policy of the Company. Everywhere in the organization the same ingenuity and inventive genius which created the machinery is apparent.

From the large foundry with a capacity of fifty tons of castings per day, one passes into the drop forge department where, from the hot iron and steel under the hammers striking vulcanic strokes, sixty thousand pieces are turned out every week. Over 150,000 pounds of steel per week are utilized in making the 24,000 machines shipped every year. A great system of fans supply cold air in summer and hot air in winter; individual lockers, shower baths, lounging rooms and a hospital for the employees, make these factories each a veritable city in itself. Nearly fifty private rooms are devoted to inventors alone, just plain, hard-working, enthusiastic inventors; and the nearby clubhouse adjoining the athletic field of ten acres indicates the reason why the United Shoe Machinery Company has the reputation of the highest efficiency among its men of any institution of its kind in the world.

These and many other provisions for the workers are not made as an altruistic or philanthropic concession to popular ideals of the day but are considered a practical investment. The organized, concentrated, collaborating, co-operative spirit of five thousand people has solved the problem of shoe machinery not only for the United States but for the world at

large.

The wide variety of trade-mark names under which Goodyear Welt shoes are sold is an interesting study in American business nomenclature. The uniformity of machinery has resulted in such a standardization of product that the quality and individuality of the output of any given manufacturer depend upon the difference in management and design. All have the same machinery advantages at the same This has produced among the American shoe trade the most aggressive and alert manufacturers in the world. Since the United Shoe Machinery Company was organized there has been a very heavy increase in export trade in American shoes, and the industrial city of Beverly is well known in all parts of the world wherever shoes are made or sold. export trade in shoes has jumped from \$1,816,538 in 1899 to \$14,937,537 in 1911. These figures tell the story. American shoes can now be bought in almost all centers of civilization and have done much in blazing the path for the exportation of American industrial products in other lines, meeting the problem of wider markets.

Seventy-five per cent of all the wall space of the factories is glass, making the building seem like one great conservatory. The average yearly earnings of the workers in Beverly are higher than those in any other factory town in Massachusetts. Thousands of people from all parts of the world visit the plant every year, eager to study and observe the processes which are always open to public inspection, suggesting the same light and freedom which flood every floor of the factories. There is none of the stuffy, "shoppy" smell, for fresh air permeates the whole factory. A quaint old tide gate nearby lends a picturesque enchantment to the environment which lies within the boundary of President Taft's summer capital.

From the moment one enters the factory to the time of leaving, the chief thing that impresses the visitor is the thoroughly modern departmental system. Over seventy-five thousand dollars are paid out every week to employees in less than ninety minutes, and the payment is made during working hours. Among the millions of tools in this great factory scarcely one is ever lost. The manufacture of intricate parts, the handling and transfer of material and finished parts from department

monuments of blasted hopes, but under the royalty system this loss is concentrated and reduced to a minimum. The invention of shoe machinery appears to have become a profession of itself. Nearly sixteen hundred machines from the first crude experiments down to the latest perfected styles make this shoe machinery museum an exposition of rare interest to the student of industrial progress.



READING ROOM IN CLUBHOUSE

to department, the details of storage and shipment, call for great care, and the contents of the great storeroom 820 feet long are so systematized, lettered, numbered and so effectively catalogued that loss seems impossible.

One of the most interesting rooms in the factory is the "museum," where a collection of machinery is on exhibition, representing an outlay of millions of dollars in the efforts to perfect shoe-making machinery. Hundreds of machines designed by the inventive geniuses of the country once had a limited sale and then became the

The economic advantages of this establishment are observed in that the shoe manufacturer is able to eliminate a heavy expenditure for machinery at the outset, and to concentrate his energies on perfecting his product and designs and the exploitation of his sales. The one-price system which prevails, the Company treating all lessees alike whether millionaires or young men just starting in business with a limited amount of capital, insures competition in shoe manufacturing, and stands in the way of any successful combination of wealthy manufacturers.

Small manufacturers are enabled to continue in business throughout the country and grow, and many a lively manufacturing town can entertain the hope of adding the manufacture of shoes to its industries.

Under this roof at Beverly are fathers, daughters, sisters and brothers, working together in a spirit of energy and unity such as is seldom witnessed in an industrial plant. The women in the factory begin work ten minutes later and leave ten minutes earlier than the men. One could not look into the faces of these people coming to and leaving their work without being impressed with the spirit of initiative and co-operation that made all this possible.

Committees representing all departments are constantly watching for every opportunity, not only to improve the condition of the workers but to provide against accidents in these factories. The number of accidents in proportion to the number of employees was reduced more than seventy-three per cent in a single year, and that, too, immediately on the heels of a report from the Massachusetts state authorities commending the Company for the excellence of its arrangements for the prevention of accidents. In the restaurant, which will seat 650, meals are served from a hygienic kitchen at low cost, with vegetables fresh from the Company's Every precaution is observed to preserve the health and maintain the interest of the employee, and the expenditure and care involved in this portion of the work are among the first considerations in the administration of this great organization. The plant is built far away from other factories in a healthy environment and, appropriately enough, is located near the early home of its creator and president, Sidney W. Winslow. Over three hundred acres are here owned by the Company, and many of the employees own their homes. The rule seems to be to work hard and play hard, for nowhere else in all the factories that I ever visited have I found more nearly ideal conditions for workers. Under the direction of Mr. George W. Brown, vice-president of the corporation, every effort is made to build up an ideal, industrial center where the welfare of each is made the welfare of all.

There is an attractive clubhouse belonging to the United Shoe Machinery Athletic Association not far from the factories, in which there are bowling alleys, billiard and pool tables, a reading room, a theatre, a library, a cozy room where the women may gather with their reading and sewing; and adjoining is a large athletic field where sports and amusements of all kinds are possible. These advantages are free to everyone without the annovance of conventionality, caste-distinction, taxes or cost of maintenance, beyond the annual dues of only one dollar! The United Shoe Machinery Company Band not only gives concerts at the factory and on the clubhouse grounds, but is in demand everywhere as having the same decided efficiency in music as in the work of the factory. There is a mutual relief association, a system of savings bank insurance and one of the most successful industrial schools for boys in the country where, amid a very atmosphere of invention and progress, these boys are being trained and equipped for great undertakings.

Two groups of thirty-five boys each alternate between the factory and the Beverly High School, one week at each The boys are paid one-half the amount which would be paid to men performing the same work and the other half goes toward the expense of the school. There is inculcated from the first a habit of training and discipline and responsibility. The system in vogue here has been copied elsewhere, but nowhere else with anything like the same degree of success. The Beverly school still remains without a real rival in the world. It was most enthusiastically endorsed by the State School Commission of Wisconsin, which made an elaborate report calling attention to the fact that it is not often that corporations are found who will see matters in as broad and substantial a way as the United Shoe Machinery Company of Beverly. The report also declared that there are few places in Wisconsin where such cooperation could be carried out, but if successfully carried out would provide a means of making the high school a real factor in the life of every community.

It required a whole day just to go about from floor to floor and look over the various processes by which the machines are manufactured, assembled and shipped. These Beverly factories of the United Shoe Machinery Company are a triumph of organization pure and simple, and a concrete illustration of the new order of things in corporation development. With all the large aggregate assets of this Company in buildings, factory machinery and equipment, there is no other asset more valuable

better goods at the lowest possible price, better working conditions, and better service to the public. If the writers of today were to take more time to investigate personally those things of which they write, inquire into all the underlying conditions and the simple facts of record, and arrive at their conclusions from a practical point of view, there would be fewer articles devoted to fostering an un-



MECHANICAL DRAWING AT INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

than the organization idea itself, and the service it furnishes to its customers and the workers within its walls.

If all those who are prone to criticize indiscriminately great organizations like the United Shoe Machinery Company would take the time and trouble to visit this plant and see what there is to be seen, the mist of prejudice would fall from their eyes. The inevitable laws of evolution point toward the pathway blazed by the United Shoe Machinery Company as a logical method of meeting the increased demands of the people for

warranted animosity against conditions that point toward that inevitable industrial progress which is exemplified in just such institutions as the United Shoe Machinery Company. Conditions must be met today in adjusting industrial, economic and sociological situations; and the thousands of shoe men who have visited this plant during the year, and especially during the Boston Shoe and Leather Exposition, certainly had a revelation at Beverly that enthused them, and clearly indicated that the shoe industry is a leader in progressive industrial evolution.

A Day at Roycroft

HE pilgrimage to Roycroft was made on a crisp autumn day. It was decided upon in the station at Buffalo, where the East Aurora "accommodation," puffing away in the shed offered an irresistible temptation. Before me stretched the fields of western New York-the fields to which Elbert Hubbard escaped when he discovered East Aurora. Why he went there, historians have never recorded, so I resolved myself to ask that very impertinent question when I looked on the face of the Fra again. One of those walks afield, or sitting on a log discoursing on Plato, Euripides, Socrates or any old classic, and drinking inspiration from the fields, flowers, crops, corn or chickens was in mind. I was in a pastoral mood that morning.

The accommodation train actually came to a full stop at East Aurora. At the station was a group of patrician motor cars, which all good farmers own these days. Shades of the primitive past! There were real motor cars chugging away and labelled "Roycroft Inn." Well, "in" I got because they were labelled free, and

I had no more than time to arrange my forelock than I was whisked around the corner to Roycroft Inn and lo and behold, there was the street filled with motor cars. I thought at first there were a thousand, and there must have been at least a hundred. They were gaily decorated with yellow, blue and white streamers, and a near inspection showed that it was the city of Rochester flag. Rochester "Ad Club" was there in all its glory; East Aurora had capitulated, and the Rochester boys were running things.

After an eighty-mile

cross country drive, they got busy at the round tables and satisfied their hearty appetites. It was the same jolly crowd. There were songs—and clever songs, too, for George Culp was there, and the piano he carried with him—the combination was complete. George Culp and his songs have made Rochester famous. That Club will rise and sing at the drop of a hat, and they sing like larks on a "lark."

Theodore W. DuWeese, who presides over the destinies of Natural Food Company publicity—the man who has made shredded wheat known the world over—was one of the speakers. Mr. Reed and Mr. Castle were also to make addresses, and were hustled to the table and chairs. Coats were off, for it was hot, and formality did not fit. On the tables were petunias—blushing, beautiful petunias of all shades and colors.

The oratorical fireworks over, Fra Elbertus invited the boys to see his famous Sabine Farm—classic name—where he "makes real money." He said it was "only a minute's walk" but it developed

into several miles' tramp. Nobcdy minded, how-The Fra. whose ever. long locks were held in place by a Grecian band around his brow, looked like a gallant Athenian as he led the way up the road that the cows came home. At the farm the Rochester aborigines looked upon a real threshing machine and more chickens, red pigs and cows. At safe distances the "busy bees," immortalized by Maeterlinck, made Roycroft honey. No one was stung!

From the well we drank deep, while the Fra commented like any good farmer on the



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weather and crops. Just around the barn while we were munching together a green apple I put the fateful question to Fra. "How," I whispered, "did you happen to come to East Aurora?"

The pause that followed was impressive; and then—"Well," said the Fra casually, "a man owed me five hundred dollars. He couldn't pay it and wanted me to take his place. I took it, liked it; here I am and I like it more." The original town, continued the Fra, was Aurora, but the

record at 2.04 for pacing and 2.07 for trotting, and there were other horses with records. As each was brought forth, the innocent boys from Rochester would inquire, "What is his horse power?" "What stroke?" "What drive?" and all sorts of questions that would make people think they really owned motor cars.

On the road down a little girl was sighted, leading a goat by a rope. The pilgrims stopped, looked on the scene and insisted that right here and now they



THE ROCHESTER CLUB AT ROYCROPT INN CONVENING WITH THE FRA AFTER A CHICKEN DINNER FROM SABINE FARM

railroad shied to the east, and there was an East Aurora Now East Aurora is the whole thing and plain Aurora is obliterated.

We walked on to the farm of Colonel S. R. Knox, enclosed in a big stone fence. No wonder the field stones were scarce, and Fra Elbertus had to quit building chapels, for here was a fence that rivaled a European fortress. The Knox farm is a show farm. It is more of a fancy farm than Hubbard's classic "Sabine," for there is a race track—fast horses—blooded stock. We looked upon the famous Abbey, the trotter and pacer who holds the world's

would "get the goat of Elbert Hubbard." But, alas! it was not Elbert's goat—all the goats he has are on the bindings of the famous Roycroft books.

Roycroft Park in East Aurora, given to the town by Mr. Hubbard, is a handsome grove of oak and maple, such a grove as Plato would have liked in which to conduct his dialogues. The baseball diamond was the field of glory for the snapping young team of East Aurora. The victorious hosts returned to the Inn for just the old-fashioned kind of supper—ham and beans, ham from the pigs and oh, such

beans—all from the farm, and milk—it fairly foamed with freshness from the dairy. I wandered into the kitchen—a neat and busy place. Just off the kitchen I found Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard at a plain table eating their simple meal, while the guests upstairs used the mission and mahogany furniture. The neighbors' girls, wives and others "across the way" had come over to help in the rush, and it all seemed home-like and refreshing from the usual hotel conventionality.

In the evening there were moving pictures in the park playground, where the game of "One Old Cat Ball" was played with the big ball. They were good pictures and the comments of Al Brown and others as the moving pictures danced upon the scene were a delight. The throng then moved to the chapel, with its mural decorations reaching back to the time of ancient Athens. Alice Hubbard's address on advertising indicated the close relation of literature to the modern spirit of exploitation. A few remarks by a wayfaring editor were permitted, and the guests kindly applauded. Then they wandered away in little groups on the peristylewhich is in plain English a porch. The band played; the people read the signs on the veranda "They Will Talk"-and they talked. No one seemed in a hurry to go to bed. The guests were located in rooms with names ranging from Wagner, Thoreau, Emerson and all the patron saints of Roycroft, reflecting the biographical impulse of East Aurora. At 2 A. M. the serenade began in the halls, when a great tin platter falling upon various and divers bathtubs made a percussion weird enough for the streets of Cairo melody. Despite the host's threat to sue for missing articles, everyone carried away a key as a souvenir and everything else loose around the room.

What a glorious Sunday morning! They came in late for home-grown bacon and eggs. At eleven o'clock services were held in the chapel and Fra Elbertus may earn

all the money he is given for his lecture dates, but that address in the chapel was full of inspiration and worth all the board bill. The speaker insisted that all history was just biography and everyone agreed. His text was a glimpse of the forty-seven years since Abraham Lincoln died, and what Abraham Lincoln, honest old "Abe," had achieved for the ages. Then another dinner at round tables, where a Roycroft Sunday Chicken Dinner was served-it seemed like a real Sunday on the old farm. The guests visited the busy plant, the book shop, the carpenter shop, and the power plant, looking upon evidences of that unique and original life only to be found at Roycroft. Under the windows of the Fra's office browsed "Balzac," the Persian sheep. Balzac's wool is black in winter and white in summer, and his owner declares that he is the same breed of sheep Abraham had in his great flocks on the plains of Israel. From the office windows can be seen the old well, the vines, the trees and the old-fashioned, simple flowers, that seem so restful.

The boys of the Club were presented with autographed Roycroft books. I cannot reprint all the inscriptions, for certain reasons known to the owners, and to the editor of "The Philistine." Where is there a library in the country so dull that it does not have one or a hundred Roycroft books? A thousand sets of Elbert Hubbard's complete works in forty volumes have already been sold and now the Fra can look upon himself as one of the really immortal authors.

A picture was taken of the group for advertising purposes. Other tourists began to gather as the Rochester boys bade farewell to Roycroft with rousing cheers and departed in a cloud of dust, taking with them memories of that autumn day that will not be soon forgotten. If they took an inventory of all the things carried away as "souvenirs" to show friends, the one thing valued most would be just the recollections of that day at Roycroft.



The Duty of Women

HAT a purification has been initiated in general business and the standards of public life by the mere contemplation of women taking a part in a wider range of life's activities. The chivalry of the average American compels him to be just a little more careful and courteous to feminine associates in business and political struggle because mother and sister are women.

He may explode now and then and insist that women today are losing the gentleness and sweetness of former years, but he forgets that no matter what changes or environments may come. "a man's a man" and a woman's a woman "for a' that," to paraphrase Bobby Burns. In the home, the market or the public arena, women are coming to recognize their duty. The word looks well in italics. The question of their "right" to participate in public affairs was settled in 1776. It means something of a task for women to take up the threads and incidents of everyday labor and blend them with the confining and exacting duties of home life, but the work of woman in the home and in nurturing and rearing children would be of little avail if the young man and woman had no opportunity to make the most of life. Insisting upon an equal opportunity for all with a steadfast and unflinching vigil upon the encroaching forces of evil and corruption still remains the work and duty of women.

This question is one of the most vital issues of the times more important than which way the political wind blows, the developments of science or of literature. It deals with the future through the children of today, which is the pre-eminent concern

of the mothers of America.

Women have a duty today that extends beyond the narrow limits of the home circle. The home circle is affected by environment—and it is this environment that has brought women's activities to the fore. More and more the American woman is realizing that the interests of the home are the interests of the nation, and all but the narrowest of men must believe that women are great enough to embrace the problems of civic life without neglecting the home.

In this issue appears an article by Miss Ellis Meredith, "Why Suffrage Campaigns Fail." Many of our readers, especially those in the West, are familiar with the life and writings of this able writer and political leader. She has been a pioneer in the move-

ment for women in Colorado. She was a member of the first convention called to draft a charter for the city and county of Denver, and was the first woman to be elected to city office in Denver. She is today president of the Election Commission of the city and county of Denver and is one of the most prominent figures in Western public life. This article was written following an arduous season of lecturing and "stumping," in both West and South.

Whether or not we agree to the letter with her beliefs and deductions, none can doubt that Miss Meredith knows her subject and that she is absolutely sincere and has at heart the interest of the nation as well as of her sex.

The National proposes to print a series of articles along the lines of "The Duty of Women." We are hastening to obtain material from leaders among women in all parts of the world. We would also greatly appreciate the opinions of our own women readers. We want ideas from wives, mothers, girls, aunts—especially those who are not usually heard from in public matters. Above all, we want to hear from those engaged in the great work of home-making.

These are the women who, since the beginning of time, have spent their lives doing what they believed to be their duty. These are the women whose influence is more and more to be felt. With a pen or pencil sit right down and tell us what you consider woman's duty. We want to know what you feel in regard to your duty.

The editor will wait eagerly for these responses coming direct from the women themselves—not from the women leaders or those well known, but from the average woman who is working, thinking, acting, and who has the responsibility of life upon her shoulders.

Do not be awed with the thought that you are "writing for a magazine." Go ahead and say what you think. That is what we want to know. We want you to feel just as much at home when you are writing to the editor of the NATIONAL as if you were dropping in to see a friend for an afternoon chat at 952 Dorchester Avenue, Boston.

Now as a parting word, lest we become too serious—keep our "woman's editor," who sometimes sports a pink negligee shirt and smokes a cob pipe, busy with a bombardment of your ideas on "The Duty of Women."

All together, with ideas from you, the NATIONAL can help women to see the duty of today and spread the intelligence of American women who are ready to do their full share in making the world brighter and happier.



HETHER it be a gathering of school girls or a more sedate bridge party, boys at play, young men at the college, older men at the club or at work, there is one universal topic that sooner or later comes up—"What is happiness?"

We plan a holiday with anticipations of happiness, but many times alas, we find the truth of the old prophecy—"happiness always comes to us in fragments and oftentimes unexpected." Have you ever planned a whole week's happiness only to find that the real enjoyment came in getting back to those "days of drudgery" and thinking it over?

Even at a jolly dinner party, some little trifling word or incident may throw the whole scheme of anticipated happiness out of gear and turn all one's plans awry.

Conversely, the kind word of a friend often clears up the murkiness of a gloomy morning. Promised joys are illusive, but when we can sit right down with ourselves and feel a sense of satisfaction in having done something which deserves happiness, then it comes unheralded. To enjoy the sunset, to hear the wind sing in the leaves, or surge through the forest, or to listen to the song of the birds or the ring of the church bell coming sweetly, solemnly up the valley-all this we may call happiness, but the sense comes from within rather than from without. Melancholy moods and days of the most unhappiness come from some break in the dikes of friendship or loss, and we forget how to mend the broken places.

The most pathetic phase of it all is a realization of the friends that we never make; the friends that might have been made by just exerting ourselves a little more. Who ever contemplated the loss of friends that he might have made by just releasing a little of his self-centered reserve? Many of the troubles of this world have their source in selfishness and thoughtlessness, which is the same thing in a degree. Words uttered deliberately to sting and offend leave a scar. Even in the hardships of the year's work if we search for it, there can be squeezed out as much happiness every day as in the care-free days when we can lie abed late in the morning and grow over-tired of doing nothing and long to be back in the busy swirl of activity and the exhilaration of creating friends and holding fast "with hooks of steel" those friendships and associations which, after all, are the things worth while in life.

We appreciate the person who always greets us at meeting day after day. It is so easy, so simple to spread the halo of happiness about us that we often overlook it and go through the world thinking that every smile and every good impulse we have is not worth while unless bartered away for something in exchange. There life loses its whole value. It is when it comes from within with a worthy motive that happiness is truly ours. The word is so simple that we look at it and wonder why that combination of letters means so Eumoiriety, the philosophy of William Locke-the work of making others happy-this is the ideal spirit of the merry, happy Yuletide, and we will have within us in dear old bleak December the warmth of happiness that makes Christmas a season of happiness and good cheer.

THE holiday NATIONAL will be in your hands December 15, bubbling over with Christmas cheer. From the gay cover, wherein Mr. Hutchins has caught and fixed the spirit of "Christmas present" in the happiest manner, to the Editor's last echo of "Christmas past," the spirit of Yuletide prevails. Never has a magazine presented a more appealing array of holiday stories. We began by obtaining "Little Boy Blue" from Horace Hazeltine, the author of last season's great success "The Sable Lorcha"-but readers of the NATIONAL and the NEWS-LETTER are already familiar with Mr. Hazeltine's work. "Little Boy Blue" appealed to the Editor as a very fascinating Christmas story, and, as it was longer than the average manuscript, it was believed that it would make a fitting "feature" for the holiday NATIONAL.

Then Mr. de Polo sent us "Padre Bernardo's Christmas Dinner," and who could resist such a title, after once enchanted by the benignant, simple piety and charity of Padre Bernardo, in the pages of the September NATIONAL. The new story had all the wholesomeness, joy and pathos that characterizes the noble old Padre, and the boys in the art room declared that the "Christmas dinner" should be duly illustrated and given a

place in the holiday NATIONAL. For some time we have watched with interest the work of Mrs. Lilian Ducey, one of the new corps of women writers, who has founded her most successful plots on the real, vital issues of life. She works out her stories with rare insight, and when "Kings and their Kingdoms" was found in the mail, we decided that it was by far the most touching story that we had seen from her hand. It rings out the cry of its staunch little hero, "Fathers ought to stay fathers," which became almost a prayer at Christmas time, and brought home a father who didn't just understand what he owed to his boy.

Another story that pulls at the heartstrings is Marguerite Jacobs' "Open Nights." It introduces us to another side of life in the brilliantly lighted Christmas shops—the life behind the counter. How Nan Timmons lost in her pursuit of the lady with the Jap-mink muff, but found a harbor of refuge and safety on Christmas day is feelingly unfolded in a beautiful story that demonstrates how the spirit of romance covers even the sordid phases of life.

A dainty little romance is Mr. W. Carey Wonderly's "A Princess o' the Holly," just the type of Yuletide romance that appeals to young and old alike. Then there is the novel story of "Dale and Lloyd's Dutch Treat," which shows how two energetic young ladies in a New York apartment house gave a real Christmas reunion.

So much for the stories alone. The rest of the issue will fairly snap with interesting articles and sketches. At this writing we have scheduled contributions from Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and a story on the first celebrity Joe Chapple ever met. The Editor also will take a special trip to Washington to obtain the very latest news of the Capitol and will discuss men and events and the changes to come from election results.

BUSY? Of course you're busy getting ready for Christmas, and you remember what a delightful and permanent pleasure you experienced when you received "just the book you wanted." Now for the past fifteen years we have been making nothing but gift-books. We have books that are suitable for every member of the family.

There is Heart Throbs, Volume One—but don't forget Volume Two, which many enthusiasts say is "the best of all." Anyone who has the original Heart Throbs ought surely to have the sequel. Volume Two cannot be sold at less than the regular price in the new illustrated edition.

Then there is The Happy Habit. If we could only reproduce the complimentary letters received concerning this genial book there would be nothing else in the magazine. What could be more universally appreciated than the dear old melodies of Heart Songs? And after it once arrives in the home and secures a place on the piano you wonder how you ever got along without it.

Then there is The Romance of Ar-Lington House, that dainty casket of exquisite correspondence and old love letters such as are cherished by young girls. It should be in every home, if only as a text-book on the "lost art" of correspondence. Strong, ruddy, optimistic boys want something like The Happy Habit. The homemakers are interested in Little Helfs, and many a young man interested in public life has chosen History Making. But the one book we can all agree upon is Heart Throbs.

We mustn't overlook the fiction. There is The Guest of Honor, that wholesome

direct requests from those who read the story in the pages of The National. There were people also who seemed curious to know what kind of a novel an editor would write, and so he has left himself open to the sharp arrows of criticism and republished in this country a novel that met with great success in England and on the continent.

Can there be anything that would be more appreciated by a distant friend, some good elderly relative, or in fact any-



READING HEART THROBS

From a photograph sent to the Editor by subscribers in New Bern, North Carolina, on the occasion of his Twenty-fifth Anniversary

novel of New York life by William Hodge, the great American actor, known everywhere as "the Man from Home." A travel story that has a real love tale is Through Lands of Yesterday by Dr. C. H. Curran. There is also My Wonder Book, by the daughter of Father Lewis Benton Bates—one of the most interesting memorials ever written of the sturdy type of the od-fashioned pastor.

The latest book is the story of The Minor Chord, which has been published, like all the other books, in response to body, than a nice autographed Christmas card announcing that "you will be remembered each month by a copy of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE for the coming year." It not only gives the recipient the pleasure of receiving such a magazine every month, but the constant reminder of the kindness and thoughtfulness of a friend.

Now if you will just make us your confidant and tell us how much Christmas money you want to spend on our books, we will make it go around and fit snug. Just address your letter to the good-

natured man who presides at the book desk, who will drop his spectacles just a little lower and "see what he can do," like the old bookstore man who was always eager to give his customers the best he has at the lowest possible price.

ONE of the alternates at the Chicago Convention who got the real worth of his money was B. H. Anthony, publisher of the New Bedford Standard. When Senator Root called on the Massachusetts alternates to vote when the Roosevelt delegates refused to answer, Mr. Anthony promptly rose and cast his vote for Taft, feeling that he did only his full duty as



BENJAMIN H. ANTHONY
The vigorous publisher of the New Bedford Standard,
a paper which maintains a style of its own

an alternate, because he had been specifically elected as a Taft alternate. This further emphasizes the comparison of primaries as then conducted. Mr. Anthony has been prominent in public affairs of Massachusetts for some years post and has made the New Bedford Standard one of the strongest papers of the state. The records of the 1912 Convention have shown the real, practical use of selecting alternates for the national conventions and the knotty points at the Republican

National Convention at Chicago indicate many rough places to smooth out to make primaries as effectually an expression of the will of the people as an election. New Bedford, for generations the great center of whaling interest, has long supplied "prime sperm ile" for engines and machinery and perhaps Mr. Anthony may successfully lubricate the new political machinery.

THE splendor of the old ruins of the Parthenon at Greece is one of the shrines of the world traveler. A replica of the beauty and character of the Parthenon is to be one of the features of the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco. Consul-General Richard de Forkana of Greece is organizing a subscription by the four hundred thousand Greek residents in the United States and compatriots at home to erect on the crest of a commanding eminence an exact replica of the famous Parthenon at Athens. erected by Pericles, 438 B.C. The memory of this noble pile dates back to the days of Pericles and was designed by two famous architects, Ictisus and Callicrates, and adorned with the wonderful sculptured frieze from the chisel of the renowned The stately beauty of the Parthenon has been the inspiration of architects, sculptors and artists for nearly three thousand years, and although it has served by turns as a Byzantine church and a Turkish mosque, it remained practically intact until 1687, when the Venetians bombarded the Acropolis. It was then held by the Turks and the ammunition stored therein exploded and completed the ruins.

The new Parthenon will be like the original, 228 feet in length by 101 broad and 66 in height, will be snow white, with eight Doric columns at either front and seventeen at each side, six feet in diameter at the base and thirty-four feet high, surmounted by a panelled frieze representing events in the history of Grecian heroes and deities. Above either front the pediments will reproduce the ancient sculpture representing the birth of Athena and the contest of a Poseidon and Athena from the dominion of Athens—a noble pile furnishing history at a glance.

Americans will look upon "the glory of Greece" in the sunlit radiance of the "Golden Gate." "Westward is the course of empire" in this instance has become another prophecy fulfilled.

OWN at the shore men were trying to place a mooring for a yacht, and the state of the tides had to be in order to float them easily to the exact spot desired. They were obliged to work at night and to place the mooring between 2 and 6 A.M. Finally the rock was placed and the mooring buoyed, and I realized what a wonderful and important part the tide plays in the life and business of the world. It seems to be the veritable pulsating life of the great ocean, and the whole world must govern its great activities by its eternal ebb and flow. When a ship goes ashore, it is usually the tidal conditions that decide its fate.

Was it not Shakespeare himself who put life's philosophy into a quotation, "There is a tide in the affairs of men." But while indulging in this philosophy, dash and advance of the surf line showed how the incoming tide was pushing on and up the beach, driving back the children playing with their pails and shovels. The majesty of the ocean itself would lack its greatest charm were it not for the recurring tides that tell of nature's resistless forces and ever excite the intensest interest of poets and philosophers. Even the "old salt" who pulls down his "northeaster" over his eyes and carefully buttons his "slicker" to face the storm, never fails to fix in his mind the time and state of the tides. The tide is his calendar, his measure of danger and safety, of good and poor luck in fishing, and often of life and death, for he generally believes that the dying "will go out with the tide."

THERE was a time when the name of Cape Cod was utilized to express a colloquialism called "codding" or "taking a rise out of some easy mark," but recent events upon this narrow crescent of land indicate that there has not been any "codding" in the construction of the Cape Cod Canal. Progress has been made

during the present year with the three thousand foot breakwater reaching out into Massachusetts Bay nearly finished, that would make the Pilgrim Fathers bare their heads with reverence in saluting the achievements of their successors. trary to the opinion that the Canal would fill up as rapidly as built, there has been a remarkable freedom from drifting sands. On the Buzzard's Bay side a strata of boulders, clay and gravel was found that precludes any necessity for continuous dredging after the Canal is completed as is necessary in the Suez Canal. passing vessels will not suck up the sand as was feared.

Last year was a severe test for the Canal and indicated that it will never be hampered by ice, although the eastern end may be temporarily blockaded by drifting icefields floating into the bay. It is estimated that 25,000,000 tons of shipping pass around Cape Cod every year. Certainly a large proportion of this will pass through the Canal upon its completion because of the time, as well as money saved, to say nothing of the immunity from the perils of coast-wise storms. The Canal will make it possible to leave New York for Boston late in the evening, arriving early in the morning, and the traffic between Boston and New York is constantly increasing. The opening of the Panama Canal will occur at about the same time the Cape Cod Canal is completed. The coming three years will witness important completions of canal projects, and the canal reaching from Buzzard's Bay to Sagamore Beach will be one of the most important domestic canal enterprises in the United States, and represents the completion of a short cut into Massachusetts Bay entertained in the earliest days of the Colonial era.

AS I stood before the hearth-stone of a friend recently I noticed a motto I shall never forget, "The fire is the flower of the hearth." In this same home was a suggestion of heraldry that seemed unique and impressive, not the obsolete blazonry of crusaders and antique designs by the College of Heralds, but a simple basket of flowers. It was the family badge, flower-

ing so gently on linen and silver, but best of all in a real basket of flowers. It has long been said that "God never made better people than those who love flowers," and who is there who will tenderly caress the petals of a rose and be utterly unworthy?

The rationally developed love of flowers is looked upon as a marked characteristic of gentle natures. No one has ever yet regretted loving flowers, and no one has



LOTTA J. DARLING
A Boston poetess and a frequent contributor to
the National

ever yet suffered harm through the love of flowers. It engenders no such emotions as those which impel the conqueror or even the patriot amid the horrors of the battlefield. The love of flowers inspires only tender and loving thoughts that suggest restful calm and content. For the flowers herald the spring, and the last fading days of autumn have their own symbolic sweet and gentle blossoms. The custom has passed of placing flowers upon the seats of the new members of Congress or the Senate on the day they enter the august chamber. This is regrettable, for

the presence of those flowers in the Senate had a note of affectionate personal regard that seldom manifests itself in the dignified and decorous not to say acrimonious hours of debate.

One cannot conceive of hatred and a love of flowers existing in the same atmosphere, and the sordid and selfish passions of human nature seem to dissolve before the beauty and perfume of buds and blossoms.

What a beautiful touch of sentiment it was when an eminent public man described going back to the old home and finding there the home in ruins, with the chimney standing up like a gaunt spectre of the past, yet bringing back all the flood-tide of memories with its beds of oldfashioned petunias and ribbon-grass and those flowers that mother loved. gathered them in his arms and dropped them tenderly on the ancient lawn until their soft petals seemed to whisper a message of love that bridged the chasm of death and years and brought back in almost living light the faces whose radiance was always associated with the love of flowers.

If every schoolroom, office and factory could only have just a little garden, or daily bouquets of flowers, how it would change the atmosphere of the place. Flowers may droop and wither and die, but there is never a cross or ugly look. They speak in silent but sympathetic language something of the message of our lost Eden.

As the philosophy of business is discussed, the necessity of courage to every business man is more and more emphasized. A lack of just ordinary "sand" is a common fault of many otherwise able merchants. It is not necessary that a man in trade should be quick to resent the innumerable petty annoyances incident to his business, and many good customers must be borne with when they are really mean, unreasonable and exasperatingly exacting at times. But there are many merchants who have not the moral courage to say no as well as yes; to resist unreasonable claims; to resent degrading insults, and to insist upon the

observance of common decency and cleanliness in their stores.

No man ever loses by making due allowance for the petty weaknesses and annoyances of those who are really too weak or too ignorant to realize their folly; but no man ever gains by submitting to intentional insult or injustice from men who are responsible and intentional offenders. Nine times out of ten a man who attempts to impose upon another respects him more if, in a manly and reasonable way, he is called down and given to understand that such injustice or insolence will not be tolerated.

In a wider sense every successful merchant must have the courage to make greater preparations for more business, involving a larger expenditure and new effort. This should never be attempted unless the purpose to carry out the plans initiated is firm and unhesitating. Many good enterprises fail of accomplishment because after the first flush of anticipated success is over, fears creep in, petty failures discourage, and the projector pockets the loss and gives up his enterprise, stopping on the third quarter stretch.

The store and factory are no place for political or polemical discussion, as in old leisurely days of the corner grocery, but are the place in which a man should act and speak in accordance with what he deems to be right. If he is a Christian, he should live his religion there as elsewhere; if he is a believer in the just equality of all men before the law, he should never forget to practice what he preaches and believes; if he poses as a pure-minded and humane man before society, his work and daily life should reflect his profession.

In these things the true courage of today has its chief field of action, for physical courage is but seldom demanded in this age and country, but moral courage and development is needed to guard the right and discourage wrong and push on to greater results even more today than ever before.

ONE of the cleverest books that has appeared for some time bears the title of "Cheap Turkey." And it is a luscious morsel. Mr. Gobbler appears on the

cover with the announcement "34 cents a lb." on the sign post. The author of the book is Mr. Ward Macauley, a leading bookseller of Detroit, and he tells the story of John Goodman and his elation over "cheap turkey" provided by the municipality at cost. He takes turkey home in high glee and tells what has been the result of an up-to-date mayor and an enterprising newspaper. The difference in the price he would pay for a turkey at the market and at the municipal sale is noted. This throws the store-keeper out of employment—but no matter—it was not his turkey that time.

Then from "turkey at cost" he goes to "coal at cost," which throws more men out of employment. Out goes the "baker and candlestick maker," for "man cannot live without bread." Others go to join the army of the unemployed, as the business enterprises tumble under the spell of reform.

Then comes "clothing at cost," eliminating the expense of store and salesman. The mayor is not yet satisfied—when more votes are wanted. Ladies' hats are next to be sold at cost, and Mr. Mayor is now certain of the suffrage vote. Then follows a referendum resulting in headlines across the top of the papers, "Beer at cost—do the people want it?"

Then follows haberdashery, neckties, collars and shoes. The energetic mayor finds, that shoes cost him \$4.00 and he is going to eliminate the \$1.50 profit for selling. More shoe salesmen out of work. The "To Rent" signs rapidly go up in the windows of the empty store buildings all along Main Street.

Before Christmas comes around again John Goodman finds himself on his way home like most of the tradesmen "on the street." He is wondering where he can get enough money to "dig out" of this blessed municipal town. He remembers the "cheap turkey" of a year ago. It is cheap this year, too, but John has no money to pay even the small pittance asked for it.

The book is published by Duffield & Co. of New York, and furnishes not only delightful reading, but it just brings home most forcefully a lot of pertinent questions which are confronting the people today.

ONE of the most popular books of its kind published the past year is "White Mountain Trails," by Winthrop Packard. Now anything that Winthrop Packard writes is always interesting, especially when he writes about the fields, meadows, forests and mountains, for he is one of America's most popular nature writers. His "Florida Trails," "Literary Pilgrimage of a Naturalist," and "Wild Pastures" are high standards, but when he roams

you wonder and admire over his picture of that June day on Mount Kearsarge wherein he describes a day in the forest tangle; or his prose poem of the rain storm in the mountains wherein he finds the gods, half-gods and pixies and has a glimpse of Vulcan as he looms up with his black anvil. There is an Arcadian sketch of Carter Notch in all its smiling beauty and a taking picture of the Appalachian Mountain Clubhouse. Trudging



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among the "White Mountain Trails," beginning with a description of Chocorua, he starts his story as smoothly as the highway on which the long procession passes from Massachusetts to the Mountains. You just ramble along with him as he finds not only pictures that grace the fancy of his description, but real pictures that have all the shadowy coolness of evening and the glow of sunset in the tree-tops.

There are bob-o-links in the meadows, and you can hear the chorus of birds while he climbs up Iron Mountain. Then up Tuckerman's Ravine he finds the spot where winter snows reign supreme all the year round.

About the middle of the book he reaches the summit of Mount Washington, of which we used to read in our school geographies. The sunny days and clear nights at the crest of this noted peak and the beauty of its dawns bring out all the spirit of poesy within Mr. Packard, and he lets loose on Mars and invokes Jupiter Pluvius to help describe the conducts of the clouds.

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On Mount Washington he lingers a while to describe that hobby of his, beautiful butterflies, and when he comes to butterflies, his descriptions are unexcelled. Down on mountain pastures falls the glow of pastoral scenes, and he tells the story of a cow with all the feeling of one who loves the fields in which the cow roams. There is hardly a page in which he does not stop to describe something about birds.

The Northern Peaks have their fascination in stormy weather and engage his attention in his tramp over the mountains and amid the Alpine beauty of the Lakes of the Clouds. To use this wealth of material

on our own White Mountains makes one feel that it is not necessary to travel across the seas to catch the inspiration of majestic mountain splendor.

Crawford Notch is the one place that has a marked social distinction among summer guests. He describes that mighty chasm in the mountains and its perennial charms, nor does he overlook any of the summits thereabouts, and to Mount Jackson is given especial attention. Carrigan, the Hermit, surrounded at the base with

a scintillant blue transparency, holds the reader's attention, while this mountain enthusiast humanizes the various peaks. Over the high shoulder of Iron Mountain, on the way to the Giant's Stairs, he describes looking down upon the kingdoms of the mountain world spread out before the traveler and finds in this a fitting climax at the close of the book.

There is a splendid description from a mountain farm on Wildcat Mountain, the highest ever cleared in New England. The author concludes that "such beauties as these the mountains set daily before the eyes of the man who hewed out the highest farm in New England, a century or less ago on the high shoulder of a westerly spur of Wildcat Mountain." At the last pages of the chapter, entitled "Summer's Farewell," one feels he has

been both far afield and far afoot with Winthrop Packard in the glory and majesty of the "White Mountain Trails" and he looks longingly and lingeringly as he realizes that the "topmost twigs are bare. Summer has said good-bye to the summit, and though she looks often fondly back she is well on her way south through the valleys."

The book is published by Small, Maynard & Company, is handsomely illustrated and appropriately bound, and is one of those volumes that will always be cherished by nature lovers, and especially those nature lovers of New England who never grow tired of reading, writing and dream-

ing about the picturesque and incomparable splendor of the White Mountains.



WINTHROP PACKARD

One of the most popular American
nature-writers, and the author of
"White Mountain Trails"

THE older one grows the more he wants to know something about his ancestors. The sneers and scoffs aimed against genealogy are not sincere.

In New England the study of genealogy has been developed more systematically than in any other part of the country. The works of the past are often reflected through the examination of the ancient

records, which after all furnish the basic information for local history, but the most interesting phase of this is the family genealogical record telling the story of the actual men and women who lived and represented the forces and activities of their times. The patience with which days, weeks and years are spent in searching for single and connecting facts commands respect for the genealogical student and places him within the ranks of real public benefactors.

Dr. Loring W. Puffer of Brockton, one of the NATIONAL readers, who himself is near to his ninetieth milestone, writes the editor the following on "The Discipline of Genealogy":

Neither the thoughtless or irate individual should be censured for his want of respect for the employment of genealogical data



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in the world's history today, for probably it has not sufficiently permeated his inner consciousness enough to awake or stimulate any decided mental action. Usually, but not always, the hair must be somewhat whitened by age, before one cares enough to enter this field of action, and thus begin a work that shall only terminate with life. How well I remember reading the communications from the late Hon. Ellis Ames of Canton and Williams Latham of Bridgewater, worthy citizens of the Old Colony, in the newspapers of fifty and sixty years ago. Ames, a very modest man, mostly signed his name Sema, and yet the virile, honest language used always carried conviction, at least to me, and I wondered for some time as to where this information was acquired; but when I commenced a genealogy of my own family I soon found out. The black and white of the ancient records in all manner of places, and in books of record of societies, churches, towns, counties, states, nations, libraries, colleges and schools, all furnished their quota of information, to be sought and when found compared, and so far as possible proved, before being given to the public in their various and proper places. It is the most difficult of mental work, for upon its truthfulness depends its value. It may be many months or even years before its great value to the individual is felt and enjoyed, as it will eventually be. If enthusiastic at first, one's inner consciousness soon begins to suggest untried fields, and a resolve is born for work, before unthought of and perseverance often gains the prize unsought. Always there are elusive quests in which days, weeks, months and even years are spent in vain searches for a single fact, and yet how many other facts are ascertained, some even more important, and all useful for other work, and sometimes an idea of magnitude stands forth ready to your hands for

Dr. Puffer has always sustained the oldtime theory that work accomplished, of whatever kind, will be found useful at some time, and that if a quest be earnestly followed the facts incidentally obtained will compensate even for failure to find the goal that was originally sought.

ONE of the vice-presidents of the International Federation of Women's Clubs, which is now rapidly approaching the million mark in membership, is Mrs. Samuel B. Sneath. She is from Ohio and seems to possess the Ohio genius for being elected to executive positions. Mrs. Sneath has been prominently identified with woman's work for a number of years, and was especially efficient in the cause

in the state of Ohio, having been president of the Ohio organization.

Mrs. Sneath resides in Tiffin, and is the wife of Mr. Samuel B. Sneath, one of the leading business men of northern Ohio. She has been the central figure of the social life of her community, and her active interest in all matters pertaining to the advancement of women, and her contributions to the leading papers throughout the country has constituted one of the strongest leaders of the women's movement, both as writer and speaker.



MRS. SAMUEL D. SNEATH
One of the vice-presidents of the International
Federation of Women's Clubs

BELOVED among the Alumni of Cornell College in old Iowa is Senator Edgar T. Brackett of Saratoga, New York. For many years he has been a Republican leader in his state, and his address at the last convention was counted by his political friends a masterpiece of campaign oratory. It was delivered on nearly the same spot where he entered political life many years ago, and aside from the political argument there was now and then a suggestion of the good old days at Cornell when Edgar Brackett was the leader in debate in oratorical contests. His



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closing peroration and his reference to the scenes of fifty-eight years ago had the ring of true eloquence and shows the influence of those early days at Cornell:

Eight and fifty years ago, in the village where you are assembled, almost upon the spot where I stand as I utter these words, was held the first delegate State Convention of the Republican party. It was a time of stress and storm. Clouds and darkness were about them.

It seemed as if the very demon of evil was in air. There were names on the list



SENATOR EDGAR T. BRACKETT
Of Saratoga, New York, an old-time leader in the
Republican politics of the state

of delegates that have long belonged to fame. Undaunted by difficulty, untroubled by doubts, with firmness in the right as they saw the right, with faith and hope, they took up their work. Their successors, members of the same glorious party, have still a mighty work to do. Let them take it up like men, who are unafraid, and, dedicating themselves apew to the work here grandly begun, give now the pledge, "Faith of our Fathers, we will be true to thee."

A^N editor's mail during a political campaign is an interesting symposium. Politics indeed make strange bedfellows, and political opinions get criss-crossed with social and business relations. Among such letters was one received from the president of a railroad who, for the past fifty years, has been an eye witness and participator in the great development of the country. It shows how even in the strict limitations of a business letter a business man can encompass material enough for a volume.

. . . It seems to me that during and since the days of 1861-65 I have been becoming more and more out of sympathy with everything which makes for fitting natural change and progress to self-nominated and self-heralded persons, no matter what their ability or what their gift of prophecy.

"In Lincoln, while the heathen raged," I saw an humble, patient, everyday sort of fellow, whose last thought was that of how to boom Lincoln, or how to unboom anybody else who could, and who would lend a hand anywhere on board (from helping at the pumps, away down to bailing with a tin dipper, so that the acts never so little made for keeping the craft afloat until the rents could be either far enough closed or patched to get her into port.)

to get her into port.)
This United States of America business was given quite a bit of disciplining in and after 1892, when something happened to "the Barings." Prudence demanded some "reefing" financially. You will recall the rebellion of labor, and that the troops were called out for Homestead, Buffalo, some mining town in the West, etc., etc.

mining town in the West, etc., etc.

It looked pretty good ahead—for solid and sound recovery from the eight years or so of national disciplining—when the Maine was blown up. To my mind it was most unfortunate that war resulted. The late General Sherman fittingly characterized that sort of thing. In case of this particular war the workers were, as they always are in emergency, on their job. The workers of the workers were, likewise, on theirs all the way up from Rough Rider hoopla, to the library distributing, etc., talent (which was, at some stage, for some reason imported). President McKinley's heart and his effort were in the right place and direction. His force and his power to command were not in proportion.

I am not competent to say, or even to guess, what sort of supervision the people as a whole need to provide, or to have provided, for the operation of those things which can be operated only by immense aggregations of capital. It has appeared to me that advantage was taken of the war—and of the "talk much and do little" statesmanship which followed the removal of President McKinley—to see, possibly, how little rather than how much the intent of such "regulative" as there was could be gotten along with, and that, as a result, we came more

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and more to need, and to suffer for want of a judicially minded, trained, composed and deliberate Chief Executive.

All that I read and heard of Judge William H. Taft conveyed to my mind the impression, which ripened into conviction, that no man on earth was so competent as he to fill the bill. This quite distinct from everything personal and with eye single to good of a nation, the complexities in which and for which it had become responsible were, and are, in number and in seriousness beyond

the comprehension of man.

It was a red letter day for me when I was given the pleasure of meeting the President. It was made the redder because of the opportunities which were opened to meet also the loving husband and father, the citizen, the patriot, and the judge. The accuracy of my beliefs was confirmed. It has since been strengthened with every tick of the clock. No man is great. "Whoso among you would be," etc. My kind of big man has always been humble. I endorse the human treatment of a personality which is its own de-fence, and which the United States of America needs to continue on with, many times where he needs to worry once.

I wish there were more men of prominence and of ability, engaged in imparting information as to what he is, and as to what his standards are, in offset to the misinformation which has been distributed by the mongers in that commodity. He who sets it down as so that conscience is old-fashioned is likely to fool himself. He should not be too far indulged in a passion for fooling others. My recollection is that Lincoln originated an axiom which is relevant about "fooling all

the people."

This letter gives in itself a tabloid history of the country since the Civil War, and is the viewpoint of an American businessman who has had a prominent part in our progress and development.

IN "The Elements of Socialism" John Spargo, author of "Karl Marx, His Life and Work," and other prominent exponents of Socialist principles, has collaborated with Professor George Louis Arner, Ph. D., of Dartmouth College, in attempting to explain, in simple language, that widely-distributed and constantly increasing popular movement, known as Socialism. In introducing the subject the author disclaims that in any sense it

resembles anarchy. Still less, they declare, is it in touch with Nihilism.

In this book they seek to show the real purpose of Socialism, which with more than ten million voting adherents in America and Europe, is certainly a force to be reckoned with.

EVER since the time "when Adam delved and Eve span," most of their descendants have more or less admired, and some few have begun and worked a garden. The great increase of interest along these lines has brought out some elegant and practical brochures on the subject, and Madeline Agar in her "Garden Design, in Theory and Practice,"* has followed up her "Romance of School Gardening" with a handsome octavo of nearly three hundred pages, illustrated with full-page colored views, and many sketches and designs showing different styles of gardens, their details, methods of construction and embellishment, and a mass of important collateral information.

HILE the writer of "A Manual of Mental Science"† does not attempt to argue "the truth or falsity of Christian Science" he evidently takes its truth to be established, and looks upon his work as a kind of pocket-manual or breviary for the refreshment of the veteran faithful and the instruction of the seeker of truth.

The facts or alleged facts set forth are expressed with almost mathematical accuracy of expression but in terms that are not easily comprehended by the common

In other respects, however, the book has a value and is worthy of careful consideration. "As a man thinketh so is he," said the Great Teacher, the very Son of God; and turgid and dogmatic as Mr. Whipple is inclined to be, there are many of his recommendations worthy of acceptation.

^{*&}quot;Elements of Socialism." By John Spargo and George Louis Arner. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.25.

^{*&}quot;Garden Design, in Theory and Practice." By Madeline Agar. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Com-pany. Price \$2.00 net.

^{†&}quot;A Manual of Mental Science." By Leander Edmund Whipple. New York: The Metaphysical Publishing Co. Price \$1.00.



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HAT is more enjoyable in this age, where the practical governs even our romances, than a reminder of the olden days

> "When faeries were in fashion And the world was in its prime."

And if in those days there were no telephones or automobiles or apartment hotels, and all the other things that inventive genius has given us, yet, after all, they had a rather delightful time of it, and there was little of the ennui and discontent of today. So I reflected, at least, as I watched the progress of "Robin Hood," known far and wide as "the nation's light opera," and listened to the charming music which Mr. Reginald de Koven has composed for Mr. Smith's libretto.

Never was a character more famous in song and story than Robin Hood, chief of an outlaw band in Sherwood Forest, in the merry days of Richard I. Who is not familiar with the love story of Robin Hood, in reality the Earl of Huntington. and the beautiful Maid Marian, who is saved almost at the altar from being wedded to the false Earl, Guy of Gisborne? It seemed like meeting old friends to greet these historic characters, and the stage settings and costumes were so real that one caught the atmosphere as well as the spirit of Robin Hood's day. What a merry band of men were these surrounding Robin-Will Scarlet, Little John, Alan-a-Dale and Friar Tuck, and where could one find a sprightlier company than the Sheriff of Nottingham and his band of tinkers? Of ladies fair, who could be sweeter and truer than Maid Marian, or more of a coquette than Annabel, beloved of Alan-a-Dale?

The scenes were laid in the market place in Nottingham, in Sherwood Forest, and in the Court House of the sheriff's castle, and there was a sigh of regret as the curtain fell on the merry company, which indeed might well be merry, for in the last act Robin Hood is restored to his earldom and duly married to Lady Marian, while Alan-a-dale and Annabel are also united by Friar Tuck, and all Robin's band pardoned by the king. For the moment the audience lives in the past, and for days the haunting refrain of Alan-a-Dale's "Oh! Promise Me," or perhaps Little John's "Brown October Ale," or Will Scarlet's "Armorer's Song" lingers in the

Mr. De Koven's charming music had the benefit of a notable grand opera cast. Miss Bessie Abbott, who made an appealing "Maid Marian," has made her name in the Metropolitan Opera. From the Metropolitan Opera Company also came Mr. Herbert Waterous, the impressive Will Scarlet, and Miss Florence Wickham, who alternated with Miss Louise le Baron as Alan-a-Dale. Many who had seen the old Bostonians in "Robin Hood" remember George B. Frothingham, the original

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Friar Tuck, which role he has played fortyfive hundred times. Edwin Stevens, who made an ideal Sheriff of Nottingham, is an old favorite, and Pauline Hall, who played Dame Durden, is remembered as the star of "Erminie" and many other successes. Mr. Carl Gantvoort, the youthful Little John, came from the Boston Opera Company, and Robin Hood himself was Mr. Walter Hyde of Covent Garden fame. These principals and a talented and efficient chorus formed a cast which infected a twentieth century audience with the spirit of eight hundred years back, and brought a few hours' surcease from the cares of a practical age.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

VARNISH THE CANDLES

By Mrs. M. L. C.

A good way to make your candles last longer than usual is the following: Hold each candle by the wick and give it a coat of white varnish. Lay them away for a day or two to harden. The varnish prevents the grease from running and preserves the life of the candle many hours.

Cleaning With Gasoline

By adding common table salt to gasoline spots can be removed from the most delicate fabrics without leaving a ring around the places cleaned.

To Lengthen Life of Silk Hose

Rub the outer part of the soles of the hose well from toe to heel with paraffine. This has been proved successful by many. The hose can be worn constantly without fear of wearing them out.

WHEN SENDING STAMPS

By Mrs. C. A. S.

In attaching the stamp to be enclosed in a letter by means of a wire clip, which is a great improvement over the old method of moistening one corner, turn the face of the stamp toward the paper, and there will be no danger of the metal leaving a disfiguring mark.

A CHICKEN REMEDY

By C. T.

For gapes or sneezing that sometimes afflicts chickens, mix ten drops of turpentine with one teaspoonful of coal oil, dip a feather in it and swab the chicken's throat. If first application does not cure, repeat until relieved.

CURE FOR CALLOUS ON FEET

By N. F. W.

After removing dead skin with a safety razor, apply freely a mixture composed of equal parts of compound tincture benzoin, glycerine and alcohol. This allays inflammation, removes soreness and forms a tight coating that protects the foot from friction in walking. Use morning and night till relieved. For a "bunion joint" an effective remedy is to apply a poultice of common baking soda and lard mixed to a thick paste every night. When removing poultice in morning apply the benzoin mixture freely; if bunion is painful, use several times during the day.

NEAT RECEPTACLE FOR RUBBERS

By Mrs. G. L. C.

Fasten a sash curtain extension rod about a foot from the floor on the wall of the back porch. Drive in the end screws until a rubber fits in nicely. It will hold many pairs; besides they are always in place, preventing much scattering of dirt as well as confusion.

To Remove Spots on Oilcloth

Anything hot placed on oilcloth turns it white. To remove these spots rub with alcohol and polish with a dry cloth.

To Store Lace

Cover lace with powdered magnesia to prevent its turning yellow.

BUTTER FOR BRUISES

By Mrs. M. M. G.

Apply butter to a bruise. It relieves the pain, prevents swelling and a black and blue condition.

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"Marion," he_demanded, "do you love this man enough to send me back, to send me away from our good comradeship forever?"

—"Two and a Pocket Handkerchief," page 729